

State-Poems ;

CONTINUED

From the time of O. Cromwel,
to this present Year 1697.

WRITTEN

by the Greatest WITS of the Age, viz,

the Lord Rochester,	{	Mr. Milton,
the Lord D——t,		Mr. Prior,
the Lord V——n,		Mr. Stepney,
the Hon. Mr. M——ue,		Mr. Ayloffe, &c.
the F. S——d,		

WITH

several POEMS in Praise of Oliver Cromwel,
in Latin and English, by

D. South,	{	D. Crew,
D. Locke,		Mr. Busby, &c.
Sir W. G——n,		

and some Miscellany POEMS by the same,
never before Printed.

now carefully Examined with the Originals, and
Published without any Castration.

Printed in the Year MDCXCVIL

The PREFACE.

Prefaces being generally to prepossess the Reader of a good Opinion of the Performance, how trifling soever; and commonly, Mountebank like; the meaner the Book the more Encomiums in the Preface; which you will be deceived of here, for I shall only give you matter of Faët, how this Book came to be publish'd.

About four months ago I sent into the World a Collection of Poems on Affairs of State, from the time of Oliver Cromwel, to the time of King James II. Written by the greatest Wits of the Age, viz. The Duke of Buckingham, Lord Rochester, Lord B—st, Mr. Milton, And. Marvell Esquire, Mr. Sprat, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Waller, &c. which being found to be genuine, met with good Acceptance; Since that Book came out, a great many excellent Poems have been sent me from very good hands, pressing to have a Continuation thereof made; which at last I resolved to do, upon the receiving some Copies of Verses printed at Oxford, 1654. in praise of Oliver Cromwel, on his making Peace with the Dutch; finding several Persons, who now make the greatest figure in the Common-wealth of Learning to be concerned therein, I thought the World would be willing to see what such Great Men

as Dr. South, Mr. Locke, &c. said on such an extraordinary Occasion, I have printed their own Latin, and kept strictly to their Sense in the Translation, and those they wrote in English are also published, this begins the Book. Then follow several excellent Poems, written by the Lord Rochester, Esquire Marvell, &c. during the Reign of King Charles II. omitted in the former Collection: And also those writ in the Reign of King James II. by the Lord D—t, Sir F. S—, Mr. Prior, Mr. Stepney, Mr. Rymer, &c. and particularly those incomparable Pieces of the Hind and Panther transvers'd to the Story of the City-Mouse and Country-Mouse, and the Man of Honour, written by the Honourable Mr. M—ue. And since the Revolution, you have several Copies, writ by the Lord Cutts, Mr. Tate, Mr. Shadwell, Mr. Ayloffe, &c. Lastly, some Miscellany Poems, by the same Great Men, never before Printed. And in this Collection Names are not made use of to countenance spurious Pieces, but the Poems themselves speak the Greatness of their Authors, if no Name had been thereto.

In short the said State-Poems, and this Continuation thereof, make a Compleat Collection of all that are valuable in that nature, for these forty years; and is the best Secret History of our late Reigns, as being writ by such great Persons as were near the Helm, knew the Transactions, and were above being brib'd to flatter, or afraid to speak truth. And so I leave them to the Reader.

THE

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State-

State-Poems

CONTINUED.

Select POEMS out of

Musarum Oxoniensium 'ΕΛΛΙΟΦΟΡΙΑ
Sive, *Ob Fœdera, Auspiciis Serenissimi*
Oliveri Reipubl. Angl. Scot. & Hibern.
Domini Protectoris, Inter Rempubl. Bri-
tannicam & Ordines Fœderatos Belgii fœ-
liciter Stabilita,
Gentis togatæ ad vada Isidis Celeusma metricum.

Sanguineis nescit miles se mergere rivis:
Navigat in portu, cui modo Sanguis, Aqua,
Nil laudis Neptune peras, nil Æole; solus
Protector propriâ hæc perficit acta manu.
Nath. Crew, è *Coll. Lin. Com.*

Thus rendred into English.

THE Souldier now forgets the Sanguine Seas,
He rides in Harbour, and enjoys his Ease.
No thanks to Gods of Sea or Wind we ow,
These Blessings from our great Protector flow,
His happy Hands alone, the welcome Boon bestow.
Nath. Crew, è *Coll. Lin. Com.*
B Regnis

R Egnis minatur multa Regentium
 Mutatus ordo : Scilicet arduos
 Casusque fatalesque genti
 Sæpe ferunt nova sceptrâ pestes.
 Ast, ecce, nullis obruta viribus
 Pugnas cruentas inter, & horridas
 Lites & irarum procellas,
 Angliâ, firma manens, triumphat.
 Vis nempe belli nulla nec exteri
 Illam movebat, neve domestici :
 Sed pressa, palmæ par virenti,
 Ponderibus melius resurgit.
 Hic quippe, sacro numine prosperam
 Major potestas protegit Angliam,
 Illique primas jure grates
 Incolumes tribuant Britanni.
 Quæcunque virtus convenit integro,
 Quæcunque fama, aut gloria Principi,
 Te, Summe, laudarunt, Tibique
 Conspicuum peperere nomen.
 Tantus fuisse & Victor, & Hostium
 Fudisse tantas robore copias,
 Nunquamque devinci, relinquis
 Perpetuæ monumenta Famæ
 Heroas armis pristina gens novem
 Claros recenset, nos tamen addimus,
 Tantamque virtutem colemus,
 Teque decem numeramus, orto.
 Vis magna belli, magna potentia
 Tantam nequibat perdere gloriam :
 Nec contra Achilleos furores
 Hectoreæ valuere vires.
 Nostri triumphî Tu decus unicum,
 Nostræ salutis Tu caput unicum,

Partâque

Partâque nos, per Te salute,
Ecce hilares remanemus Angli.

Matth. Mew, C. C. C. Schol.

Thus rendred into English.

WHEN with the rolling Tydes of Fate
New Governours assume the state,
The Change a strong Convulsion makes
And all the trembling Nation shakes:
New Mischiefs follow Counsels new,
As Death's destructive Shafts the spreading Plague
(pursue.

Yet still unhock'd *Britannia* stands,
And angry Fate it self commands.
Tho ravag'd with intestine Jars,
And batter'd off with foreign Wars,
As Palms beneath their Burdens rise,
And when oppress'd the most shoot strongest tow'rd
(the Skies.

A greater *Numen* guards us now,
To whom our grateful *Britons* bow.
Thee, mighty Prince, Thy Virtues crown,
Thy Regal Fame, thy vast Renown,
Thy happy Slaves in Peace proclaim
With Triumphs loudly spread as thy Immortal Name.
To Conquer always to confound
The best, the bravest Armies round,
Are Honours all reserv'd for Thee.
We now another Worthy see,
A Captain for the former Nine,
With more auspicious Stars and Courage more divine.
Dutch Arms were vain, and vain their Force
To stop thy Fates victorious Course,
Hector himself, the brave must yield
When great *Achilles* takes the Field.

B 2

Thy

Thy Honours all our Triumphs grace.
 In Thee we all our Safety place,
 And by thy Shade secur'd, thy sacred Trunk embrace.

Matth. Mew, C. C. C. Schol.

SIC Civile Chaos dum Bellum gessit & una
 Massa, Aer, Tellus, Æquor & Ignis erant.
 Deformi Congressu prius Certamine, tandem
 Semina concordæ Fœdere junxit *Amor*.
 Et modò quæ latuere suis Elementa tenebris,
 Clarior, amotis litibus, Orbis erant.
 Pace ligant simili vicinas Fœdera gentes,
 Cùm daret Antiquum Vis inimica *Chaos*.
 Accensæ madidis concurrunt *Ignibus Undæ*,
 Usta in *Aquis* fuerant Corpora, Merla *Focu*.
 Fulmineo *Balista* mihi par vila *Tonanti*,
 Explosos quoties projicit illa *Globos* :
 Talia *Sanguineos* fecere *Tonitrua Nimbos*,
 Dum tota effuso Membra cruore *pluunt*.
 Quisque sibi fuit *Æquor* ; in imo pectore volvit
Fluctus ; Irato sævior usque *Freto*,
 Quis Deus has tollit, quæ tanta potentia *Lites* ?
 Numina Confusum quæ secuere *Chaos* ?
 Hæc *Dextrâ* præstas, Hæc *Mente* (*Britannico Cæsar*)
 Multa foras tibi sunt, plura *Trophæa domi*.
 Pectora vicisti *nostra*, *Inviçissime Princeps*,
 Nos *Idem* *Batavis*, & Tibi junxit *Amor*.
 Tormentis *Belgæ* sternuntur & *Ensis* ; *Anglos*
 Quæ superant, Animi sunt ea *Tela Tui*.
 Quæ Martem, Pontique minas compescuit, ipsum
 Quæ vicit *Bellum*, Pax ea *Vestra* fuit.
 Nascentem è *Pelago Venerem* reticete (*Poetæ*)
Pulsbrior è nostro Gurgite surgit *Amor*.

Guil. Godolphin, ex *Æde Christi*.

Thm

Thus Translated.

When Civil War through all the *Chaos* reign'd,
And Air and Earth with Floods and Flames
(maintain'd

An uncouth Contest. Love at last disclos'd
Its Force, and all th' Atomic Broils compos'd.
And the late darksome Elements in one,
A brighter World with nobler Beauty's shown.

So Peace unites the Nations long abus'd.
With Jealousies and envious Arts confus'd.
Wet Flames the Peace with burning Waters broke,
Men blaz'd in Waters, and were drown'd in Smoke.
Not *Jove* o'eraws the World with Thunders more
Than wide-mouth'd Canons with their dismal Roar,
Their hideous Notes presag'd a Storm of Blood,
And scatter'd Limbs unsluc'd the crimson Flood:
Each *Tar* a Sea within his Breast contain'd,
And loudest there the noisie Tempest reign'd.

What Power, what God the dreadful War could
(lay,

Or through Confusion shoot a peaceful Day ?
Thy Hand and Head, Great *Cæsar*, made them cease,
And crown'd thy Brows with Wreaths of lasting Peace.
Love shot from Thee our easy Souls subdu'd,
And made one Band the *Dutch* and *Us* conclude ;
Force tam'd the *Dutch*, to Love the *English* yield,
And to thy Politicks resign the Field.

Love, Sir, at your Command rough *Mars* expell'd,
Hush'd angry Storms, and warlike Furies quell'd.
No more ye Bards of Sea-born *Venus* sing.
Fair Love could only from our *British* Ocean spring.

Guil. Godolphin, ex *Æde Cbristi*.

B 3

Intulerant

Intulerant miseranda duæ sibi bella Sorores,
 Utraque fatales, utraque Parca sibi.
 Sic in sanguineam mare commutatur Arenam,
 Quæ gladiatorum bella, necesse videt.
 Has fluctus, illas rapiunt incendia naves
 Et miscent æstus flamma frætrumque suos.
 Quæque mori solita est flammis exhorruit undas,
 Ne mediis Phœnix merfa periret aquis;
 Belligeros quot pugna duces, quot sustulit unda?
 Sic tamen ipsa solent astra subire fretum.
 Sic mare Cæruleum est: sed sicut Cærulea Vena,
 Quæ tumet incluso sanguine plena fluens.
 Non nostræ Batavus submisit Carbasa Classi,
 Nec quamvis habuit vela, modestus erat.
 At sic deposuit tandem Læo Belgicus iras,
 Securam ut ducat per mare Phryxus ovem.
 Cætera bella licet pugnasque Elementa sequantur,
 Sola tamen pacis fœdera servat Aqua.

At Tu Dux pariter Terræ Domitorque profundi,
 Componunt laudes Cuncta Elementa Tuas.
 Cui Mens alta subest pelagoque profundior ipso,
 Cujus fama sonat, quam procul unde sonat.
 Si currum ascendas domito pœne Orbe triumphans
 In currus aderunt Axis uterque Tuos:
 Inclusam populi Tua fert vagina salutem,
 Ut Lateri hinc possis semper adesse Tuo.
 Tu poteras solus motos componere fluctus,
 Solus Neptunum sub tua vincla dare.
 Magna simul Fortis vicisti, & multa: Trophæis
 Ut mare sic pariter, cedit Arena tuis.
 Nomine Pacifico gestas insignia Pacis,
 Blandaue per titulos serpit Oliva tuos.

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Seston Abydos amat : Batavas colit Anglia Terras,
 Insula Te Tanto facta Beata Duce.
 Insula quam Pelagus, simul & Victoria cingit,
 Quæque (quod his præstat) cingitur Ense Tuo.
 Rob. South, ex *Ade Christi*.

Thus Translated.

A Fatal War two angry Sisters wag'd,
 And to each others sure Destruction rag'd ;
 The Theatre the neighb'ring Seas were made,
 Where bloody Prizes surly Sword-men play'd.
 The shatter'd Fleets the Seas and Flames divide,
 Each rolling in with an impetuous Tyde.
 The *Phoenix* once in spicy Flames expir'd,
 But now with horror from the Floods retir'd,
 Brave Souls their Fates in purple Waters met :
 As falling Stars beneath the Ocean set.
 The Seas all Azure shew'd, like azure Veins
 When the small Rills the crimson Humour stains.
 The *Dutch* to *England* scorn'd to strike the Sail,
 Seem'd to be modest, but refus'd to veil.
 But now the *Belgic* Lion leaves to roar,
 And Golden Flocks float safe tow'rd the Shore.
 While other Elements embroil'd remain,
 The Seas alone a peaceful League maintain.

Sir, at your Feet, whom Seas and Lands obey,
 The Elements submissive Garlands lay.
 Seas are less deep than your capacious Soul,
 Your Fame sounds far as noisy Waters roul.
 Should you in Triumph o'er the World appear,
 Your Chariot Wheels the groaning Poles would bear.
 Your Sword laid by, the Scabbard's fill'd with Peace,
 And girds your happy Side with awful Ease.
 You only could the swelling VVaves restrain,
 And lay your Fetters on the conquer'd Main.

The Seas, the Shores their Trophies yield to you,
 VVho could the Many and the Great subdue.
 Your happy Name their peaceful Emblems grace,
 And Olive VVreaths your Regal Arms embrace,
England the Hand to pleas'd *Batavia* gives,
 And happy in her great Commander lives,
 By Conquests guarded and by Seas inur'd,
 But more by your Victorious Arm secur'd.

Rob. South, ex *Ade Christi*.

PAX Regit Augusti, quem vicit Julius, Orbem:
 Ille sago factus clarior, ille togâ.
 Hos sua Roma vocat magnos, & numina credit,
 Hic quod sit mundi Victor, & ille Quies.
 Tu bellum ut pacem populis das, unus utrisque
 Major es: Ipse orbem vincis, & ipse regis.
 Non hominem è Cælo missum Te credimus; unus
 Sic poteras binos qui superare Deos!

J. Locke, ex *Ade Christi*.

Thus Translated.

A Peaceful Sway the great *Augustus* bore
 O'er what great *Julius* gain'd by Arms before.
Julius was all with Martial Trophies crown'd.
Augustus for his peaceful Arts renown'd.
Rome calls 'em Great, and makes 'em Deities,
 That for his Valour, this his Policies.
 You, mighty Prince, than both are greater far,
 Who rule in Peace that World you gain'd by War.
 You sure from Heav'n a finish'd Hero fell,
 VVho thus alone two Pagan Gods excel.

J. Locke, ex *Ade Christi*.

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PAX peregrina diu binas nunc uniet oras,
 Surget ab armato funere viva salus :
 Undique lætantes animantur fœdere Belgæ
 E sano Anglorum corpore corpus habent :
 Unde sumus medici & simul medicamina, vulnus
 Quod bellum inflixit sanat amica quies :
 Dum nimium gustant de falso flumine Belgæ,
 Dicunt, plus aloes quam salis æquor habet.

Ad PROTECTOREM.

Magne Leo, qui Marte potes ; Germania vires,
 At placidam victrix Anglia sentit opem :
 Victorum Princeps, arctoque volumine victos
 Cingis ; Tu centrum, circulus orbis erit.
 Una catena duas gentes complectitur, ipsam
 Et terram & pontum continet una manus :
 Sedata est populi rabies nec Belgica classis,
 Nec loquitur pelagi sævior ira minas :
 Pace silent hostes, bello, formidine languent,
 Solicitat mentes terror amorque suas :
 Quid faciat secura Tuæ fiducia Plebis,
 Si Te victorem diligat ipse timor ?
 J. Busby, A. M. ex *Ade Christi*.

Thus Translated.

PEACE, absent long two States to Union brings,
 So Life and Love from dying Fury springs.
 The merry *Dutch* ensoul'd with Peace revive,
 Their State by *English* Substance kept alive.
 So we both Physic and Physicians prove,
 And heal the VVounds of VVar with Balms of Love.
 The *Dutch* too oft drench'd in the brackish Main,
 Yet most of Bitter, not of Salt complain.

To

To the PROTECTOR.

Lion of War, whose Roar the *Dutch* dismayd,
 While conqu'ring *England* felt your gentler Aid;
 Great Prince, to whom the greatest Conquerors bow,
 Whose binding Force the vassal'd World allow,
 That World the Circle, but the Centre thou.
 One Chain two Nations can at once inclose.
 One Hand the Sea and Land in Peace compose.
 The Mole grows quiet, and we now can meet
 No Fears from Sea, nor from the *Belgic* Fleet.
 Hush'd in a Peace, and faint with Fears in War,
 Terrors and Love our joint Commanders are,
 What then could your confiding Subjects do
 If through their Fears, their Loves your conquering
 (Arms pursue.

J. Busby, A. M. ex *Æde Cbristi*.

Dilcolor excutitur vultus, turbataque rerum
 Diffiatur facies, & nova forma redit.
 Eclipsin memini sic olim Lampada cœli
 Quæ patitur tenebris exiluisse suis.
 Quæque sui vindex (nuper licet alta jaceret
 Mersa umbris,) fruitur liberiore polo.
 Quas tibi pro tanto dignas persolvere grates
 Munere, nostra (Ducum Maxime) musa valet;
 Qui res restituis, rupto velut ordine quassas,
 Ausus es & populos asservisse tuos.
 Non te deflexit vario Fortuna tumultu,
 Nec quâ turba ruit, præcipitasse liber.
 Qui stabili Tamesin junxisti fœdere Rheno,
 Arte pari Batavûm Corda frerumque domas.

Auspiciis

Auspiciis (*Cromwelle*) tuis tria Sceptra triumphant,
 Teque senes, pueri, sexus & omnis amant.
 Inde, quòd Armorum Proceres legumque potentes
 Patriciis sese cinctibus induerint.
 Auspice te, duris fas impallescere Chartis :
 Auspice te, vati vena secunda fluit.
 De Jove Creta suo quicquid vel Apolline Delos
 Dixit & Alcidi gloria si qua fuit;
 In te mixta fluunt, alios quæ sparsa coronant.
 Fixisti nutu qui tria Regna tuo.
 In tua transmisit Neptunus Sceptra tridentem ;
 Nec minus Herculeo robore transtra quatis.
 Consiliis & mente vales, moderaminis Artes
 Doctior, aut nodos texere nemo potest.
 Nunc pro te Camber, pro te quoque litigat Anglus,
 Ille suum jactat, jactat & ille suum :
 Perge precor. Regnis faustumque sit Omine tanto :
 Crescat honos : geminâ Pallade cinctus eas.
 J. Vaughan, *A. M. è Coll. Jesu.*

Thus Translated.

NOW with a better Face Affairs appear,
 And smoother Looks the cheerful Nations wear.
 So have I seen the Sun eclips'd a while,
 But quickly with recovering Lustre smile.
 What thanks, great Prince, can our weak Muse repay
 For all the Blessings of this glorious day ?
 Your prudent Hand our shatter'd State repairs,
 And bravely dares assert our lost Affairs.
 No Change of Fortune e'er could bend your Soul,
 No headstrong Rout your Politics controul.
 You make the *Rhine* to Royal *Tbames* be true,
 And both the Seas and *Belgic* Hearts subdue.
 Three Realms by your auspicious Stars are blest
 You of all Age and Sex's Hearts possess.

By

By you we safely to our Books retire,
 Your gallant Acts the Muses Sons inspire,
 Crete boasts of *Jove*, her *Phæbus Delos* sings,
 And great *Alcides* tunes the lofty Strings.
 In you their scatter'd Glories all combine
 Whose Nod could make three mighty Realms resign.
Neptune to you his Royal Trident sends.
 The groaning Oar your wond'rous Vigour bends.
 None rules with greater Art, nor can we find
 An Arm more fatal nor a larger Mind.
 The *Welch* and *English* for your Birth contend.
 And for that Glory both with Zeal pretend.
 Go on, the Realms with happy Omens guide
 While Fame attends you with a swelling Tyde,
 And they like twin *Minerva's* guard your side.

J. Vaughan, A. M. è Coll. Jesu.

IF *Greece* with so much Mirth did entertain
 Her *Argo* coming laden home again :
 With what loud Mirth and Triumph shall we greet
 The wisht Approaches of our welcome Fleet :
 When of that Prize our Ships do us possess,
 Whereof their Fleece was but an Emblem, *Peace* ?
 Whose welcome Voice sounds sweeter in our Ears,
 Then the loud Musick of the warbling Spheres.
 And ravishing more than those, doth plainly show
 That sweetest Harmony we to Discord ow.
 Each Sea-man's Voice pronouncing Peace doth charm,
 And seems a *Syren's*, but that 't has less Harm
 And danger in't, and yet like theirs doth please
 Above all other, and make us love the Seas.
 W'havè Heaven in this Peace, like Souls above,
 W'havè nought to do now but admire and love.

Glory

Glory of War is Victory, but here
Both glorious be 'cause neither's Conqueror.
'T had been less Honor if it might be said
They fought with those that could be conquered.

Our re-united Seas, like Streams that grow
Into one River, do the smother flow :
Where Ships no longer grapple but like those,
The loving Sea-men in Embraces close.
We need no Fire ships now, a nobler Flame
Of Love doth us protect, whereby our Name
Shall shine more glorious, a Flame as pure
As those of Heaven, and shall as long endure:
This shall direct our Ships, and he that steers,
Shall not consult Heaven's Fires, but those he bears
In his own Breast. Let Lilly threaten VVars :
Whilst this Conjunction lasts we'll fear no Stars.

Our Ships are now most beneficial grown,
Since they bring home no Spoils but what's their own.
Unto these branchless Pines our forward Spring
Ows better Fruit, than Autumn's wont to bring :
Which give not only Gems and Indian Ore,
But add at once whole Nations to our store :
Nay, if to make a VWorld's but to compose
The Difference of things and make them close
In mutual Amity, and cause Peace to creep
Out of the jarring Chaos of the Deep :
Our Ships do this so that whilst others take
Their Course about the World, ours a World make.

J. Locke, *Student of Ch. Ch.*

AS when two Streams divided gently glide,
The lofty Banks their humble Powers decide.
The Husbandmen divert them where they list,
Nor can those weaker Floods their Dams resist.

But

But if they *join*, and to one Torrent grow,
Swelling they rage, and no Restraint will know;
Over th' adjoining Fields dilate their *Wings*,
Hatching that Plenty: which the Summer brings.

Such the Events have been, and such the Fates
Of our disjoin'd and re-united States.

Who, while asunder from each other torn
By cruel War, became their Neighbours scorn.
But since that * *Power* which now informs our Age,
Hath reconcil'd the Strength, and quell'd the Rage
Of the disturbed Sea, the Fire, the Wind,
And (what is more) the Tempests of our Mind.
Far now our Ships their Canvas Wings shall stretch,
And the World's wealth to richer *England* fetch,
Till greater Treasures overspread our Coast
Than *Tagus* or *Pactolus* Sands can boast.

With this Design our busie Vessels range
About, to make our *Isle* the *World's Exchange*.
Others in *Times* of *Brass* and *Iron* live,
Nought but our *Pines* the *Golden Age* can give:
Which fell'd bear better Fruit than when they stood
The *Branching Glories* of the *Fruitful Wood*.

No foreign Navy shall impeach their Course,
Circling the Globe with uncontrouled Force.
While, with the Sun, they round the World, their
(Might

Becomes as *Universal* as his Light.
Making those Bounds which bind the farthest Land,
The Limits, *Cromwell*, of thy large Command.
Cromwell! the Name which made a greater Noise
Among his Foes than *Waves* or *Canons Voice*.
'Tis he that conquers when he please, and he
That makes *Greek Fables English History*.

Tell

* The Lord Protector.

State-Poems Continued.

15

Tell me, *Astrologers*, th' Event ; and make
From this Conjunction a new *Almanack*.

Storms oft enrich the Soil : and since our *Peace*
Proceeds from *War*, we hope for more Increase.
So *Bones* which have been broke become more sound,
And *Hydra* stronger from its fruitful *Wound*,
Than *War* nought could our States have closer ty'd,
They're join'd by *Kind* who are by *Blood* ally'd.
Such our Agreement is, as when one Flame
Meeting another, both become the same.
Hermaphroditus so and *Salmacis*
(Whose Bodies join'd in a perpetual Kiss)
With our two States receiv'd like Union;
Went Two into the *Stream*, return'd but One.

W. Godolphin, *Sec. of State*.

The End of the Poems on Oliver Cromwell, and his
making a Peace with the Dutch.

To

*To King CHARLES the Second, on his
Return.*

Vertue's Triumphant Shrine; who dost engage
At once three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage,
VWhich in Extratic Duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their Home.
VWhilst *England* grows one Camp, and *London* is
It self the Nation, not *Metropolis*;
And Loyal *Kent* renews its Arts again,
Fencing her VVays with moving Groves of Men.

Forgive this distant Homage, which doth meet
Your blest Approach on sedentary Feet.
And tho my Youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of Arms, denies me to appear
In Steel before you; yet, Great Sir, approve
My manly VVishes, and more vigorous Love.
In whom a cold Respect were Treason to
A Father's Ashes, greater than to you.
VVhose one Ambition 'tis, for to be known
By Daring Loyalty your *Wilmot's* Son.

Rocheſter, Wadh. Coll.

*A young Gentleman deſirous to be a Miniſter of
State, thus pretends to qualifie himſelf.*

TO make my ſelf for this Employment fit
I'll learn as much as ever I can get
Of the Honourable *Gray of Ru——n's* VVit.

In Constancy and sincere Loyalty,
I'll imitate the grateful *Shaftsbury*.

And that we may assume the Churches Weal;
And all Disorder in Religion heal,
I will espouse Lord *Hall*—*x*'s Zeal.

To pay respect to sacred Revelation,
To scorn th'affected Wit of Prophanation;
And rout Impiety out of the Nation.

To suppress Vice, and Scandal to prevent,
Buckingham's Life shall be my Precedent,
That living Model of good Government.

To dive into the Depth of States-mens Craft;
To search the Secrets of the subtlest Heart,
To hide my own Designs with prudent Art.

To make each Man my Property become,
To frustrate all the Plots of *France* or *Rome*,
None can so well instruct as my Lord *Moon*.

For moral Honesty in Deed and Word,
Lord *W*——*r* Example will afford,
That and his Courage too are on record.

*Upon the King's Voyage to Chatham to make Bul-
works against the Dutch, and the Queen's Mis-
carriage thereupon.*

When *James*, our great Monarch, so wise and
discreet,
Was gone with three Barges to face the *Dutch* Fleet,

Our young Prince of *Wales*, by Inheritance stout,
 Was going to aid him, and peep'd his Head out.
 But seeing his Father, without Ships or Men,
 Commit the Defence of us all to a Chain,
Taffy was frighted and sculk'd in again.
 Nor thought, while the *Dutch* domineer'd in our Road
 It was safe to come further and venture abroad.
 Not *Walgrave*, or th' Epistle of *Seigneur le Duke*
 Made her Majesty sick, and her Royal Womb puke;
 But the *Dutch-men* picqueering at *Dover* and *Harwich*,
 Gave the Ministers agues and the Queen a miscarriage,
 And to see the poor King stand of Ships in such need,
 Made the Catholicks quake, and her Majesty bleed.
 I wish the sad Accident dont spoil the young Prince,
 Take off all his Manhood, and make him a Wench.
 But the *Hero*, his Father, no Courage did lack,
 Who was sorry on such a pretext to come back.
 He mark'd out his Ground, and mounted a Gun,
 And 'tis thought, without such a pretence he had run.
 For his Army and Navy were said to increase,
 As appears (when we have no occasion) in Peace.
 Nay, if the *Dutch* come, we despise them so much
 Our Navy *incognito* will leave them i'th' lurch;
 And to their eternal Disgrace we are able
 To beat 'em by way of a Post and a Cable.
 Why was this Sir, left out of the wise Declaration
 That flatter'd with hopes of more Forces the Nation,
 'Twould have done us great Good to have said you
 (intended
 The Strength of the Nation, the Chain should be
 (mended.
 Tho we thank you for passing so kindly your word,
 (Which ne'er yet was broke) that you'd rule by the
 (Sword,

A Charge to the Grand Inquest of England, 1674.

Room for the *Bedlam C* — ns, Hell and Fury!
 Room for the Gentlemen of our *Grand Jury*.

Led by no conjuring Bayliff with white Wand,

But stately Mace in stalking Giant's hand.

Call them o'er, Cryer, swear them every Man,

And let an Oath fetter 'em if it can.

The Foreman first, prefer'd before the rest,

'Cause he has learnt the Art of Prating best.

Then *Howard, Powell, Garaway and Meers,*

Temple and S — (who yet wears his Ears)

Candish the Fop, *Whorwood* that *Senior Soph,*

Some fresh come on, some lately taken off.

When these have kist the Book, swear all the rest

The numerous swarm of this too *Grand Inquest*.

Five hundred strong, a formidable Crew;

Would you could say of half, good Men and true.

Stand close together, Sirs, and hear your Charge,

In brief, which Lawyers use to give at large.

Imprimis, as to Treason, let that pass,

Since to talk Treason boldly, long since was

A Privilege of your House, and shortly you

Will privileg'd be to plot and act it too.

For Sacrilege, Thefts, Robberies and Rapes,

Murders, Cheats, Perjuries, with such petty Scapes;

Of which your selves you too well guilty know:

Transmit these Trifles to the Courts below.

But if a Member chance to get a Scar,

For the Cause, or by fortune *de la Guerr*,

You of the Inquest strictly must implore

Whether the wound were given by Rogue or Whore;

C 2

Vote

Vote it a Breach of Privilege, then pass
 An Act Sir *John's* Nose is as whole as 'twas.
 If a blunt Porter juggle from the wall,
 Or knavish Boy at Foot-ball give a fall,
 To one O' your House; let Boys and Porters be
 Sent to the Tower, or brought upon their Knee.
 But above all beat boldly every where
 For your just Rights and Privileges here,
 Find them out all, and more than ever were.
 Search the Repositories of the Tower,
 And your own Brains to stretch your lawless Power,
 Ransack your Writers *Selden, Needham, Pryn,*
 Rather than fail bring the sly Jesuit in.
 Then swoln with Pride and Poyson suckt from these,
 Vote your own Privilege, is what you please.
 Thus fortifi'd, each Member is supreme.
 What Court of Justice dares touch one of them.
 The King disdains not to submit his Cause,
 To the known Course and Tryal of the Laws.
 Each Subject may his King with safety sue
 But King nor Subject can have Right from you,
 Who are Law-givers, Judge, and Party too.
 With what distemper'd Counsels are we fed,
 When such Convulsions are on *England* bred?
 The very Arse is hoisted o'er the Head.
 Well may you sit in Love, with all your hearts
 It is a Posture proper to those Parts.
 Humble as Spiders while they crawl below,
 Despis'd, afraid of every Spurn and Blow,
 Crept in your Hole once, you imperious grow.
 Spread Laws, Oaths, Snares for other Men to fall,
 And you your selves may trample on them all.
 From Privilege of Sov'reign Parliament,
 (If you have any Breath and Time unspent)
 In the next place to Grievances proceed,
 Such Grievances as make the Subject bleed.

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What we nam'd last before, may here stand first,
For of all Plagues, with which this Nation's curst,
The Privilege of Parliament is worst.

Then with full Throats and empty Brains let fly
Against the Rise and Growth of Popery,
Power Arbitrary, and the Prerogative Royal,
Monopolies and Imprisonments illegal,
Offices set to sale, and scarce a Clause
Well executed of the Cobweb Laws,
But, (tho corrupt enough) touch not th' *Arcana*
Of your dread Idol, (Law) your great *Diana*.
'Twill make the Nation, full of Lawyers, rave,
With Tongue and Pen, Nonsense and Noise; who have
By this false Oracle heap'd up more Gold,
Than e'er that Goddesses High-priest of old.

'Twould kindle amongst your selves a Civil War,
For those Gallants, tho not the greatest are
Of your whole House, the loudest half by far.
If ten or twelve create us such Vexation,
What do ten thousand of them in the Nation.

But pass not o'er the Grievances before (more
You have, with all your might, knock'd down once
A Grievance your Design may ruinate,
As a *Welch* Knight gravely observ'd of late:

Resolv'd the Boys and Footmen shall no more
Attend their Lordships at the Lobby-door:
For should the Commons pass some wholesome Vote,
In their own house, to cut their Lordships Throats,
Those Rascals might, with their short Clubs and Swords
Dare impudently to protect their Lords,
And, by endeavouring their Preservation,
Highly oppose the Safety of the Nation,

Then thunder out against Supplies mispent,
The Customs wasted through ill management;
Curse the Commissioners to the Pit of Hell,
Till some of you creep in, then all is well.

C 3

Impeachment

Impeachment on Impeachment next renew
 With impudent Redress against all who
 Have better Heads or truer Hearts than you.
 On numerous Articles let each Charge run,
 But, when it comes to th' upshot, prove not one.

In the last place, tho least of all you mind it,
 (Yet you must pull a Crow where e'er you find it,) }
 With seeming Diligence, bravely take in hand
 The Strength, Defence, and Honour of the Land.
 But then in this be sure you do no more
 Than just spoil what was well begun before.
 Your fatal Policy too well does shew,
 Those lofty Cares do not belong to you.

When the proud *Belgick* Lyon stood at bay,
 At once the easier and the nobler Prey,
 When he for Fear more than for Rage did roar,
 His Arse to lash as it ne'er was before.
 When such a Friend by chance kind Fortune threw,
 No more expected than deserv'd by you.
 Who but a Parliament could slight it, when }
 We might have drown'd that Lyon in his Den,
 Or beat him to a fawning Whelp agen.

You kindly spar'd your Money and your Foe,
 Ere you much older or much wiser grow,
 You may expect with Interest from these
 The timely Fruits of your untimely Peace.
 Let the *French* proudly brave us on the Main,
 The *Dutch* our Trade, the Seas and *Indies* gain.
 Let all the World appear concern'd so far,
 As to be Party in this general War.

Tho loud our Honour as our interest calls,
 You'll have no Swords drawn but within your Walls.
 When thus, to your no little Shame at last,
 You have many Months in doing nothing past;
 As Curs have shown their Teeth, but durst not bite;
 As Fops have drawn their Swords, but dare not fight.

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A private Bill or two, rather than none,
Get pass'd, then bravely vote a Session.

Thus when your Power, tho not your Pride, abates
Your Purles grown as empty as your Pates,
'Tis time to send you home to your Estates,
And to your Wives, who (may be understood
T' have been more active for the publick Good.
In their lower Sphere than you) to crown the Plor,
Present you pretty Babes you ne'er begot

The GIANTS WARS. 1682.

Some Passages preceeding the Giants War,
translated out of a Greek Fragment.

———*Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate mane, versate diurnam.
Jovis omnia plena.*———

By Dr. B —

THIS Rumor entring angry *Titon's* Ears,
His horrid Heart-strings with new Gall besmears,
In rage he *Saturn* by the Codpiece took,
And scar'd him so with wrathful hideous Look,
Within the Flesh, that his long Shin bones shook.
Brother, said he, Brother, what Curses strange
Did from your Mouth, and Oaths in Volleys range?
How much you swore by *Stygian* Powers? you swore,
All Hell consenting with united Roar;
On Earth nought in upon my Hopes should break,
Nor from your Loins degenerate Bantling sneak.

Yet now of *Jove* the Woods and Valleys ring,
Jove's health all drink, of *Jove* all say and sing;
Jove fills the Court, the Country and the Town,
 All call him *Saturn's* Son, and rightful Heir of the
 (Crown.

Saturn aghast, sinks down into a Couch,
 (In other points might for his Manhood vouch)
 Long meagre Face with foreign Muslin wipes,
 Then speaks to *Titon* with protesting lips,
 What have I left unsaid, what left undone,
 To make you next Successor on the Throne?
 If my Seed lives, it was not *Saturn's* fault,
 I gave all over to the Summer Salt.
 Bet if disloyal Pity sway'd my Wife,
 Or out of Crofness she have sav'd a Life,
 Her and her Brat I will renounce this hour,
 Declare him Bastard and his Mother Whore.

At this the Giant half contented grins,
 His fester'd Soul to cooler mood inclines.
 The wonted Tempest from his brow retreats,
 And Rage more hostile through his Nostrils beats.
Saturn, long lost, and from his Senses ta'en,
 Now finds, and feels, and shews himself again.
 And strait does to his fair *Messina* send.
 From the *Isthmus* to the *Promontory's* end.
 To those the large *Trisenian* Valleys till
 That *Pælion* climb, that by *Cytherea* dwell,
 And, void of wrath *Dordonian* Timber fell;
 That *Pydna* round the *Polydea* plow,
 And *Lelia* where amorous Pigeons coo;
Ceon under Hill, *Iolius* in the Clay,
Hemapolis, *Daulis*, *Oeclelia*,
 Where Minstrels strange the Muses did provoke,
 And *Dorion*, where they *Roger's* Fiddle broke.
 Who *Trophian* Fields, and *Appian* let to farm,
 And *Galydon*, which lovely Lasses warm.

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Who from *Caphareus* view the Ocean wide,
 The ruddy Squires o'er Northern Worlds that ride.
 In *Beef-land* who keep house, and on the Coast
Eubæum, where the noblest Surloyns roast.
 Who *Hebras* drink, who in *Asopus* soke,
 And who with melted Corn *Acheloian* Horns provoke.
 Who chase the foaming Boar o'er brake and burn,
 And glad at night *Erymanthian* Rashers turn.
 These and his other Barons far and near,
 And Bishops that with Hecatombs make chear,
 Are by that Mouth all summon'd to appear.
 Said he, these since I cannot single strive,
 Shall joint Advice in *Pan-Ionian* give.

}
}

You call (quoth *Tison* mad, and like to burst)
 The *Pan-Ionian* ———

's B——d you shall call the *Pan-Dæmonian* first,
Hell, *Acheron*, and *Styx*, by which you swore,
 Give their Advice, what Counsel needs there more?
 Shall common Breath our Royal Wills debate?
 What we, what you and I resolve is Fate.
 In secret, only 'twixt our selves you vow'd,
 You swore to me, does that concern the Crowd?
 Then rouze, and act as the Affair enjoins,
 And seize the vile Pretender to your Loins.

Then answer'd *Saturn*, with a Visage mild,
 Brother, wouldst have me, I will eat my Child,
 Be Caterer you, and lay him in my dish.

Said like a King, quoth *Tison*, but I wish,
 You had more early mouth'd him, whilst a Chick,
 For now perhaps he in your Fangs may stick,
 And find us both a cros damn'd Bone to pick.
 Half mad half Prophet thus the Giant rav'd,
 When to the teeth a fresh alarm him brav'd.
 Fame, strong and thick, his obstinate Eares invades.
 Says High and Low, white Staves with humble Spades.
 From

}
}

From Hall and Cottage, from both Town and Grange,
 From Heath and Ham, and *Jove's* Retirement range,
 Nor this by stealth or nightly caution done
 But in broad Day, and open to the Sun.

Now *Tison* into downright Rage flies out,
 He picks his nose, and stamps, and flings about.
 Here gripes, there cuffs, then (wings his barbarous Steel,
 But *Saturn's* Stones his first dire Vengeance feel.
 Then musters he all that in Cellars sculk,
 Cry Boh in Entries, or that snore on Bulk,
 In Alleys sneak, Suburbian Garrets cram,
 Tories of double Form, and tripple Name;
 From Gaols escap'd, from Pillories unpinn'd,
 And from high Padd compleatly disciplin'd;
 Skip-kennels, Roysters, Ruffians all profane,
 And Buggerers too, a foul ungodly Train
 Those who from Loughs, their tainted Seed had drawn,
Monsters of *Orkes*, and Bogs ungracious Spawn.

Say, Mufe, who did in chief that Crew command,
 And in the front, against *Jove's* Thunder stand.
Rhæus did head a bold blasphemous Rout,
Gyges did there with hundred Elbows strut,
 And no less terrible *Iapetus*,
Ægean, *Briareus*, *Enceladus*,
 Aloud *Typhæus* God and Nature curst,
Typhæus 'twas that shoulder'd *Pelion* first,
 And sure he *Pelion* had on *Ossa* thrown,
 But Nature vext compell'd him set it down.
Lordalins every Limb did Monster bode,
 The furthest *Thules* groan beneath his Load,
 His Tongue a thousand Serpents did unfold,
 When out at length it thirty furlongs roll'd,
 Drawn back, and furl'd, and doubled up again,
 And scarce contain'd within the spacious Den;
 A thousand Dogs all kennell'd in his Paunch,
 On murder'd *Greeks* they did insatiate scranch,

They

They drank, they wallow'd there in humane Gore,
 Yet at his Arse still snarl and bark for more
 You'd think unmuzzled *Corbin* kept the door;
 The Mastiffs round his Sister *Cylla's* Womb,
 That in the Ocean with such fury foam,
 Are ty'd up short, and worry not from home:
 But nauseous are *Lordalious* foisting Rooms,
 Makes Dogs meat all and Carrion where he comes.
 Camp must have Trull, great wickedness will stick,
 Unless male Strength has aid from female Trick;
 These had *Permethe*, who in fatal hour,
 Was hither wafted from the *Celtick* shore.
 What Giant durst have plotted to remove
 The Crown from *Saturn*, or *Saturnian* Jove,
 But for this Sorceress, ever on the watch,
 At easie hours, and in her Nights Debauch;
 So that where Threats and open Forces fail'd,
 Her filthy and obscene Devices held.
 Then prostituted Hand, and Lips, and Tongue
 On his soft Part mysterious Fazzels hung,
 And empty Nerves with false deceiving Vigor stung
 Not all the Juice from deadly Hemlock prest,
 All the benumbing *Opium* of the East,
 E're was on wretched *Indian* Prince impos'd
 Could, like her Charms, have *Saturn's* Senses doz'd.
 With midnight Murmur, with unhallowed Spell,
 And magick *Lory Circe* in her Cell,
 Transform'd him Beast who ever came to hand,
 An As, a Hog, or Dog, at her command;
 But never Dog with Tail to Bottle wed,
 Never was Hog in Mire plung'd over head,
 Never was As, when he by Hunger tir'd,
 Mumbling a Thistle, his broad Lips bestirr'd,
 Deform'd, ridiculous, despicable made,
 As thou, O *Saturn*, by this Hag betray'd,

She

She turns him into all and every thing,
 To any Shape but that of Man and King.
 Sometimes so far from Man and King undone,
 You see him loose among the Spaniels run,
 Sometimes like Bird, unto the Ducks he flies,
 And flutters there, as goodly and as wise.
 Sometimes when she would have him great appear,
 She does his Form into a Stallion rear,
 Bridle in mouth, she whisks him to the wall,
 Astride she goes, *St. Dennis* have at all;
 Whips him o'er Hedge and Ditch, o'er Dirt and Mire,
 Bramble and Bogs, thro Water and thro Fire;
 Till ridden Blind, like *Bayard* in the Mill,
 About he comes, about she brings him still,
 The Circle she, be Centre where it will. }
 'Twas in this Figure prancing *Saturn* scorn'd
 His first dear Joys, and holy *Hymen* spurn'd.
 Thus *Tison's* Host with Rogues and Ribbalds fill'd,
Olympus ward, in wild presumption rul'd.
 An awkward thing there was of monstrous growth,
 All over indefatigable Mouth,
 This Monster with a Mouth for Drum supply'd }
 And Trumpet, and all Dinn of War beside,
 Hell not so black, nor open'd e'er so wide.
 He having the Battalions squinted o'er,
 These words did to the gaping Rabble roar,
 That *Jove* his Bastard *Saturn* had declar'd,
 And who dare disbelieve his Royal word.
 Now, against *Tison* you Fanaticks say,
 His Altar stands the *Babylonish* way.
 Howe'r it stands, he does not stand at all.
 We must with Royal *Tison* stand or fall.
 Nor may his mode of sacrificing scan,
 Tho he should sacrifice both God and Man, }
 We'll have him King, and Kings may what they can. }
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Now his blue Eye-balls turn, he makes a pause,
 And gathers round the Hum and high applause.
 Which the grim Scoundrels bellow out amain
 Then Tongue unsheath'd thus brandishes again,
 Brave Brother Giants, tho against the Law
 And Heav'n we fight, that sticks not in our maw;
 When we once conquer, all the World's our own,
 Rich Land in Country, and fine House in Town;
 But should their goodly worships win the Fight,
 And beat us, what the Devil get they by't?
 Will those that loll in Silks be mew'd in Straw,
 Or leave their Roast-meat, to feed here on Raw,
 The Strength is ours, the Courage and the ods,
 But conquer them, and we shall be the Gods.
 With these last accents Mouth expecting stands,
 Till every Giant claps his hundred Hands.
 The Gods, the Gods all cry with horrid yell,
 High Heaven they shook, and almost frighted Hell,
 Whilst Eccho does in Rocks, the Gods repeal.
 The Gods, by *Offa* bandy'd o'er the Plain,
Olympus trembling to's'd it back again;
 The dangerous Deep and Caverns under ground,
 With hoarser Groan, the Gods, the Gods resound.
 Shepherds aloof that view'd the grisly Rout,
 Fainted and said the Gods must go to pot.
 Some peeping from their holes did see (or fear'd
 They saw) to Heaven, long scaling Ladders rear'd;
 Nimble as Bears, the ugly Giants climb,
 And every God they met tear limb from limb;
 The Skies all broken down, no Age they spare,
 From holy House to the old one in the chair,
 One thought he saw a graceless, great, unshav'd,
 Unshapely, shabby Giant eat a God;
 Another spy'd a raw Gigantick Youth,
 Soaring with an Immortal in his Mouth (tooth.
 Who sprawl'd and sprawl'd, but could not spare one
 One

And some by its likeness Sir Robert suspect,
That he did for the King his own Statue erect.
To see him so disguis'd the Herb-women chide,
Who upon their Panniers more decently ride.
So loose are his Feet that all Men agree,
Sir William Peak sits much faster than he.
But a Market, as some say, doth fit the King well,
Who oft Parliaments buys and Revenues doth sell:
And others to make the similitude hold,
Say his Majesty himself is oft bought and sold.
Sure this Statue is more dangerous far,
Than all the Dutch Pictures that caused the War.
And what the Exchequer for that took on trust,
May henceforth be confiscate for Reasons most just.

But Sir Robert, to take the Scandal away,
Doss the fault upon the Artificer lay;
And alleges the thing is none of his own,
For he counterfeits only in Gold, not in Stone.
But Sir Robert of the Vine, how cam't in your thought,
That when to the scaffold your Liege you had brought,
With Canvas and Deals you e'er since do him cloud,
As if you had meant it his Coffin and Shrowd?
Hath Blood him away as his Crown he convey'd?
Or is he to Clayton gone in masquerade?
Or is he now in his Cabal closely set?
Or have you to the Compter remov'd him for debt?
Methinks by the equipage of this vile Scene,
To change him into a Jack-pudding you mean.
Or else thus expose him to popular flour.
As tho we'd as good have a King of a Clour.
Or do you his Errors out of Modesty veil,
With three shatter'd Planks and the rags of a Sail?
To expose how his Navy was shatter'd and torn,
The same day that he was restored and born.
If the Judges and Parliament dont him enrich,
You will scarcely afford him a Rag to his Breech.

Sir

Sir *Robert* affirms they do him much Wrong,
 'Tis the Graver at work to reform him so long,
 But alas he will never arrive at his End,
 For 'tis such a King no Chisel can mend.
 But with all his faults pray give us our King,
 As ever you hope for *December* or *Spring*.
 For tho the whole World cannot shew such another,
 We had better have him than his bigotted Brother.

SATYR. By the Lord Ro — — r.

MUST I with patience ever silent sit,
 Perplex'd with Fools who will believe they've wit,
 Must I find every place by *Coxcombs* seiz'd,
 Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd.
 Must I meet *Hen.* — *m* where e'er I go,
Arp Arran, Villain *F* — , nay *Poultney* too.
 Shall *He* — *t* — pertly crawl from place to place,
 And scabby *Vill* — *s* for a Beauty pass.
 Shall *H* — — and *B* — — *n* Politicians prove,
 And *S* — — presume to be in Love.
 Who can abstain from Satyr in this age?
 What Nature wants I find supply'd by Rage.
 Some do for Pimping some for Treach'ry rise,
 But none's made great for being Good or Wise.
 Deserve a Dungeon if you would be great,
 Rogues always are our Ministers of State.
 Mean prostrate Bitches, for a *Bridewell* fit,
 With *England's* wretched Queen must equal sit.
Ran — *g* and fearful *M* — — are preferr'd,
 Vertue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward.
 Who'd be a Monarch to endure the prating
 Of *N* — *l* and sawcy *Ogle* — *p* in waiting.

Who

Who would S ——— drivling Cuckold be?
 Who would be G ——— and bear his Infamy?
 What wretch would be Green's ill begotten Son?
 Who would be James out-witted and undone?
 Who would be S ——— a cringing Knave?
 Like Hallifax wise, like Bearish Pembroke brave?
 What Drudge would be in Dryden's cudgell'd skin?
 Or who'd be safe and senseless like Tom. T ———

A SATYR. By the same Hand.

Nobilitas sola atque unica Virtus est.

NOT Rome, in all her Splendor, could compare
 With those great Blessings happy Britain's share.
 Vainly they boast their Kings of heavenly Race,
 AG ——— incarnate England's Throne does grace.
 Chaste in his Pleasures, in Devotion grave,
 To his Friends constant, to his Foes he's brave;
 His Justice is through all the world admir'd,
 His Word held sacred, and his Sceptre fear'd.
 No Tumults do about his Palace move,
 Freed from Rebellion by his People's Love:
 Nor do we less in Counsels wise prevail,
 As all our late Transactions plainly tell.
 Not only Prorogations good create,
 But th' adjourn'd Play-house is a Corps d' Estate.
 So Learned Chymists, when they long have try'd
 For Secrets thrifty Nature fain would hide,
 In basest Matters often Spirits find,
 Which Providence for greater Use design'd.
 But who can wonder at such vast Success,
 Our Cato S ——— ne'er promis'd less.

D

Abroad

Abroad in Embassies he first was fam'd,
Where he so strictly *England's* Rights maintain'd.
At home an humble Creature to her Grace,
And Mrs. *W*—— preferr'd him to the place.

Then for Commanders both by Sea and Land,
Heaven has bestow'd them with a liberal hand.
R——*k*, who thrice chang'd his Ships through warlike
And *M*——, who's the *Scipio* of the age. (Rage,
The first long Admiral, but more renown'd
For P—x and Popery than publick Wound.
This is the Man whose Vice each Satyr feeds,
And for whom no one Vertue intercedes.
Destin'd for *England's* plague, from infant time,
Curst with a Person f—— than all Crime.

But mightier Knights than these do still remain,
Plimouth, who lately shew'd upon the Plain,
And did by *Hewit's* Fall immortal Honour gain. }
So Mouse and Frog came gravely to the field,
Both fear'd to fight, and yet both scorn'd to yield.
Their famous *Billets Deux* and Duel prove
Them both as fit for Combat as for Love.
Amongst all these 'twere not amiss to name
P—ney, to whom *St. Omers* siege gave fame.

Nor do Wits less our polish'd Court adorn,
Than Men of Prowess, for Atchievements born.
Romantick *M—t*, who in empty lines
His happier Rival tediously defines;
They well knew how to value painted Toys,
And left the *Tartar* to be catch'd by Boys;
But his chief Talent is in Histories,
Which of himself he tells and always lies.
Daincourt would fain be thought both VVit and Bully;
But Punk-rid *R*—— not a greater Cully,
Nor tawdry *Isham*, intimately known
To all poxt VVhores and famous Rooks in town.

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No Ladies my respectful Muse will name,
 She thinks it Blasphemy to touch their Fame.
 Safe may they live who faithful are and kind,
 But may lewd Scourers no Redemption find.
 May young and old incessantly give thanks
 For that blest Nursery of Intrigue *Mil-banks*.
 May *Leiffer fields* repair their Matrons fall,
 But still subscribe in Feasts of Love to th' *Mall*,
 And Mrs. *Strafford* yield to B ——— *Hall*.

A S A T Y R.

Barbara Pyramidum fileat miracula Memphis.

OF all the VVonders since the VVorld began,
 Since Man's Creation, and the Fall of Man,
 There's none so unaccountable to me
 As the most common things we daily see.
 VVhich way soe'er I look methinks I view,
 Something that is extravagantly new;
 That entertains my all admiring Eyes
 VVith various unexpected Prodigies.
 And all I gaze upon, appears to me,
 Like any thing but what it ought to be.

Find out the Man that you would think most fit
 For blustering *Bully*, he's the *Man of Wit*,
 And noisily does bear the Bays away,
 Speaking what common Sense would blush to say.

Shew me another, Body Soul and all
 Fram'd to *cut Capers*, he's a *General*;
 And when his warlike Arm has time to rest,
 Turns *Buffoon Statesman*, to make up the Jest,

A third by Nature for the Bays design'd,
 VVith awkward Body, and distorted Mind.

Supported by his nauseous Impudence,
Proves an eternal Plague to Men of sense:
And tho scarce fit to make the *Rabble* sport,
Sets up for tawny *Darling* of the *Court*.

Another guilty of a worse mistake,
Poor Man's in danger of *Narcissus* fate,
Doats on his Person, thinks himself design'd
For the relief of Longing *Womankind*;
Fancies his squinting Eye and clumsy Shape,
On every Female Heart commits a Rape;
Presumes too with that Face the prize to win,
Fit only for *Lent-Precachers* threatening *Sin*.
I mean the *Warriour*, famous far and near
For *Dr—n's* wit, but for no borrowed Fear;
VVisely he uses his Friends Head to write
VWith more success than his own Arm to fight;
Yet without wonder we look down and see
Heroick *Blue* adorn his trembling Knee.
Ulysses with stout *Ajax* did contend,
And by his crafty *Cunning* gain'd his end;
But 'twas thought strange, that in the bloody Field,
He should obtain the fam'd *Achilles* Shield.
But here's the Prize of Honour stole away
By one who ne'er yet saw a *Scarlet Day*,
But represented in some *Tragick Play*.
Yet every *Collar* Feast he struts along,
VWith Courage squinting on the gazing Throng.
He pleads; and says *Ulysses* ne'er did more,
He has deceiv'd, betray'd, and falsely swore.
VWhat if a Friend for Interest he expose,
'Tis dull to gain a Regiment by Blows.
In his designs upon frail *Womankind*,
His ill Success has humbled so his mind,
That like *Cameleon* living on the Air,
He's satisfi'd with Noise, and if the *Fair*

Be

Be thought his Prey, his *Coachmans Wife* supplies
The absent vainly wisht for *Deities*.

Such unregarded blindly we pass by,
And yet admire what's less a Prodigy.
Do we not daily crowd with longing mind,
To see a Beast of an unusual kind,
Some odd uncommon Creature, that the *Jade*
Its Mother has brought forth in *Masquerade*.
VVhilst the Chief *Monster Man* unminded goes,
Tho, of the two, the fitter for the Shows.
He's the most strange, and should the most surprize,
VWho will be so, yet can be otherwise.
VWhose all mistaken Talents spur him on
To lead a Life in contradiction.

This brings to mind a Knight of mighty Fame,
Fairly in publick he plays out his Game,
Betimes bespeaks *Balconies* for I know
He'll teach you how to handle angry Foe.
In *Cheapside* next he'll deal most deadly Blows,
If not prevented by a scratch on's Nose.
Of what I've said, I this Example bring,
This contradicting, proud, vain, nauseous thing.
Swarthy his Skin, a hanging Look on's Brows,
His Head with VVhimseys fill'd, and mad as *How's*;
His Sword like Pen he handles writing fair,
Quivering makes dashes in the wounded Air;
Yet the vain Fool expects the *Women* all
Should breathless at his feet admiring fall.
Queen *Sheba* would have travell'd twice as far,
Could she for *Solomon* have met Sir *Car*.
How do these Twins in all things but Estate,
Rail at themselves, whilst they each other hate.
Each on his Dunghil proudly does insult,
But Conscience rules, and Peace is the result.
Plutarch ne'er met two to compare so fit,
Blind in their Eyes alike, as in their VVit,

D 3

Equally

Equally vain, they love with like Success,
 Their Wrongs with equal Fortune they redress.
 Each, tho' a naked Sword does make him start,
 Looks big, admiring his own martial Heart.
 The one too scribbles, but in Lines as dull,
 As those of our new made Governour of *Hull*.

For Prowess, Wit, Good-nature, Honesty,
 Religion, Honour and Humility,
 One only *Hero* dares with these contend,
 The brave Lord *Og*—'s Paramour and Friend.
 His Ancestors were men of mighty Fame,
France felt an Earthquake at the very Name;
 But he whose Soul can no harsh thought admit,
 Takes care to cure it of its Ague fit;
 His tender Heart, in softer Breast enshrin'd,
 For gentler use by Nature was design'd.
 A just Revenge admittance seeks in vain,
 To his converted Soul where Peace does reign.
 What tho' his Father's bloody Murth'rer live,
 His Charity compels him to forgive.

But now from railing let us rest a while,
 Some few have Merit in our wretched *Isle*.
 Those whom our honest *Poet* discommends,
 Because they've been his *Patrons* and his *Friends*.
 We may conclude 'tis Interest guides the Pen,
 And ranges Fools with wise deserving Men;
 Since in the front of our kept *Laurent's* Plays,
 Long Dedications speak a Booby's Praise;
 And Women of the highest Rank appear,
 As chaste, nay chaster than *Lucretia* there.
 I write not for Applause, nor do I strain
 For Money a dull mercenary Brain,
 Measure not *Verse* as *Ribbon* by the Ell,
 My stock of *Wis*'s not good enough to sell,
 Nor yet so poor as that my needy Pen
 Should rail, for want of matter at good Men.

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I will not, where no fault is to be found,
 Slander the Dead, for Lies dig under ground ;
 Nor to be thought a brisk aspiring *Wit*,
 Rail at a *Monarch* for my Praises fit,
 Censure, if to unbend his head from Care,
 He with his *Subjects* in some Pleasure share ;
 A blessed Lot we to our *Sovereign* give,
 Permit him only as our *Drudge* to live ;
 Excess of Goodness, which I own his Crime,
 Factious Petitioners will cure in time ;
 Then like the *Frogs* in *Esop* we may grieve,
 When foolishly we hoping to relieve
 By changing our imaginary Smarts,
 Find 'tis that Change that breaks our stubborn hearts.

I'll not complain Honours bestow'd on him
 Who for his *Country* ventur'd that same Limb
 That's now adorn'd, whose gen'rous Courage too,
 Aiding our Neighbours, to the *French-man's* wo,
 Shew'd 'em what *English* Swords were us'd to do. }
 Nor empty Paradoxes will maintain,
 Lift a malicious Arm, but all in vain,
 Striking at him the Ball rebounds and hurts,
 'Tis not like fighting Duels in our shirts ;
 'Tis trying to pierce Armour with a Sword,
 Calling him Fool, who when he speaks the word,
 Loudly proclaims the Liar ; but 'tis fine
 To swear the *Sun* and *Moon* did never shine.
 I may mistake, but think my Nature good,
 Yet some Temptations cannot be withstood.
 I cannot always with *Heracleus* weep,
 Nor in a drowsie Silence ever sleep,
 Faith I must laugh, seeing the Letter drop,
 Given the pert *Dame*, by disappointed *Fop* ;
 Nor can I stifle my surprise, when I
 Follow Lord *All-Pride*, in his train espy,

One

One who before did him no Injury,
 Crowning his Brows with deserv'd Infamy,
 But since his Wife he publickly call'd *Whore*,
 So much oblig'd he now can rail no more,
 'Twas what himself had often done before.
 His strict attendance Gratitude does show,
 How comes our Metal'd-man to stoop so low.

Yet of all Frantick Fools none seems to me
 So vainly proud of his own Infamy,
 As he, who pleas'd to head the factious Rout,
 Of gaping *Boors*, and lead the *Fools* about.
 Forfeits his Loyalty, his Friends and Fame,
 And all to crown the *Author* of his shame;
 Yet in good humour pleas'd to be allow'd
 The most notorious *Cuckold* in the Crowd.

The Deeds of mighty *Heroes* I rehearse,
 Croud not four harmless Fools into one Verse:
 'Tis not a scabby Chin can raise my Spleen,
 Nor Rival to the *Moor* of *Mazarine*.
 My soaring *Muse* flies with a nimble wing
 From such low Objects, scorns of such to sing;
 Should she at every humble *Quarry* stoop,
 And range each puny growring Fop with S——
 'Twould make those Shrubs of Folly hope to prove
 Equal to that tall Cedar of the Grove.

Y' expect some sentence now e'er I conclude,
 I'm tired, excuse me therefore if I'm rude,
 And take my leave abruptly, faith 'tis time,
 When all Fools write, to think no more of Rhime.

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The ROYAL-BUSS.

AS in the days of yore were ods
 Betwixt the Giants and the Gods,
 So now is rife a fearful Brawl
 Between the Parliament and *Whitebal*;
 But, blest be *Jove*, these Gods of ours
 Are greater in their Guilt than Pow'rs.
 Tho then the *Heathens* were such Fools,
 Yet they made Gods of better Tools.
 No Altars then to Plackets were,
 Nor Majesty by *Buss* would swear.
 They'd hang a Tippet at his Door,
 Should break a Parliament to please a Whore;
 And further to oblige him to it,
 Would swear by *Portsmth's C*—t he'd do it,
 And by Contents of th' Oath he had took,
 Kneel'd down in zeal and kist the Book.
 They'd think the Faith too much amiss
 That such Defenders had as this,
 And that Religion look'd too poor,
 Whose Head of th' Church kist A—se of W—re.
 But this he did, much good may't do him,
 And then the Quean held forth unto him.
 The Devil take her for a Whore:
 Wou'd he had kist ten years before,
 Before our City had been burn'd,
 And all our Wealth to Plagues had turn'd;
 Before she had ruin'd (pox upon her)
 Our *English* Name, Blood, Wealth and Honor.
 Whilst Parliaments too slipant gave,
 And Courtiers would but ask and have.

VWhilst

VVhilst they are making *English, French,*
 And Money vote to keep the VVench,
 And the Buffoons and Pimps to pay,
 The devil a bit prorogu'd were they.
 The kifs of T — t, instead had stood,
 And might have done three Nations good.
 But when the Commons would no more
 Raise Taxes to maintain the VVhore.
 VVhen they would not abide the Aw
 Of standing Force instead of Law.
 Then Law, Religion Property
 They'd force 'gainst VVill and Popery.
 VVhen they provide that all shall be
 From Slavery and Oppression free.
 That a VVrit of *Habeas Corpus* come,
 And none in Prison be undone.
 That *English men* should not, like Beast,
 To war by Sea or Land be prest.
 That Peace with *Holland* should be made,
 VVhen VVar had spoil'd our Men and Trade.
 That Treason it should be for any,
 VVithout a Parliament to raise a Peny.
 That no Courtier should be sent
 To sit and vote in Parliament.
 That when an end to this was gave,
 A yearly Parliament we should have,
 According to the antient Law,
 That mighty Knaves might live in aw.
 That King nor Council should commit
 An *English man* for wealth or wit.
 Prerogative being ty'd thus tight,
 That it could neither scratch nor bite.
 VVhen Whores began to be afraid,
 Like Armies, they should be cashier'd.
 Then *Portsm — sb*, the incestuous Punk,
 Made our most gracious Sov'raign drunk.

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And drunk she made him give that *Buss*
That all the Kingdom's bound to curse,
And so red hot with VVine and VVhore,
He kickt the Commons out of door.

WINDSOR. By the Lord R—r.

MEthinks I see our mighty Monarch stand,
His pliant Angle trembling in his hand,
Pleas'd with the sport, good man, nor does he know,
His easie Sceptre bends and trembles so.
Fine Representative indeed of God,
Whose Sceptre's dwindled to a Fishing rod.
Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
When his great God ship stoop'd to catching Flies, }
Bless us! what pretty Sport have Deities.
But see he now does up from *Dorset* come,
Laden with spoils of slaughter'd Gudgeons home.
Nor is he warn'd, by their unhappy fate,
But greedily he swallows every bait, }
A Prey to every *King-fisher* of state.
For how he Gudgeons takes, you have been taught
Then listen now how he himself is caught,
So well alas, the fatal Bait is known,
Which R — does so greedily take down,
And howe'er weak and slender be the String,
Bait it with Whore and it will hold a King.
Almighty Power of Women! oh, how vain
Are *Salique Laws*, for you will ever reign.
Yet *Lawson*, thou whole arbitrary Sway
Our King must, more than we do him obey,
Who shortly shalt of easie *Charles's* Breast
And of his Empire be at once posselt.

Tho

Tho it indeed appear a glorious thing,
 To command Power, and to enslave a King;
 Yet e'er the false Appearance has betray'd,
 A soft, believing, unexperienc'd Maid,
 O, yet consider, e'er it be too late,
 How near you stand upon the brink of Fate.
 Think who they are who would for you procure
 This great Preferment, to be made a Whore;
 Two Reverend Aunts, renown'd in *British* story,
 For Lust and Drunkenness, with *Nell* and *L*——.
 These, these are they your Fame would sacrifice,
 Your Honour sell, and you shall hear the Price.
 My Lady *Mary* nothing can design,
 But feed her Lust with what she gets for thine,
 Old *Richm* —— *d* making thee a glorious Punk,
 Shall twice a day with Brandy now be drunk.
 Her Brother *Buck* —— *m* shall be restord,
Nelly a Countess, *L*—— be a Lord.
 And sure all Honours should on him be thrown,
 Both for his Father's merit and his own:
 For *Dunkirk* first was sold by *Clarendon*,
 And now *Tangier* is selling by the Son.
 A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
 To make way for the Son to bring a Whore.

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The Second Advice to a PAINTER.

By the Author of the first.

NOW Painter try if thy skill'd hand can draw,
The horrid'st Scene the trembling World e'er saw.
Wipe all your Pencils that the former drew,
In dismal colours dip them all anew;
Colours that may in lively parts express
The plotted Fall of Monarchs; in a Dress
May fright the World: Crimes which we can't atone
With our best Blood, and Christians blush to own.
But let me first advise you, e'er you take
This work in hand, a small Reflection make,
Of all that's heinous, Murthers, Treasons, Fires,
Perjuries, Incests, Rapines, hot Desires
Of murdering Kings, I tremble to rehearse,
A tottering World and sinking Universe.
Think well on these, e'er you begin the part,
'Twill heighten Fancy, and affect your Heart.
In the upper part of all the Canvas paint
His Holiness the Pope, that mighty Saint,
Old *Satan* his Associate too must stand
Behind his Chair, to guide his heart and hand.
Draw him stuck round with all the Toys that come,
From the grand Mint of Lies, old foppish *Rome*.
Balls, Dispensations, Pardons all the baits
He lays for the dull Crowd; the Book of Rates
Will be convenient too, that of every Sin
The value may be known, pray cram them in
Draw him dispersing with a bounteous hand,
For horrid Ends, the Treasures of his land:

Dispensing

Dispensing with false Oaths, or any thing,
 So that they'll murder *Charles, Great-Britain's King*.
 Poor Fool! to think the Guardian of his Throne
 Is grown so dull, and senseless as his own,
 No, proud Imposture, no, thy Hand's too short
 To reach his Head, or make his fall thy sport.
 Next draw proud *France*, and his ambitious hope
 Of being mighty cringing to the Pope,
 'Tis not his Zeal to him, or to his Laws,
 That cheats the World, this his Affection draws.
 'Tis Interest, mighty Interest bears the sway,
 He dare not, tho' he's willing, disobey.
 Base Prince, and foolish too, your self you cheat,
 When on such Terms as these you would be great.
 You feast your senses, at such costly Rates,
 That nothing else can serve but Delicates,
 Dipt in the Blood of Princes, Death of Kings,
 In your Opinion, are but vulgar things;
 If thirst of Empire sway'd a generous Soul,
 These base low tricks could never sure controul;
 But when a Mind's so firm on mischief bent,
 No thoughts of Honour can its Crimes prevent.
 In meanest Actions Princes should be true,
 And act on principles of Honour too.
 Then they are sacred to the World and ought
 To be ador'd, then Disrespect's a Fault.
 But when both base, degenerate they're grown,
 The Vulgar hurl them headlong from the Throne.
 Go on, vile Prince, in all these Arts and try
 How soon your Crown will fade, your Empire die.
 By your Example your own Subjects teach,
 To strike at Empire, and at Sceptres reach;
 And may their first attempt be on thy Head,
 Dethrone thee first of all, then strike thee dead.
 Now Painter, to our Subject, dip thy Pen
 In black, in horrid black, yet once agen.

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For when a Subject from a King revolts,
Conspires his Death, and thinks these things no faults.
The Scene must needs be horrid, first begin,
With *Bel——*, his foul ungrateful sin;
Draw him a Monster in as foul a dress,
As e'er your heart can think or hand express.
Long did he in his Prince's bosom lie,
One would have thought, void of all Treachery;
For what base Man but he, could e'er conspire -
To set that house wherein he lives on fire;
Who would such Treasons harbour in his breast,
'Gainst th' best of Princes, and to him the best.
The other Lords must on the stage be led,
Draw out each Man with Halter on his head,
And Dagger in his heart, with which in vain
They often strove to stab their Sovereign.
Base Rascals, do you thus your Prince reward?
Have you no Honour left? or no Regard
To Clemency? which some of you I know
Have tasted, or y'had dy'd for't long ago;
Had he been cruel, or Tyrannick grown,
You'd had more reason to usurp his Throne;
But to a gracious, and obliging Prince,
'Tis past all hopes of pardon or defence.

Now Painter, draw me Hell in all its hear,
Let sulphurous Flames and dismal Darknells meet;
Draw *S——ley*, *Col——n*, and the Jesuits,
And in the hottest place as best befits;
Let them endure the flaming *Brimstones* Rage,
These bloody trayterous Miscreants of our Age.
These were the Men design'd (oh bloody Act)
Nay were resolv'd on to commit the fact.
Base Rebels, don't you know that Heaven's high hand
Has ever kept the Monarch of our Land,
And could you think to move our Scene, and do
What Heaven's high Lord had ne'er consented to.

Burn

Burn on vile Wretches, think well on these things;
What Treason is, what 'tis to murder Kings.

Now draw, in all his Majesty and State,
Our Sovereign Prince, just rising from his Fate.
Pray paint him laughing at the Follies done,
By th' Pope and France, his most unchristian Son.
Prithee, old Fellow, prithee tell me why
Old England should so much disturb thy Eye?
Is it because we do not doat on you?
And worship all your Saints, we never knew?
If these, Old Man, your Aggravations be,
Know we defie thy Malice, Imps and Thee.

Stafford's Ghost. February 1682.

IS this the Heavenly Crown? Are these the Joys
Which bellowing Priests did promise with such noise?
Charming my Fears with such lewd Words as these,
A Saint, a Martyr, Blis, Eternal Ease?
Such promis'd Glories were for meaner Deeds,
He's trebly blest by whom our Monarch bleeds.
Curs'd Priests did me with other Fools delude;
Brib'd with their Gifts of the Beatitude.
Had I that Life so unadvis'dly lost,
'Tis not your fawning Jesuitish Host
Should e'er prevail on my misguided sense,
To smother Guilt with Vows of Innocence:
Nor thou, false Friend, as false to me or more,
Than all thy Oaths for Coleman's Life before;
With thy true Catholick protesting Breath,
Shouldst e'er betray me to a perjur'd Death.
Blinded with Zeal, what did we once admire
A sulph'rous Soul, by Jesuits set on fire;

A

A head-strong, stupid, rash, bigotted Prince,
 Declar'd the open Enemy to Sense.
 Weak are the sacred Ties that should attend,
 The Name of Sov'reign, Brother, and of Friend;
 This pious *Sampson* would with Joy o'erthrow
 The Universe, and perish by the blow;
 His Plots, tho known, yet he will ne'er give o'er,
 But still Intrigues with his dear *Babel* Whore;
 So much infected by that Fatal Bitch,
 He's all broke out in scabby Zeal and Itch.
 Could we distinctly view his tainted Soul,
 That all the Relicks of S — — were small,
 Compar'd with th' Scars of his P — — spiritual:
 'Tis not the powerful Force of *Jordan's* Streams,
 Nor his dear Purgatories cleansing Flames,
 Can e'er remove from his polluted Soul
 The least remains of a Disease to foul:
 You'll say 'tis hard that such a one as he
 Should be depriv'd of *Nauman's* Remedy;
 But there's Distinction to be made, I hope,
 'Twixt those that worship *Rimmon* and the *Pope*.
 Amends for my intended Crimes I make,
 If *Charles* from his Lethargick Sleep I wake,
 But such a Dose of Opiats they have given,
 To rouse him were a Miracle for Heaven;
 I hope, tho when he hears what I can tell,
 Success may crown my Embassy from Hell.
 I'll boldly name those that pursue his Life,
 And 'mongst his Subjects fester endless Strife;
 Their Friends and their Advisers I'll reveal,
 Those Holy Men that, toucht with pious Zeal,
 Are such Well-wishers to the Common Weal.
Tork's most lov'd and boldest Friend is he,
 Who knows he must succeed by *Gadbury*;
 Yet some with Wonder are surpris'd to find,
 That in the Loyal Ague of his Mind,

E

His

His hot fit comes in such a proper time,
 Whose cold one thought the Covenant no Crime.
 The next a Slave to his Ambitious Pride,
 Must be the chief, tho of the falling Side.
 This Hot-brain'd *Machiavel* once vainly strove,
 For what he ne'er can hope the People's Love.
 But foil'd he flies for Refuge to the Throne,
 Trusting to th' Bladders of his Wit alone,
 Without one honest thought to fix them on.

The third a Wreck of the divided Chits.
 Better than jilting Whore he counterfeits;
 But not his treach'rous Eyes dissolv'd in tears,
 Nor the false Vizard his Ambition wears,
 Can blind the VVorld, or hide what must be seen.
 His Practices with *J——* and *Mazarine*.
 Vote on poor Fools, ye Commons vent your spleen,
 Sure *France* and *York* are a sufficient Skreen:
 A Tax at home's a Project old and dull,
 He'll find new ways to keep his Coffers full.
 The *French* shall some of our fled Gold restore,
 They suck like Leeches, but they ruine more,
 VVhen they spue back part of th' infected Ore:
 'Tis his Contrivance too, by Change of Air,
 To ease our Monarch of his Fears and Care.
 They jointly toil to make thy Burden light,
 Knowing that Quiet is thy chief Delight,
 They therefore haste and hurry thee to fight.
 No matter C——, thy Enemies they'll fright,
 One stamps, one talks, one weeps thy Foes to flight.
 I come (dread Lord) from the dark Shades below
 To give thee timely notice of the Blow,
 VVhich thou may'st yet prevent; think well of those
 VVhom now (mistaken) you believe your Foes.
 They who against your will would fix your Crown,
 Giving you Riches, Happiness, Renown;

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Which *Metamorphose* should accepted be,
 Because redeem'd from Want and Infamy.
 (Observe poor Wanderer, how thou walk'st alone,
 Might is the *Atlas* that supports thy Throne)
 Hasten to comply, defer it not too long,
 Thou canst not stem a Current that's so strong.
 Trust to th' Affections of thy *Britains* bold,
 Give them but leave thy Honour to uphold;
 Tho *Bessus*, yet a *Cæsar* thou may'st be,
 Opprest with Trophies of their Victory.

On the Dutcheſs of Portsmouth's Picture.

September, 1682.

WHO can on this Picture look,
 And not strait be wonder struck,
 That such a peaking doudy thing
 Should make a Beggar of a King?
 Three happy Nations turn to Tears,
 And all their former Love to Fears?
 Ruine the Great, and raise the Small,
 Yet will by turns betray them all.
 Lowly born, and meanly bred,
 Yet of this Nation is the Head:
 For half *Whitehall* make her their Court,
 Tho th'other half make her their Sport.
Mommouth's Tamer, *Jeffery's* Advance,
 Foe to *England*, Spy to *France*,
 False and foolish, proud and bold,
 Ugly as you see, and Old.
 In a word, her mighty Grace
 Is Whore in all things but her Face.

E 2

Hounslow:

HOUNSLOW-HEATH. 1686.

*Upon this Place are to be seen
Many Brave Sights. God save the Queen.*

Near *Hampton Court* there lies a Common,
Unknown to neither Man nor Woman;
The Heath of *Hounslow* it is stil'd:
Which never was with blood defil'd,
Tho it has been of War the Seat,
Now three Campains almost compleat.

Here you may see Great *JAMES* the Second,
(The greatest of our Kings he's reckon'd!)

A Hero of such high Renown,
Whole Nations tremble at his Frown:
And, when he Smiles, Men die away
In Transports of excessive Joy.
A Prince of admirable Learning!
Quick Wit! of Judgment most discerning!
His Knowledge in all Arts is such,
No Monarch ever knew so much.
Not that old blustering King of *Pontus*,
Whom Men call learned to affront us,
With all his Tongues and Dialects,
Could equal him in all respects;
His two and twenty Languages
Were Trifles, if compar'd to His,
Fargons, which we esteem but small,
English and *French* are worth 'em all.
What tho he had some skill in Physick,
Could cure the Dropsy or the Phthysick;

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586.

Perhaps was able to advise one
To scape the danger of rank Poison,
And could prepare an Antidote
Should carry't off, tho down your Throat ?
These are but poor Mechanick Arts,
Inferior to Great *James* his Parts :
Shall he be set in the same Rank,
With a Pedantick Mountebank ?
He's Master of such Eloquence,
Well chosen Words, and weighty Sence ;
That he neer parts his lovely Lips,
But out a Trope or Figure slips :
And, when he moves his fluent Tongue,
Is sure to ravish all the Throng ;
And every Mortal that can hear,
Is held fast Pris'ner by the Ear.

nd,

His other Gifts we need but name,
They are so spread abroad by Fame,
His Faith, his Zeal, his Constancy,
Aversion to all Bigottry !
His firm adhering to the Laws,
By which he judges every Cause,
And deals to all impartial Justice,
In which the Subjects greatest trust is !
His constant keeping of his Word,
As well to Peasant as to Lord ;
Which he no more would violate,
Than he would quit his Regal State !
Who has not his least promise broke,
Nor contradicted what he spoke !
His governing the brutal Passions,
With far more Rigor than his Nations ;
Would not be sway'd by's Appetite,
Were he to gain an Empire by't !

haps

E 3

From

From hence does flow that Chastity,
 Temperance, Love, Sincerity,
 And unaffected Piety,
 That just abhorrence of Ambition,
 Idolatry, and Superstition,
 Which through his Life have shin'd so bright,
 That nought could dazle their clear Light !
 These Qualities we'll not insist on,
 Because they all are Duties Christian;
 But haste to celebrate his Courage,
 Which is the Prodigy of our Age:
 A Spirit which exceeds relation ;
 And were too great for any Nation,
 Did not those Vertues nam'd before
 Confine it to its native Shore,
 Restrain it from the thirst of Blood,
 And only exercise't in Good !

The tedious *Mitbridatick* War,
 (The Noise whereof is spread so far)
 Was nothing to what's practis'd here;
 Tho carry'd on for forty year,
 'Gainst *Pompey*, *Sylla*, and *Lucullus*,
 High-sounding Names, brought in to gull us :
 In which the *Romans* lost more Men
 Than one age could repair again ;
 Who perish'd not by Sword or Bullet,
 But melted Gold pour'd down the Gullet.
 Heroes of old were only fam'd
 For having Millions kill'd or maim'd ;
 For being th' Instrument of Fate,
 In making Nations desolate ;
 For wading to the Chin i'th' Blood
 Of those that in their passage stood :
 And thought the Point they had not gain'd,
 While any Foe alive remain'd.

Our

Our Monarch, by more gentle Rules,
 Has prov'd the Ancients arrant Fools :
 He only studies and contrives
 Not to destroy, but save Men's Lives ;
 Shews all the Military skill,
 Without committing ought that's ill.
 He'll teach his Men in Warlike Sport,
 How to defend, or storm a Fort ;
 And, in Heroick Interlude,
 Will act the dreadful scene of *Bude* :
 Here *Lorrain* storms, the *Vifler* dies,
 And *Brandenburgh* routs the Supplies ;
Bavaria there blows up their Train
 And all the *Turks* are took, or slain.
 All this perform'd, with no more harm
 Than Loss of simple Gunner's Arm :
 And surely 'tis a greater Good
 To teach Men War, than shed their Blood.

Now pause, and view the Army Royal,
 Compos'd of valiant Souls and loyal ;
 Not rais'd (as ill Men say) to hurt ye,
 But to defend, or to convert ye :
 For that's the Method now in Use,
 The Faith *Tridentine* to diffuse.
 Time was, the Word was powerful ;
 But now, 'tis thought remiss and dull :
 Has not that Energy and Force,
 Which is in well-arm'd Foot and Horse.
 Thus, when the Faith has had mutation,
 We change its way of Propagation :
 So *Mahomet*, with arms and terrors,
 Spread over half the World his Errors.

Here daily swarm Prodigious Wights,
 And strange variety of Sights,

As Ladies lewd, and foppish Knights,
 Priests, Poets, Pimps, and Parasites;
 Which now we'll spare, and only mention,
 The hungry Bird that writes for Pension;
 Old *Squab*, (who's sometimes here, I'm told)
 That oft has with his Prince made bold,
 Call'd the late King a Sant'ring Cully,
 To magnify the *Gallick Bully*;
 Who lately put a senceless Banter
 Upon the World, with *Hind* and *Panther*,
 Making the Beasts and Birds o'ch' Wood
 Debate what he ne'er understood,
 Deep Secrets in Philosophy,
 And Mysteries in Theology,
 All sung in wretched Poetry;
 VVhich rambling Piece, is as much Farce all,
 As his true Mirror, the *Rebearfal*;
 For which he has been soundly bang'd,
 But ha'n't his just Reward till hang'd.

*Now you have seen all that is here,
 Have Patience till another Year.*

*The Dissenters Thanksgiving for the Late
 Declaration. 1685.*

FOR this Additional Declaration,
 This double Grace of Dispensation,
 For Liberty and Toleration;
 Against *Antichristian* Violation.
 VVhatever Zeal misguid'd Passion,
 Persuades the Sons of Reformation:
 'Tis but a sly Insinuation,
 To work a *Popish* Inundation,

VVe

VVe of the new Regeneration;
 The well affected of the Nation,
 That will be useful in our Station.
 Do offer up our due Oblation;
 And make our humble Supplication,
 VVhile Test and Penals are in fashion;
 VVe be not brought in tribulation
 By the next Synod of the Nation.

The DISPUTE.

By the E. of R—

BETwixt Father *Patrick* and his Highness of late,
 There hapned a strong and a weighty Debate:
 Religion was the Theme. 'Tis strange that they two,
 Should dispute about that which neither of 'em know.
 VVhen I dare boldly say, if the Truth were but known,
 The VVeakness of *Patrick*, and Strength of his own;
 He'd have call'd it a Madness, and much like a Curse,
 To have chang'd from a good one, to that which is

(worse;

But the reasons which made most his Highness to yield,
 And so willingly quit to S. *Patrick* the Field,

VVere

First, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you i'th' Lurch,
 VVho tell you there can be any more than one Church.
 And, next unto that he averr'd for a certain;
 No Footsteps of ours could be found before *Martin*.

At which two Reasons, so deep and profound,
 His Highness had like to have fall'n in a Swoon;
 But at length he cry'd out, Father *Patrick*, I find
 By the sudden Conversion, and Change of my mind,

It

It is not your Reason, nor VVit can afford
 Such Strength to your Cause; 'tis the Finger o'th' Lord,
 For now I remember he somewhere has said,
 That by Babes and Sucklings his Truth is convey'd.
 Thus ends the dispute 'twixt the Priest and the Knight,
 In which, to say truth, and to do 'em both right,
 He manag'd the Cause, as he did the Sea-fight.

Julii Mazarini Cardinalis Epitaphium.

HIC jacet Julius Mazarinus
 Gallia^æ Rex Italicus
 Ecclesia^æ præsul Laicus
 Europa^æ prædo purpuratus
 Fortunam omnem ambiit, omnem corrupit,
 Erarium administravit & exhaustit,
 Civile Bellum compressit, sed commovit,
 Regni jura tuitus est & invasit,
 Beneficia possedit & vendidit,
 Pacem dedit aliquando, diu distulit,
 Hostes cladibus cives oneribus afflixit,
 Attrixit paucis, irrisit plurimos
 Omnibus nocuit.
 Negotiator in templo, Tyrannus in Regno,
 Prædo in ministerio,
 Vulpes in concilio,
 Grassator in bello,
 Solus nobis in pace hostis.
 Fortunam olim adversam, aut elusit aut vicit;
 Et nostro sæculo vidimus
 Adorari fugitivum,
 Imperare civibus exulem,
 Regnare proscriptum.
 Quid deinde egerit, rogas? Paucis accipe,
 Lufit,

Lufit, fefellit, rapuit,
 Ferreum nobis induxit, ſæculum ſibi
 Ex auro noſtro, aureum fecit.
 Quorundam Capiti nullius fortunis peperit,
 Homo crudeliter clemens.
 Pluribus tandem morbis elanguit,
 Plures ei cœlo mortes virogate,
 Cui Senatus olim unam tantum decreverat
 Vincemini ſe arcibus incluſit moriturus,
 Et quidem apte
 Quæſivit Carcerem.

Diu cedentem animam retinuit ægre reddidit,
 Sic retinere omnia dedicerat,
 Nihil ſuâ ſponte reddere.

Conſtanter tamen viſus eſt mori quid mirum
 Ut vixit ſic obiit diſſimulans,
 Ne morbum quidem novere qui curabant,
 Hac una fraude nobis profuit,
 Fefellit Medicos.

Mortuus eſt tamen inſallimur, & moriens,
 Regem regno, regnum regi reſtituit.

Reliquit
 Præſulibus peſſima exempla,
 Aulicis infida conſilia,
 Adoptiva ampliſſima ſpolia,
 Paupertatem populis,
 Succeſſoribus ſuis omnes prædandi artes,
 Sed Prædam nullam,
 Immenſas tamen opes licet profuderit,
 Id unum tantum habuit ex ſuo quod daret,
 Nomen ſuum.

Pectus ejus poſt mortem apertum eſt,
 Tum primum patuit vaſtrum Cor

M A Z A R I N I,

Quod nec precib⁹, nec lacrymis, nec injuriis moveretur.

Diu

Diu quæſivimus invenire Medici
Cor Lapideum,
Quod mortuus omnia adhuc moveat & adminiſtret ne
(miseris,

Stipendia in hunc annum accepit,
Nec fraudat poſt mortem Vir bonæ fidei,
Quo tandem evaſerit forſitan rogitas ?
Coelum ſi rapitur tenet, ſi datur meritis longe abeſt.

Sed abi, Viator, & cave,
Nam hic tumulus
Eſt Specus Latronis.

S A T Y R *Unmuzzled.*

WHo'd be the Man lewd Libels to indite,
Yet fears to own what he ne'er fears to write.
And meanly ſneak his Lampoons into th' World,
Which are i'th' Streets by Porters dropt and hurl'd,
Or elſe by *Julian* 'mong the Bullies ſpread,
That and his Pimping brings him in his bread ?
Who'd be the Wretch to hear himſelf abus'd,
By ſome Men cenſur'd, and by ſome accus'd,
For libelling the Town, with his ſharp Pen,
And they with Cudgels lampoon him again ?
To name great Men is Malice groſſly ſhown,
As if they could not by their Crimes be known :
For what Fool knew not, when you nam'd a Bear,
Without a Comment *Pembroke* was not there.
When we ſay Fool, then all Men muſt agree,
V — to name would be Tautology.
Who to the Sin of Pride does lay moſt claim,
Need we ſay *T — Arp* — or *Heningham*.

With

With these before the Wits have had a bout,
 I'll pick out some the Poets have left out ;
 And yet not name the Men, but swinge their Faults,
 For so wise Satyr makes his best Assaults.

One play'd at Dice all night, at *Locketts* door,
 Quarrell'd and cuff'd till he was Blood all o'er ;
 Nex day he sat at the wise Green-cloth board,
 And with great Gravity said ne'er a word,
 There fell asleep, then wak'd with angry Face,
 And swore G—damn him his throw was Ams-ace,
 So swept the Money that o'th' Green-cloth lay,
 And vow'd he dreamt he won it all at play.
 To cheat the King he has left off being brave,
 From Captain turn'd a formal Green-cloth Knave.

Next comes a Wretch whom all Mankind does hate,
 Curst by his Servants for his Pride and State,
 Keeps Bawds, and has his *Banco* for the Gout,
 Which is a modest Word for Pox, no doubt ;
 No Lampoon ever thought him worthy yet,
 Having not matter to afford them Wit.
 Lewdly his out-side, as his Soul within,
 One that deserves to be, for his proud Sin,
 Toss'd up to Heaven, to tumble down agen.
 Fam'd for his Vertue and good Nature too,
 Yet both conceal'd, and never came in view,
 His Office shews the Devil and he are Twins,
 Being Privy-Purse to all the Privy-Sins.

Search the whole Court, in all that blessed Race,
 Not one Man's planted in his proper place ;
 Scarce one Man just or faithful found to be,
 Only *Frank N*—— *Henry K*——*w*,
 Why did I name 'em since ye all well know
 When we say faithful, it implies them two ;

Once

Once faulty Men, but now as just are known,
 They mortgage Oaths, and lay their Honour down }
 To every Footman lends them half a Crown.

Now for a Brute whose *Species* is unknown,
 Like Man, but Hell best knows he is not one.
 Full as destructive as the Wind North-east,
 And much more ominous to Man and Beast.
 Swell'd like a Toad, his Soul just speckled so,
 And poisons all things, where he does but blow;
 Whose crooked Nature forces so much evil,
 'T has chang'd his *Species* from Mankind to Devil.
 'Tis not the Form, but the brave noble Mind,
 That makes us worthy to be call'd Mankind.
 He left a Conquest that the Duke had gain'd,
 A greater Blemish *England* ne'er sustain'd.
 No more of that, let's sleep out all the Rest,
 For Silence in this case is safe and best.
 He's Cofferer now, in great Esteem and grace,
 But Sledge and *Tyburn* is his proper place.

Our late Secretary fell into Disgrace
 And *Ignoramus* stept into his place.
 By our great *Filt-Royal* he had his Fall,
 She that commands the Court, the Devil and all,
 To us who know these things, 'tis no great wonder,
 For Court and Devil ne'er live far asunder.
 She that to th' Eye of State is such a film,
 Who sits in Pomp to guide and steer the Helm,
 And will in time the tall Ship over-whelm.
 The Fool of Honour, like a nimble Eel,
 Has wriggled through the Mud to Fortune's wheel,
 Slipt into Place improperly by Fate,
 Whose Parts were ne'er cut out to serve the State, }
 But fawning well on Madam did the feat,
 She's a great Bubble to a cringing Cheat.

ON

One thing I wonder at, and shall do still,
 To see a Fool aft' wife *Achitophel*.
 Could Booby think you'd e'er be in a Plot,
 Whose stock of Brains would lye upon a Groat,
 But that was not his but the King's great Fault.
 Had he for Murders hang'd him, in all reason
 We may believe he'd ne'er committed Treason.
 Thou weak *Achitophel*, to undertake
 By thy wise Counsels a false King to make.
 But thou and *Abjalom* thy weaker Friend,
 Your damn'd Ambition now is at an end;
 Go, get thy Living with thy old Man *Thomas*,
 That lusty Drudge will prove thy best *Mandamus*.

Now for a She-Buffoon, who, as 'tis said,
 Craw'd into th' World, without a Maiden-head;
 It is most sure 'twas never had by Man,
 Nor can she say where it was lost or when,
 We must conclude she never had one then.
 Her Mother griev'd in muddy Ale and Sack,
 To think her Child should ever prove a Crack;
 When she was drunk she always fell asleep,
 And when full *Maudlin* then the Whore would weep.
 Her Tears were Brandy, *Mundungus* her Breath,
 Bawd was her Life, and Common shore her Death.
 To see the Daughter mourn for such a Beast,
 Is like her Life, which make up but one Jest,
 Of all her Jokes this Mourning is the best.
 As Jews, descended from the High-Priests Race,
 Were thought the fittest to supply that place,
 So she best satisfies lustful Amours,
 Whose Line from *Adam* have been Bawds and Whores.

Now will I speak of all those foolish Duns,
 Who trust the *Goths*, the *Vandals*, and the *Huns*.
 Such

Such as do run on every Tradesman's Score,
Nay basely tick with every little Whore,
And still tick on, till they can tick no more.
When Dun comes each Man asks what he'd be at,
And swears and rants at the old *Vandal* rate,
Then pays his Score off with a broken Pate.
Bilks the poor Coach man, wretched Link-boy cheats,
And brags next day of his Heroick Feats.
Such mean base things the Goatish Gentry do,
The English keep their Fame and Honour too.
Most highly scandalous are all the rest,
And proud, gay Fool and Fop includes the best.
All Golden Out sides with false Tinsel Hearts,
They only make a shew of worthy Parts;
The Name of Gentleman's grown odious now,
It is become great Honour's Overthrow.
Full as reproachful to the Men we find,
As Common Whore is to all Womankind.
Here the whole Race of Gentry lies at stake,
The guiltless suffers for the guilty's sake.
Pity it is that Men of noble Fame,
Should lose their Honour merely for the Name.
*Cause *Tom's* a Knave, must every *Tom* be so.
Must we, *Draw-Can-Sir* like, slay Friend and Foe.
No general Rule without Exception is,
Those few unblemisht are not meant in this.

THE
HIND
AND
PANTHER
TRANSVERS'D

To the Story of
The Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse.

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit. *Hind. Par.*
Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.

P

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P R E F A C E.

THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesqu'd, and Virgil Travestied without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an Exact Poem, though 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, That those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and This naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as easy to imagine two Mice balking Coachmen, and supping at the Devil, as to suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her Son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and

contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they wrote in Signs, and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful Stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the Vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a Shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, That would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind; they would not say that the Daw, who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes, lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the Book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which she stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a Story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before

Before the Word was written, said the
Hind,
Our Saviour Preacht the Faith to all
Mankind.

*What relation has the Hind to our Sa-
viour? Or what notion have we of a Pan-
ther's Bible? If you say he means the
Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns,
or range in the Forest? Let it be always
a Church, or always the cloven-footed
Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting
the Scene every Line. If it is absurd in
Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the
strain of a Hero, or a Country Wench use
the Language of the Court; how monstrous
is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a
Parson of a Panther? To bring 'em in
disputing with all the Formalities and Terms
of the School? Though as to the Argu-
ments themselves, those, we confess, are
suited to the Capacity of the Beasts; and if
we would suppose a Hind expressing her
self about these Matters, she would talk at
that Rate.*

*As to the Absurdity of his Expressions,
there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridi-
culous, the terms are sometimes alter'd to
make the Blunder more visible; Know-*

ledge misunderstood is not at all better sense than Understanding misunderstood, though 'tis confest the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any Man could censure the Turks for Gluttony; a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any Man who had not renounced his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen:

Difference
betwixt a
Protestant
and Soci-
nian, p. 62.

Page 92.

He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnified Piece of Duncomb's was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at least what he aim'd at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? do they so much as Rhime?

We may have this comfort under the severity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities equally

PREFACE.

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equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother Hind; she Disciplin'd him severely, she commanded him, it seems, to Sacrifice his darling Fame, and to do it effectually he publisht this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construction we would put on his Faults, though he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provoke him to Libel the Court, Blaspheme Kings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only Establish'd Religion? And we must now Congratulate him this Felicity, That there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused. Page 90.

Thus far his Arms have with Success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews, and Infidels lock to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face

about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second Almanzor, change sides meerly to keep his hand in ure. This Heroick Temper of his, has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Persuasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no man is here concerned, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.

THE

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER
TRANSVERS'D

To the Story of the Country and the
City-Mouse.

Bayes, Johnson, Smith.

Johnson.

H A H! my old friend Mr. Bayes,
what lucky chance has thrown me
upon you? Dear Rogue, let me
embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off
and come not within my Sword's point, for
if you are not *come over to the Royal Party*, I Pref. p. 1.
expect neither fair War, nor fair Quarter from
you.

Johnson.

Johns. How, draw upon your friend! and assault your old Acquaintance! O' my *conscience* my intentions were Honourable.

Bayes. *Conscience!* Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough; let me have the *marks* of your *Conscience* before I trust it, for if it be not of the same stamp with mine, Gad I may be *knockt down* for all your fair promises.

Pref. ib.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany hast thou been about, that thou'rt under these apprehensions? Upon my Honour I'm thy friend; yet thou lookest as sneaking and frighted as a Dog that has been worrying Sheep.

Pref. ib.

Bayes. Ay Sir, *The Nation is in too big a ferment for me to expect any mercy*, or I'gad, to trust any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old Friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National concerns till the third Bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this prophane-ness, I am alter'd since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose talk now; Mr. *Johns*, you are a Man of Parts, let me desire you to read *the Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Considerations on the Council of Trent*; and so Gentlemen your humble Servant.— Good life be now my Task.

Page 5.

Johns. Nay Faith, we wont part so: believe us, we are both your Friends; let us step

to

to the *Rose* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your Pallat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so, but *Senses* must be starv'd, that the *Soul* may be gratifi'd. Men Page 21. of your Kidney make the *Senses* the Supreme Judge, and therefore bribe 'em high; but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em aside.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides? you make the separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat *Ibid.* Rosy-colour'd Fellow, take it from me, he is either a *Protestant*, or a *Turk*.

Johns. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might suspect your Conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face of an *Heretick* as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by nature still I am. Page 5. But I hope ere long I shall have drawn this pamper'd Paunch fitter for the strait Gate.

Smith.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confessor gives you more severe Rules than he practices; for not long ago a *Fat Friar* was thought a *true Character*.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings: but since you have put me upon that Subject, I'll show you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the *King's Health* to thee——Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to say, the exactest Piece the World ever saw, a *Non Pareillo* I faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Persuasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots*.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and justify our Religion by way of *Fable*.

Johns. An apt contrivance indeed! what, do you make a *Fable* of your Religion?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no mans steps; and to show you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* design, but I'gad, have so out-done him, you shall be asham'd for your *old Friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more Life and Spirit

Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horse; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like *meer Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the World so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *heighten*; and *elevate a Fable*. I'll bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an *Ass* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked Story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; All this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? is it not Great and Heroical? But come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defy all *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

A milk-white Mouse immortal and un- Page 1.
chang'd,

Fed on soft Cheese, and o're the Dairy rang'd;

Without, unspotted; innocent within,

She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Ginn.

Johns.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, soft Cheefe is a little too coarse Diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for some *Cælestial Provision*.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Page 1.

*Yet had She oft been scar'd by bloody Claws
Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkins Paws*

Page 2.

*Aim'd at her destin'd Head, which made
her fly,
Tho She was doom'd to Death, and fated not
to dye.*

Smith. How came She that fear'd no danger in the line before, to be scar'd in this, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being afraid; mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave; how was She doom'd to Death, if She was fated not to dye; are not doom and fate, much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay Gentlemen, if you question my skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it: I assure you, doom'd and fated, are quite different things.

Smith.

Smith. Faith, Mr. Bayes, if you were doom'd to be hang'd, whatever you were fasted to, 'twould give you but small comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. Smith, mind the business in hand.

*Not so her young; their Linsy-woolsey Line, Page 2:
Was Hero's make, half Humane, half Divine.*

Smith. Certainly these Hero's, half Humane, half Divine, have very little of the Mouse their Mother.

Bayes. Gadfokers! Mr. Johnson, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a Mouse, by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a Church, and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signify Priests, Martyrs, and Confessors, that were hang'd in Oat's Plot. There's an excellent Latin Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesiae*, and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Translation.

*Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whose sanguine Seed encreas'd the sacred Brood; Page 2.
She multipli'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own. Page 3.*

Smith. Was she alone when the sacred Brood was encreased?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the Mouse again; but I hope a Church may be alone, though the Members be encreased, mayn't it?

Johns.

Johns. Certainly, Mr. Bayes, a Church, which is a *diffusive Body of Men*, can much less be said to be *alone*.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnson*, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. Bayes? What could the *Mouſe* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more than range in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do, why She *reign'd*; had a *Diadem*, *Scepter*, and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so *encreas'd*, She may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so She may before I have done with Her; it has cost me some pains to clear Her Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

Page 3.

The common Hunt, She timorously past by,
For they made tame, *disdain'd Her company*;
They grin'd, She in a fright tript o're the
Green,

For She was *lov'd*, where-ever She was seen.

Johns. Well said little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick must have a great deal of leasure, that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant him who e're he is, *offender solido*; but I go on.

The

The Independent Beast. —

Page 3.

Smith. Who is that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why a Bear: Pox, is not that obvious enough?

— *In groans Her hate express.*

Which I'gad, is very natural to that *Animal*.
Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the
Quaker; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A Bull, for ought I know.

Bayes. A Bull! O Lord! A Bull! no, no;
a Hare, a quaking Hare. — *Armarillis*, be-
cause She wears *Armour*, 'tis the same Figure;
and I am proud to say it, Mr. *Johnson*, no
Man knows how to pun in *Heroics* but my
self. Well, you shall hear;

She thought, and reason good, the quaking Page;
Hare

Her cruel Foe, because She would not swear,
And had profess'd *Neutrality*.

Johns. A shrew'd Reason that, Mr. Bayes;
but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody
Wars, though they were pretty well recon-
cild now. Yet to bring in two or three such
fine things as these, I don't tell you the *Ly-*
on's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty Pages af-
ter, though 'twas really done before I had
finish'd my Poem.

G

Next

Page 3. *Next Her, the Buffoon Ape his body bent,
And paid at Church a Courtier's Complement.*

That Gauls somewhere; I'gad I can't
leave it off, though I were cudgel'd every
day for it.

Page 4. *The brist' d Baptist Boar, impure as be.*

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the Courtier, let 'em e'en take it
as they will, I'gad, I seldom come amongst
'em.

Page 10. *Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity.
The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough Crest rears,
And pricks up—— Now in one word
will I abuse the whole Party most damna-
bly—— and pricks up—— I'gad, I am
sure you'll Laugh—— his predestinating Ears.
Prethee, Mr. Johnson, remember little Bayes,
when next you see a Presbyterian, and take
notice if he has not Predestination in the shape
of his Ear: I have studied Men so long, I'll
undertake to know an Arminian, by the set-
ting of his Wig.*

His predestinating Ears. I'gad there's ne're
a Presbyterian shall dare to show his Head
without a Border: I'll put 'em to that ex-
pence.

Smith. Pray, Mr. Bayes, if any of 'em
should come over to the Royal Party, would
their Ears alter?

Bayes.

the Panther Transvers'd.

83

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would shed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such well-turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much chang'd for the better within this two years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance to fail, you might lose 'em, *for what may change, may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind ———

These fiery Zuinglius, meagre Calvin bred. Page 11.

Smith. Those I suppose are some Outlandish Beasts, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Beasts, a good Mistake! Why they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so bad Company because they were Enemies to my *Mouse*, and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad you shall hear me call 'em *Do-* Page 39.
ctors, Captains, Horses, and Horsemen, in the very same Breath. You shall hear how I go on now,

Or else reforming *Corab* spawn'd *this Class*, Page 11.
When opening Earth made way for all to pass.

Johns. For all, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Yes, They were all lost there, but some of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake*: as a *Catholick Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*, and rose again at *Queenhithe*.

The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark, Page 11.
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark.

G 2

Here

Here I put a Quare, Whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well satisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drown'd for that *Heresy*; which among Friends made me leave it.

Page 12.

Quickned with Fire below, these Monsters breed

In Fenny Holland, and in Fruitful Tweed.

Now to write something new and out of the way, to elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch, you see, this *Quickning Fire* from the Bottom of *Boggs* and *Rivers*.

Johns. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoso's* making a Burning-Glass of Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing? Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was sheer new to me; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd those Elements but my self. Well Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as *Homer* has numbred his Ships, so I have rang'd my Beasts. Here is my *Boar*, and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the rest of 'em all against my poor *Monse*. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I suppose you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as soon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have

have plai'd their Parts sufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battles, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. Bayes, now you have been at such expence in setting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad so it had: And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the first part with Flowers, Figures, Fine-Language, and all that; and then I'gad sink by degrees, till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors creep *servilely* after the Old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em; but I'gad, I wo'nt.

Johns. Could go on with 'em, Mr. Bayes! there's no Body doubts that; You have a most particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I must needs say at a *Fable* or an *Emblem* I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnson*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the Coffee-house.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature; and I gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you please to accept it Mr. *Johnson*?

Johns. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em, they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Business, and here I'll give you a delicate description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtick Wood*: Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Persecution*, and I gad from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail at the *French King*, and shew that he was not of the same make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The

The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Page 15.

Light,

Yawning and lolling *with a careless beat,*
Struck out the *mute Creation at a Heat.*

But he work'd hard to Hammer out our
Souls,

He blew the Bellows, and stir'd up the
Coals ;

Long time he thought, and could not on a
sudden

Knead up with unskim'd Milk this Reas'ning Page 16.

Pudding :

Tender and mild within its Bag it lay, }
Confessing still the softness of its Clay, }
And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wed- }
ding-day.

Till *Pride of Empire, Lust,* and hot Desire
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,
And understanding grown, *misunderstood,*
Burn'd him to th' Pot, and four'd his
curdled Blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little prophane ,
Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Not at all : do's not *Virgil* bring in
his God *Vulcan* working at the *Anvil*?

Johns. Ay Sir, but never thought his Hands
the fittest to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine Him an Earth-
ly dirty *Blacksmith*? 'Gad you make it pro-
phane indeed. I'll tell you there's as much
difference betwixt 'em, I'gad as betwixt my
Man and *Milton's*. But now, Gentlemen,

the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other
Moufe, the City-Moufe.

- Page 19. A *spotted* Moufe, the prettiest next the
White,
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty
quite,
Page 23. With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spread,
Page 22. Crozier in Hand, and Mitre on her Head.
Page 84. Three Steeples *Argent* on her Sable Shield,
Liv'd in the City, and disdain'd the Field.

Johns. This is a glorious *Moufe* indeed! but
as you have dress'd her, we do'nt know
whether she be *Jew*, *Papist*, or *Protestant*.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnson*,
for that; you take it right. She is a meer
Babel of Religions, and therefore she's a *spotted*
Moufe here, and will be a *Mule* presently.
But to go on.

This Princess——

Smith. What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes*?

- Bayes. Why this *Moufe*, for I forgot to tell
you, an *Old Lyon* made a *Left Hand Mar-*
riage with her Mother, and begot on her Body
Page 20. *Elizabeth Schism*, who was married to *Timo-*
thy Sacrilege, and had Issue *Graceless He-*
resy. Who all give the same Coat with their
Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told you
before.

This

This Princess, tho estrang'd from what was
best,
Was least Deform'd, because Reform'd the least. Page 23.

There's De and Re as good I'gad as ever was.

She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, Page 22.
Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacchinal
above,
And grub'd the Thorns beneath our tender
Feet,
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.

There's a Jolly Mouse for you, let me see
any Body else that can shew you such ano-
ther. Here now have I one damnable severe
reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to it,
can you help me Mr. Johnson?

She ——

Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,
John. Which is too narrow Infamy for
some.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on
with it.

Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, Page 63.
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can
rowl.

John. But does not this reflect upon some
of your Friends, Mr. Bays?

Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my self off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer Point and Satyr all through, I'gad. Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit; that I must needs say. Now it happen'd before I could finish this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and those People were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge now: Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my Friend? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But what do me I but write a smooth delicate Preface, wherein I tell them, that *the Satyr was not intended to them*, and this did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fools, they took it, and were satisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bays*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface to Dear Joys Fests*.

Bayes. What a Devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox*.

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as sound Precepts, in the *delectable History of Reynard*

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Reynard the Fox, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found so pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Ifgrim*? But prithee, Mr. Smith, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Moufe*.

One Evening, when she went away from Page 29.
Court.

Levee's and Couchee's past without resort.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verse so fine a turn, as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Moufe* are too great, especially when she is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I gad now have you forgot what I told you, that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Moufe, whose fearful Page 16.

Face

Bebeld from far the common watering Place,
Nor durst approach——

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, this Moufe is strangely alter'd, since she fear'd no Danger.

Bayes. Godfookers! Why no more she does not yet fear either Man or Beast: But, poor Creature, she's afraid of the Water, for she could not swim, as you see by this.

Nor

Page 30. Nor durst approach, till with an awful Roar
The Sovereign Lyon had her fear no more.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you she *fear'd no Danger*; and I gad if you will have no variation of the Character, you must have the same thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to strike you still with something new. Well, but to proceed:

Page 30. But when she had this sweetest Mouse in
view,
Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly
Hiew!

Here now to show you I am Master of all Styles, I let my self down from the *Majesty* of *Virgil*, to the *Sweetness* of *Ovid*.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly
Hiew!

What more easy and familiar! I writ this Line for the *Ladies*: The little Rogues will be so fond of me to find I can yet be so tender. I hate such a rough unhew'n Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man must sweat to read Him; I gad you may run over this, and be almost asleep.

Th'

Th' Immortal Mause who saw the *Viceroy*
come

So far to see Her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted*
Mause, the *Viceroy*!

Smith. But pray why d'ye call her so?

Bayes. Why! Because it sounds prettily: I'll
call her the *Crown-General* presently if I've a Page 55.
mind to it. Well,

— did invite her Home

To smoak a Pipe, and o're a sober Pot
Discourse of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*. Page 31.

She made a Court'fy, like a Civil Dame,

And, being *much a Gentlewoman*, came. Page 32.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my First part fi-
nish'd, and I think I have kept my Word
with you, and given it the *Majestick turn of*
Heroick Poesy. The rest being matter of *Dispute*,
I had not such frequent occasion for the magnifi-
cence of Verse, tho I'gad they speak very well.
And I have heard *Men*, and considerable *Men*
too, talk the very same things, a great deal
worse.

John. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they
have received no small advantage from the
smoothness of your numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: Tho
you must not think I have been so dull as to
mind these things my self, but 'tis the advan-
tage of our *Coffee-house*, that from their talk
one

one may write a very good *polemical* Discourse, without ever troubling one's head with the Books of *Controversy*. For I can take the slightest of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any *London Divine* in the face. Indeed your knotty Reasonings with a long train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my style; but I gad I can flourish better with one of these twinkling Arguments, than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouſe*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em 'en speak for themselves, which they will do extreamly well, or I'm mistaken: And pray observe, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouse, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious Matron.

Page 32.

Dame, said the Lady of the Spotted Muff,
Methinks your Tiff is four, your Cates meer
stuff.

There, did not I tell you she'd be nice?

Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain to
smoak;
And the Weed worse than e're Tom I—s
took.

Smith. I did not hear she had a *Spotted Muff* before.

Bayes.

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the Panther Transvers'd.

95

Bayes. Why no more she has not now :
But she has a Skin that might make a *Spotted*
Muff. There's a pretty Figure now, unknown
to the Ancients.

Leave, leave († *she's earnest you see*) this † *Poeta*
hoary *Shed*, and lonely Hills, *Loquitur.*

And eat with me at *Groleau's*, smoak at
Will's.

What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-
shelf,

When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himself ?

Or to the House of cleanly *Rhenish* go ;

Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Chan-*
nel-Row ?

Do you mark me now, I would by this
represent the vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pre-
tends to be acquainted at all those good Hou-
ses, though perhaps he ne're was in 'em. But
heark ! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our selves we'll
treat,

Champaign our Liquor, and *Ragoufts* our
Meat.

Then hand in hand we'll go to Court, dear
Cuz,

To visit *Bishop Martin*, and *King Buz*.

With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the
Park,

Finish at *Locket's*, and reel home i'th'
Dark.

Break

Page 63.

Break clattering Windows, and demolish
Doors,
Of English Manufactures ——— Pimps, and
Whores.

Johns. Methinks a Pimp or a Whore is an
odd sort of a Manufacture, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the Parliament
a hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be ex-
ported, to the decay of Trade at home.

With these Allurements Spotted did invite
From Hermits Cell, the Female Profelyte.
Oh ! with what ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd !

Now would not you think she's going ?
but I'gad, you're mistaken ; you shall hear
a long Argument about Infallibility, before
she stirs yet.

Page 69.

But here the White, by observation wise,
Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying
Eyes,

With thoughtful Countenance, and grave
Remark,

Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis
dark.

Left therefore we should stray, and not go
right,

Through the brown horror of the starless
Night.

Page 37.

Hast thou Infallibility, that Wight ?

Sternly

Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd :
That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.
 That I deny, said the immortal Dame,
 There is a Guide — gad I've forgot his Page 37.
 Name,

Who lives in *Heaven or Rome*, the Lord
 knows where,
 Had we but him, Sweet-heart; we could
 not err.

But heark you, Sister, this is but a Whim; *Spotted*
 For still we want a Guide to find out Him. *Mouse*
Loquitur.

Here you see I don't trouble my self to
 keep on the Narration, but write *white Speaks*,
 or *dapple Speaks*, by the Side. But when I
 get any noble thought which I envy a *Mouse*
 should say, I clap it down in my own Per-
 son with a *Poeta Loquitur*; which, take no-
 tice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my *Page 62.*
 Writings, than a Hand in the Margent any-
 where else. Well now says *White*,

What need we find Him, we have certain
 proof

That he is somewhere, *Dame*, and that's
 enough :

For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
 Although we know not him, we cannot
 stray.

That's true, I gad : Well said *White*. You
 see her Adversary has nothing to say for her
 self, and therefore to confirm the Victory,
 she shall make a *Simile*.

H

Smith.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprise.

Bayes. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two ways, either about
 Page 37. *Emission* or *Reception* of Light, or else about *Epsom-waters*, but I think the last is most familiar; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
 If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*.
 Shall we who are *Philosophers*, thence gather
 From this dissention that they work by
 neither.

And I'gad, she's in the right on't; but
 mind now, she comes upon her swop!

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I'gad, if they had been never so
 good, this next Line confutes 'em.

Page 54. Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, that
Guide am I.

There's a Surprise for you now! How
 sneakingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty
 now, to make her ask for a *Guide* first,
 and then tell her she was one? Who could
 have thought that this little *Mouse* had the *Pope*
 and a whole *General Council* in her *Belly*?
 Now *Dapple* had nothing to say to this;
 and therefore you'll see she grows peevish.

Come

Come leave your Cracking tricks, and
as they say,

Use not that Barber that trims time
delay

Page 101.

Which I'gad is new, and my own.

I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.

Then on they jogg'd, and since an hour of
talk

Might cut a Banter on the tedious walk ;

As I remember said the sober Mause,

I've heard much talk of the Wits Coffee-
House.

Thither says Brindle, thou shalt go, and
see

Priests sipping Coffee, Sparks and Poets Tea ;

Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well
drest,

These baffling the Grand Seignior ; those the
Test.

And here shrew'd guesses made, and rea-
sons given,

That humane Laws were never made in
Heaven. Page 111.

But above all, what shall oblige thy sight,

And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vast delight ;

Is the Poetic Judge of sacred Wit,

Who do's i'th' Darkneß of his Glory sit.

And as the Moon who first receives the light, Page 118.

With which she makes these nether Regions
bright ;

So does he shine, reflecting from afar,

The Rays he borrow'd from a better Star :

The Hind and

For Rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin*
 flow,
 Admir'd by all the scribbling Herd below.
 From *French Tradition* while he does dif-
 pence
 Unerring Truths; 'tis Schism, a damn'd
 offence,
 To question his, or trust your private
 sense.

Hah! Is not that right, Mr. *Johnson*? gad
 forgive me he is fast asleep! Oh the damn'd
 stupidity of this Age! asleep! Well, Sir,
 Since you're so drowsy, your humble Ser-
 vant.

Johns. Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard
 you all the while. *The white Mouse*.

Bayes. The white Mouse! ay, ay, I thought
 how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your
 Servant.

John. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith, I beg thy
 Pardon, I was up late last Night, Prithee
 lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I dont know where I
 was; well I'll begin. Here, mind, now
 they are both come to Town.

But now at *Piccadille* they arrive,
 And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar*
 they drive;
 Fut at *St. Clements Church*, eat out the
 Back;
 And slipping through the *Palsgrave*, bilke
 poor *Hack*.

There's

There's the *Utile* which ought to be in all Poetry, Many a *young Templer* will save his skill by this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any *young Templer* eat out the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,

Of *Clergy kind*, or *Counsellor Chough* was Page 133.
there;

Or *Mr. Dove*, a *Pigeon of Renown*, Page 126.

By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known,
Or *Sister Partlet*, with the Hooded head; Page 130.

No, Sir, She's boot'd hence, said *Will*, and fled.

Why so? *Because she would not pray a-bed.*

Johns. aside. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at such stuff? Pray, *Mr. Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. *Mr. Johnson*, How d'ye like that Box? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a person of Honour for looking over a Paper of Verses; and indeed I put in all the lines that were worth any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where were we? Oh! Here they are, just going up stairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my *White* takes occasion to talk very well of *Tradition*.

II ;

Thus

Thus to the place where *Johnson* sat, we
climb,
Leaning on the same Rail that guided
him;
And whilst we thus on equal helps rely,
Our Wit must be as true, our Thoughts as
high.

Page 45.

For as an *Author* happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of *Stairs*;
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus every step I take, my Spirits soar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and
more.

There's humour! Is not that the liveliest
Image in the World of a Mouse's going up a
pair of Stairs? *More a Wit, and more and
more.*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily, I must be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this time, and I see you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godfokers! Sure you won't serve me so: All my finest Descriptions and best Discourse is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraordinary Concern, I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little more, and here I'll pass over two dainty *Episodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johns.

Johns. I know not why they should come in, except to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever was told.

Bays. Why, the Excellence of a *Fable* is in the length of it. *Æsop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, short, simple Stories, with a dry Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble Design. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are satisfied with Beasts in the first Course, serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the Second; now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular Person; for I'gad I'll tell you what a trick he serv'd me. I was once translating a very good *French Author*, but being something long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the Humour; What does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finished the Translation: So there was three whole Months lost upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall, broad-back'd, lusty Fellow*, of a *brown Complexion*, *fair Behaviour*, a *Fluent Tongue*, and *taking* amongst the *Women*; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But besides, I have so nickt his Character in a Name, as will make you split. I call him — I'gad I wont tell you, unless you remember what I said of him.

Page 137.

The Hind and

Smith. Why that he was much a *Scholar*,
and more a *Wit*——

Bayes. Right ; and his name is *Buzzard*,
Ha ! ha ! ha.

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet
than perhaps you imagine ; for his true name
begins with a *B*, which makes me slyly con-
trive him this, to begin with the same Let-
ter : There's a pretty device, Mr. *Johnson* ; I
learn'd it , I must needs confess, from that
ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an *A*,
because she's *Amiable* ; and if you could but
get a knot of merry Fellows together, you
should see how little *Bayes* would top 'em all
at it, I'gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I
must leave you, I am half an hour past my
time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here
are Eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night,
and a Bird's-Nest ; and here's Three hundred
more , translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in
which the *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of
the Treaty of Peace between the *Czars* of
Muscovy, and the *Emperor*, which is a piece
of News *White* does not believe , and this is
her Answer. I am resolv'd you shall hear it,
for in it I have taken occasion to prove *Oral*
Tradition better than *Scripture*. Now you must
know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had
been better for the World, if we ne're had
any *Bibles* at all.

E're

E're that *Gazette* was printed, said the
White,

Our Robin told another story quite ;
This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd ;
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be de-
ceiv'd.

By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.
Words I confess bound by, and trip so light, Page 3.
We have not time to take a steady sight ;

Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when
Writ,

To long Examination they submit.

Hard things—— Mr. *Smith*, if these two
lines don't recompence your stay, ne're trust
John Bays again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and
full,

God mends on second thoughts, but Man Page 15.
grows dull.

I gad I judge of all Men by my self, 'tis
so with me, I never strove to be very exact in
any thing, but I spoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be
true, is it not a little too severe ?

Bays. 'Tis no matter for that, these gene-
ral Reflections are daring, and favour most
of a noble Genius, that spares neither Friend
nor Foe.

Johns.

Johns. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that *daring* of your *noble Genius*?

Bayes. Afraid! Why *Lord* you make so much of a beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea-biting. No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em e'en lay on, i'faith, I'll ne'er baulk my fancy to save my Carkass. Well, but we must dispatch, *Mr. Smith.*

Thus did they merrily carouse all day,
And like the gaudy fly their Wings display;
And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apol-
lo's ray.

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment; and *Mr. Smith*, if your affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the best *Bill of Fare* that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks*: but here follows a dispute shall recommend it self, I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this while trusts her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does so run her down, that she has not one word to say for her self, but what I put in her Mouth, and I'gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirrah, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us
 Wine,
 Sour to my tast, and to my Eyes unsine.
 Says

the Panther Transvers'd.

107

Says *Will*, All *Gentlemen* like it; Ah! says
White,

What is approv'd by them, must needs be
right.

'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House Page 38.
Commend it, I submit, a private Mousse.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and De-
ference, which our Mousse pays to the Com-
pany.

Nor to their *Catholick* consent oppose
My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nickt her, that's up
to the Hilt, I gad, and you shall see *Dapple*
resents it.

Why, what a Devil shan't I trust my
Eyes?

Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal*
lyes?

And Palms upon us *Catholick* consent,
To give *sophisticated Brewings* vent?

Says *White*, What ancient Evidence can Page 5.
fway,

If you must Argue thus, and not obey?

Drawers must be trusted, through whose
hands convey'd,

You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the
Trade.

For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack
Of putting off *stum'd Claret* for *Pontack*.

How

The Hind and

How long, alas! would the poor Vintner
 last,
 If all that drink must judge, and every
 Guest
 Be allow' d to have an understanding
 Taste?

*Thus she: Nor could the Panther well enlarge,
 With weak defence, against so strong a Charge.*

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's
 spotted, which is such a blot to the *Reforma-*
tion, as I warrant 'em they will never claw
 off, I'gad.

But with a *weary Tawn* that shew'd her
 pride,
 Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she ly'd.
White saw her *canker'd Malice* at that word,
 And said her *Prayers*, and drew her *Del-*
phick Sword.
 T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage* re-
 strain'd :
And thus her passive Character maintain'd,
 But now alas ———

Mr. *Johnson*, pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*,
 I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that
 follows is so engaging; hear me but two
 Lines, I'gad, and go away afterwards if you
 can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad mischance these pretty things beset,
These Birds of Beasts. ———

There's

the Panther Transvers'd.

109

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*: 'tis the greatest Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*, to call it *Beast of a Bird*: Page 129. and a *Beast* is so fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned Reas'n-
ing Mice,
Were separated, banish'd in a trice.
Who would be learned for their sakes,
who wife?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I'gad,
Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing
will, I can assure you: But here's the sad
thing I was afraid of.

The *Constable* alarmed by this noise,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
And speaking to the *Watch*, with head
aside, Page 135.

Said, *Desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills*
appli'd.

These Gentlemen, for so their Fate decrees,
Can ne're enjoy at once the *But and Peace*. Page 115.
When each have separate Interests of their own, Page 144.
Two Mice are one too many for a Town.

By *Schism* they are torn; and therefore,
Brother,

Look you to one, and I'll secure the
t'other.

Now whether *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go;
Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers
blow, Page 98.

Or in the *Compter* lay, concerns not us
to know. But

The Hind and Panther, &c.

But the *immortal Matron*, *spotless White*,
 Forgetting *Dapple's Rudeness*, *Malice*,
Spight,
 Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said,
Good Nightr.

Page 145.

Ten thousand Watchmen waited on this Mause,
 With Bills and Halberds, to her Country-
 House.

This last Contrivance I had from a judi-
 cious Author, that makes *Ten thousand An-*
gels wait upon his *Hind*, and she asleep too,
 I gad.——

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to
 pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in such haste?
 You han't told me how you like it.

Johns. Oh, extreamly well. Here,
 Drawer.

State

State Poems Continued.

The Man of H O N O U R.

Written by the Honourable Mr. *Montague*.

Occasioned by a Postscript of *Pen's* Letter.

NOT all the *Threats* or *Favours* of a Crown,
 A *Prince's* Whisper, or a *Tyrant's* Frown,
 Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
 Of him, who to strict *Honour* is inclin'd ;
 Though all the *Pomp* and *Pleasure* that does wait
 On publick Places, and Affairs of *State*,
 Shou'd fondly court him to be *base* and *great*.
 With *even* Passions, and with *setled* Face,
 He wou'd remove the *Harlots* false Embrace.

Tho' all the *Storms* and *Tempests* should arise,
 That *Church-Magicians* in their Cells devise,
 And from their *setled* Basis *Nations* tear,
 He wou'd unmov'd the mighty *Ruin* bear ;
 Secure in *Innocence* condemn 'em all,
 And decently array'd in *Honours*, fall.

For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumly's* Name,
 Shall stand the foremost in the List of *Fame* ;
 Who first with *steddy* Minds the *Current* broke,
 And to the suppliant *Monarch* boldly spoke.

Great

Great Sir, renown'd for Constancy, how just
Have we obey'd the *Crown*, and serv'd our Trust,
Espous'd your *Cause* and *Interest* in distress,
Your self must witness, and our Foes confess !

Permit us then *ill Fortune* to accuse,
That you at last *unhappy Councils* use,
And ask the *only* thing we must *refuse*.
Our *Lives* and *Fortunes* freely we'll expose,
Honour alone we cannot, must not lose :

Honour, that *Spark* of the *Cœlestial Fire*,
That above *Nature* makes *Mankind* aspire ;
Ennobles the rude *Passions* of our Frame,
With thirst of *Glory*, and desire of *Fame* ;

The richest *Treasure* of a generous Breast,
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
Wit, *Strength* and *Courage*, are wild dangerous force ;
Unless this softens and directs their Course ;
And would you rob us of the *noblest* part,
Accept a *Sacrifice* without a *Heart* ?

'Tis much beneath the greatness of a Throne,
To take the *Casket* when the *Jewels* are gone :
Debauch our *Principles*, corrupt our Race,
and teach the *Nobles* to be False and Base ;
What Confidence can you in them repose,
Who, e're they serve you, all their value lose ?
Who once enslave their *Conscience* to their *Lust*,
Have lost the *Reins*, and can no more be *Just*.
Of *Honour*, Men at first, like Women Nice,
Raise *Maiden-Scruples* at unpractis'd *Vice* ;
Their *modest* Nature curbs the struggling *Flame*,
And stifles what they wish to act, with *Shame*.
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live ;

They

They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
True to no Principles, press forward still,
And only bound by appetite their Will:
Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,
But shift with every veering blast their Sails.
Mark those that meanly truckle to your Power,
They once deserted, and chang'd sides before,
And would to morrow *Mahomet* adore!
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love:
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey:
When the Rebellious Foe came rolling on,
And shook with gathering Multitudes the Throne,
Where were the Minions then? What Arms, what
Force,

Cou'd they oppose to stop the Torrent's Course?

Then *Pembrook*, then the Nobles firmly stood,
Free of their Lives, and lavish of their Blood;
But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
With the same Constancy they all resign.

Thus spake the Youth, who open'd first the way,
And was the *Phosphorus* to th' dawning Day;
Follow'd by a more glorious splendid Host,
Than any Age, or any Realm can boast:
So great their Fame, so numerous their Train,
To name were endless, and to praise in vain;
But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more,
Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar;
So high, their Virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding Wonder, and surpassing Fame:
Rise, glorious Church, erect thy Radiant Head,
The Storm is past, th' Impending Tempest fled:
Had Fate decreed thy Ruine or Disgrace,
It had not giv'n such Sons, so brave a Race.

I

When

When for Destruction Heaven a Realm designs,
 The Symptoms first appear in slavish Minds:
 These Men would prop a sinking Nations weight,
 Stop falling Vengeance, and Reverse ev'n Fate.
 Let other Nations boast their fruitful Soil,
 Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oyl;
 In breathing Colours, and in living Paint
 Let them excel, their Mastery we grant.
 But to instruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
 With Virtue, which no dangers can controul;
 Exalt the thought, a speedy Courage lend
 That Horror cannot shake, or Pleasure bend:
 These are the *English Arts*, these we profess
 To be the same in Mis'ry and Success;
 To teach Oppressors Law, assist the Good,
 Relieve the Wretched, and subdue the Proud:
 Such are our Souls: But what doth Worth avail,
 When Kings commit to hungry Priests the Scale?
 All Merit's light when they dispose the weight,
 Who either would embroil, or Rule the State;
 Defame those Heroes who their Yoke refuse,
 And blast that Honesty they cannot use;
 The strength and safety of the Crown destroy,
 And the King's Pow'r against himself imploy:
 Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave;
 Bereft of these, he must become their Slave.
 Men, like our Money, come the most in play
 For being base, and of a coarse alloy.
 The richest Medals, and the purest Gold,
 Of native Value, and exactest Mold,
 By worth conceal'd, in private Closets shine,
 For vulgar use too precious and too fine;
 Whilst Tin and Copper with new stamping bright,
 Coyn of base Metal, counterfeit and light,
 Do all the Business of the Nation's turn,
 Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn:

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So shining Virtues are for Courts too bright,
Whose guilty Actions fly their searching Light;
Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
Great without Pomp they willingly retire:
Give place to Fools, whose rash misjudging Sense
Increases the weak measures of their Prince;
Prone to admire, and flatter him in ease,
They study not his good, but how to please;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor see those dangers which the other shun:
Who slow to act, each bus'ness duly weigh,
Advise with Freedom, and with Care obey;
With Wisdom fatal to their Interest strive
To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive;
Such have no place where Priests and Women Reign,
Who love fierce Drivers, and a looser Rein.

The Man of no Honour.

AS the late Character of Godlike Men,
(Given, as it ought, by a Diviner Pen)
Will make the Race of those I write appear
Low as to Glorious Valour, wretched Fear;
So the smooth Lines in which those truths are told,
(Lines justly happy as they're Nobly bold)
With Right from humble Muses bold Esteem;
And show my Verse as distant as my Theme.

Forgive me, you Betrayers of your Land,
If I do scourge you with a wanting Hand;
My Will is good to give you all your due,
The Pope will pardon want of Pow'r in you.

Your Aid, my Muse, this once I humbly ask;
Exposing Villany's a Noble Task;

Assist my Story with such ample Phrase,
 It may find leave to live and see good Days.
 Stamp an Eternal Value on the Brave,
 By drawing to the Life a sneaking Knave;
 Show him how justly he's expos'd by all,
 And show him time may come when he may fall;
 Show him on what Foundation now he stands;
 Show him, instead of Rocks, mistaken Lands;
 Show him it lately fail'd believing Man,
 And will do so when time shall serve again.

When *Oxford* Prophecies were come to pass,
 And many a squeamish Church-man prov'd an Ass,
 Then blockish Honesty was made give ground,
 And foolish Knaves were much more useful found;
 A search throughout the *Senate* pass'd for such,
 (Since Fools would do, to find no more 'twas much)
 Vile Int'rest was oppos'd to Men of Sense,
 And many from that hour did Rogues commence.
 Besides, with Gold the despicable *Slaves*,
 Were willingly thought Fools; they might be Knaves.
 Of these the Chief a Consultation call,
 Where they shall stop, or whether stop at all.
 Some faint Resistance Conscience wou'd have made,
 And Honour wou'd have spoke, but was forbid;
 Int'rest with Impudence assum'd the Chair,
 And thus address'd to each *Plebeian* Fool was there:

Of all Philosophers that plagu'd the World,
 And curious Brains in various Labyrinths hurl'd,
 None far'd so ill, and yet so justly far'd,
 As those Preach'd Virtue for its own Reward;
 More useful Doctrines sprung from wiser Schools,
 They heard their Morals, and resolv'd them Fools.
 Mark those who strive the Multitude to please,
 Nice of their Honour, lavish of their Ease:

How

How in the gazing Crowd they humbly stand,
 With their perplexing Honesty at hand,
 They dare not use the strength they may command.
 They prove their Grandeur from their humble Soul,
 But he is great who can and dare controul;
 You'll soar above, exhal'd by Princely Rays,
 And with contempt look down on rotten Praise;
 Laugh at dull Notions of a Glorious Name,
 When Beggery's the Basis of its Frame.
 More useful Honour shall attend your Fate,
 You serve a Power can make you Rich and Great,
 Who scorns the Nations Love shall live above their
 Hate.

Permit no Bugbear thoughts against your Cause,
 The loss of your Religion and the Laws,
 Trifles to those who dare their God defy,
 And can with copious Consciences comply.
 Contemn the foolish Threats of distant Time,
 'Tis plain that Honesty is yet a Crime;
 If things hereafter turn another way,
 You'll still be right, for still you can obey:
 Ne're fear the Brand of Knave will hurt you much,
 The best of Courts will stand in need of such;
 Fools oft grow useless, and are laid aside,
 But Knaves of Conduct always will abide:
 Old Honesty some poor Employ may get,
 But he that sticks at nothing shall be great,
 The Villain wisely thrives in every State.

Thus Int'rest spoke, and merits just Applause,
 The Judges first declar'd against the Laws;
 Of *Levi's* Tribe not many went astray,
 (Much wonder'd at, since they procur'd this Day)
 But Men of Conscience oft in Judgment fail,
 Mistaken Loyalty did once prevail,
 But such Diseases now no more they ail.

Become good Christians by Affliction's Rod,
Their King they Honour, but they fear their God.

Of those that brand their Country with Disgrace,
Noble in Title as in Practice base,
Give underhand Pre-eminence of place,
The sniveling Representer of the rest,
Who in their Names the *Monarch* thus address:

Most Glorious Prince, in whom all Virtues shine,
Where every Worth in one great Soul combine!
You for your Gracious Deeds we come to bless,
But most of all your Constancy confess;
Safe by your Word, in Peace your People sleep,
Your sacred Word which you so nicely keep;
That Word so much throughout your Land renown'd,
In which Equivocation ne'er was found.
On this it is so firmly we rely,
You cannot ask the thing we can deny;
As Heav'n has taught the Soul of Men to know,
What e're it pleaseth to dispence below,
Shall to advantage of Believers tend,
And bless their blind Obedience in the end;
So we such awful Thoughts of you receive,
What e're you'll do, we for our good believe;
Our grand Ambition is our King to please;
We ne'er can want Repose while he's at Ease.
When by Obedience we have giv'n you rest,
And blasphem'd ev'n the frightful Name of Test,
But smile upon us, and your Slaves are blest.

Thus spake the fawning Minister of State,
Poor in Esteem, and despicably Great;
The Monarch blest the Priesthood skill,
Forfakes his Reason to perform his Will,
Deserts his Noble Friends for flatter'ing Knaves,
Neglects his Subjects while he favours Slaves.

Rise up, brave Prince, attend your Nature's Course;
We know that's Noble, when exempt from force;

Spread

Spread your relenting Arms, imbrace your Friends,
 They'll help you to attain more Noble Ends ;
 You know their Love, the Rebels know their Force,
 Serve God with speed, annul th' unjust Divorce,
 Then shall you stand great in your Peoples Love,
 A lively Emblem of the Mighty *Jove*.
 Then shall your haughty Rival cease to soar,
 And tremble at the Neighb'ring *British* Shore ;
 The Senate's Bounty shall preserve you still,
 With cheerful Tribute all your Coffers fill.
 All Kings shall gaze with Envy on your Throne,
 Then with Contempt look down upon their own ;
 To gain your Smiles shall be their utmost Pride,
 And happy he who nearest is ally'd.
 Belov'd by God and Men you shall remain,
 Great without War, and undisturb'd your Reign.
 Then when the Remnant of your days are done,
 The Thred of Glorious Life at length is spun,
 Sincere in Grief your People all shall mourn,
 Some goodly Fabrick shall your Grave adorn
 With this Inscription, for Eternal Praise,
Here lies the only Prince who left all Evil Ways.

The VISION.

’T WAS at an hour when busie Nature lay
 Dissolv'd in slumbers from the noisy Day,
 When gloomy shades and dusky Atoms spread
 A darkness o'er the Universal Bed,
 And all the gaudy beams of Light were fled ;
 My flutt'ring fancy 'midst the silent peace,
 Careless of *sleep*, and unconcern'd with *ease*,

Drew to my wandering thoughts an Object near,
 Strange in its *form*, and in *appearance* rare.
 Methought (yet sure it could not be a Dream,
 So real all its Imperfections seem)

With *Princely* Port a stately *Monarch* came,
Aiery his Mien, and *Noble* was his Frame:
 A fullen sorrow brooded on his Brow;
 He seem'd beneath some weighty Fate to bow;
Distrust and *Grief* upon his Eye-lids rest,
 And show the struggling troubles of his Breast.
 Upon his Head a *nodding Crown* he wore,
 And in his Hand a *yielding Scepter* bore;
 Forlorn and careless did his strokes appear,
 And ev'ry motion spoke a wild *Despair*.

This mournful Scene did all my Passions move,
 And challeng'd both my *pity* and my *love*;
 And yet I thought him by the ruins made
 Above my *pity*, and beyond my *aid*;
 Long did he in a pensive silence stand,
 For sure his thoughts cou'd not his words command:
 Too big for speech——

Till fullen murmurs from his Bosom flew,
 And thus a draught of his Disorders drew.

Almighty Pow'rs! By whose consent alone
 Ordain'd, I did ascend the *Regal Throne*,
 Led by your dark Decrees, and Conduct there,
 I, as your great *Viceregent*, did appear
 Beneath my Charge, whilst crowding Nations sate,
 And bow'd and did *admire* my rising Fate:
 'Twas then my *Laurels* fresh and blooming grew,
 And a loud Fame of all my Glories flew;
 My willing Subjects bless and clap the Day;

The bravest and the best were all my Friends,
 Whilst Faction in Confusion sneak'd away;

At distance grinn'd, but could not reach their ends.

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Such Faith unto my Promises were shown;
 My Word they took, for Oaths were useless grown:
 My very Word compos'd their Hopes and Fears,
Sacred 'twas held, and all *Serene* appears:

Until my *Fate* revers'd did backwards reel,
 Blurr'd all my Fame, and alter'd Fortune's Wheel;
Ye Gods! Why did ye thus unconstant prove?
 Was I the Envy of th' Abodes above?
 Or was this stately Majesty but giv'n
 To be the Cheat and Flatt'ry ev'n of *Heav'n*?
 Can ne'er a *Saint* implore Cœlestial Aid?
 Nor yet the *Virgin Goddess* intercede?
 'Twas for her Cause engag'd I suff'ring lie;
 'Twas to advance *her* just Divinity:
 Yes, I avow, the Quarrel and the Cause,
 'Twas for my *Faith*, and to out-cope the *Laws*.
 I'd rather be forsaken and alone,
 Than sit a *craving* Monarch on a *Throne*:
 Let all my cringing Slaves at distance stand,
 Fawn on th' Invading Foe, and kiss his Hand;
 Leave me their *Prince*, forsaken and forlorn,
 Expos'd to all their Sights and publick Scorn.
 Let after Ages judge the mighty Test,
 Judge the Magnifick Grandeur of my Breast.
 I saw my great Forefather yet afore
 Seal all his Sacred Vows with *Martyr'd* gore;
 His *Royal Issue* branded with Disgrace,
 Saw all th' Efforts they us'd t' Exclude the Race:
 And yet these Terrors all I dare invade,
 Thus *Conscience*, thus *Religion* does persuade.
 I'll stand or fall by both those Tenets still,
 And be the second *Martyr* to my *Will*:
 And then he stop'd; his fiery Eye-Balls move,
 And thus with his resisting *Fate* he strove,
 And stood, like *Capaneus* defying *Jove*.

When

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When straight a noise, from whence it came un-
 Was heard to answer in an angry tone; (known,
 Dye then unpiti'd, *Prince*, for thus thy Fate
 Long since, by its Decrees, did antedate:
 To such *perverseness*, what regard is shown?
 What *Merit* could'st thou plead to mount a Throne?
 To thy repeated Wishes Heav'n was kind,
 And pleas'd the wild Ambition of thy Mind;
 It put a *Scepter* in thy eager Hand,
 Yet not t' oppose the *Genius* of the Land;
 If Reason could not sway thy Actions here,
 Heaven's not oblig'd by *Wonders* to appear.

See how thy Creatures at a distance stand,
 Skulk from thy Troubles to a safer Land;
 Those who their Beings to thy *Bounty* own,
 Forsake their fawning Cheats, and now are gone.
 Those who were *Friends* to thee and to thy Cause,
 Bold for their *Rights*, and for their *Countries* Laws,
 Thou, from thy darker Counsels didst remove,
 And want their aid, now they refuse their love.

Some more imperfect Sounds did reach my Ear,
 But Sense return'd, and Day-light did appear.

The CONVERTS.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
 To write of Converts Apostolick
 Describe their Persons, and their Shames,
 And leave the World to guess their Names:
 But soon I thought the scoundrel Theme
 Was for Heroick Song too mean;

Their

Their Characters we'll then rehearse
In Burlesque, or in Dogrel Verse ;
Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights I'll sing,
That chang'd their Faith to please their King.

The first an Antiquated Lord,
A walking Mummy in a word,
Moves cloath'd in Plaisters Aromatick,
And Flannel, by the help of a Stick,
And like a grave and noble Peer,
Outlives his Sense by Sixty year ;
And what an honest Man would anger,
Outlives the Fort he built at *Tanger* ;
By Pox and Whores long since undone,
Yet loves it still, and fumbles on :
Why he's a Favourite few can guess,
Some say it's for his Uglinefs ;
For often Monsters (being rare)
Are valu'd equal to the Fair :
For in his Mistresses, kind *James*
Loves ugliness in its extremes ;
But others say its plainly seen,
'Tis for the choice he made 'oth' Queen ;
When he the King and Nation blest
With Off-Spring of the House of *Este* ;
A Dame whose Affability
Equals her Generosity :
Oh ! Well-match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
To live without the Aids of Parliament.
All this and more the Peer perform'd,
Then to compleat his Virtues turn'd ;
But 'twas not Conscience, or Devotion,
The hopes of Riches or Promotion,
That made his Lordship first to vary,
But 'twas to please his Daughter *Mary* ;
And she to make retalliation,
Is full as lewd in her Vocation.

The

The next a Caravanish Thief,
 A lazy Mass of damn'd Rump Beef;
 Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
 But very Rhynocercical,
 Was Married e're the Cub was lick't,
 And now not worthy to be kick't;
 By Jockeys bubbled, forc'd to fly,
 To save his Coat, to *Italy*,
 Where *Hains* and he, that Virtuous Youth,
 Equal in Honour, Sense, and Truth;
 By Reason and pure Conscience urged,
 Past Sins by Abjuration purged:
 But 'tis believ'd both Rogue and Peer,
 More worldly Motives had to veer;
 The Scoundrel *Plebeian's* swerving
 Was to secure himself from starving;
 And that which made the Peer a Starter,
 Was hope of a long-wish'd-for Garter.

Next comes a Peer who sits at Helm,
 And long has steer'd the giddy Realm
 With Taylor's Motion, Mien, and Grace,
 But a right Statesman in Grimace;
 The Sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns,
 The dully Grave, the Frowns, and Scorns,
 Promises all, but nought performs:
 But howe'er great he's in Promotion,
 He's very humble in Devotion;
 With Taper Light, and Feet all bare,
 He to the Temple did repair,
 And knocking softly at the Portal,
 Cri'd, Pity (Fathers) a poor Mortal,
 And for a Sinner make some room,
 A Prodigal returned home.
 Some say that in that very hour,
 Convert *Mall Megs* arriv'd at Door;

So both with penitent Grimace,
States-man and Bawd with humble pace
Enter'd and were receiv'd to grace.

The next a Knight of high Command
'Twixt *London-bridge* and *Dever Sand* ;

A Man of strict and holy Life,
Taking example from his Wife ;
He to a Nunnery sent her packing,
Lest they should take each other napping.
Some say *L'E* — did him beget,
But that he wants his Chin and Wit ;
Good-natur'd, as you may observe,
Letting his Tit'lar Father starve ;

A Man of Sense and Parts, we know it,
But dares as well be damn'd as show it ;
Brib'd by himself, his trusty Servant
At *Kings-Bench-Bar* appear'd most fervent
Against his Honour for the *Test*,
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jest.

Blue-Bonnet Lords a numerous store,
Whose best Example is they're poor,
Meerly drawn in, in hopes of Gains,
And reap the scandal for their pains ;
Half-starv'd at Court with expectation,
Forc'd to return to their *Sootch* Station,
Despis'd and scorn'd by every Nation.

A paltry Knight not worth a mention,
Renounc'd his Faith for piteous pension ;
After upon true Protestant Whore,
H'had spent a large Estate before.

A thick short Collonel next does come,
With *Stradling* Legs and massy Bum :
With many more of shameful Note,
Whose Honour ne're was worth a Groat.

If these be Pillars of the Church,
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the lurch ;

If

If abler Men do not support her Weight,
All quickly will return to *Forty Eight*.

*The humble Address of your Majesty's Poet
Laureat, and others your Catholick and
Protestant dissenting Rhymers, with the
rest of the Fraternity of Minor Poets,
Inferior Versifiers and Sonetteers of Your
Majesty's Ancient Corporation of Par-
nassus.*

Humbly Sheweth,

THat we your Majesty's poor slaves,
Your merry Beggars, witty knaves,
Being highly sensible how long
And dull dry Prose addressing Throng,
Have daily vext your Royal Ears
With fulsome speeches, canting Pray'rs,
Unanimously think it better
T'address your Majesty in Meeter.

Great Sir, your healing Declaration
Has cur'd a base distemper'd Nation;
The Godly hug it for the ease
It gives to squeamish Consciences;
And by the Mammonists, 'tis made
The grand encouragement of Trade;
But we must reckon it (in our sense)
A gracious Postick Licence.

¶T

'Tis your peculiar excellency,
 T'indulge Religion to a frenzy ;
 And our Religion is our fancy :
 For which, we judge 'twould be a crime,
 Not to present our thanks in Rhime ;
 We, with all Subjects of our mind,
 To pay, like us, their dues in kind :
 That jealous Protestants would greet
 With *Tests* and *Laws* your Royal Feet ;
 That all would sacrifice in course
 Their stubborn Consciences to yours ;
 That th' Academies wou'd oppose
 On no pretence your Royal Cause,
 But quit their Oaths and Founders Laws
 That Corporations yield their Charters,
 And no more grudge your Soldiers Quarters ;
 That Borough-Towns would chuse such Men,
 As you shan't need send home agen ;
 That all right Members take their stations,
 Such as Sir R—— and Sir P——
 That your new Friends stand every where,
 Of which we recommend one pair,
 Honest *Will Pen* and *Harry Care*.
 Dissenters will with all their heart-a
 Vote for a Gospel *Magna Carta* ;
 Your Judges too will over-awe
 The poor dead letter of the Law ;
 Your High Commissioners, from whom
 The obstinate receive their doom,
 For trusty Catholicks make room.
 Only one resty part o'th' Nation,
 Wou'd bound your pow'r of dispensation ;
 For which we'll bait the Rogues agen,
 With second part of *Hind* and *Pan* :
 We'll Rhime 'em into better manners,
 And make them low'r their Paper-Banners ;

Nor

Nor is this all that we will do,
No, Sir, we'll pray like Poets too.

May our great God *Apollo* bless you,
May *Juno* help your budding issue;
May you attempt no enemies
To skirmish with but Butterflies:
Nor exercise Your Martial Arms,
But in Mock-sieges, false alarms.
May you have long and peaceful days,
And may we live to sing your Praise;
And after all, may you inherit
The over-plus of the Saints merit.

The LAUREAT.

*Jack Squabb, his History in little drawn
Down to his Evening, from his early dawn.*

Appear thou mighty Bard, to open view;
Which yet we must confess you need not do:
The labour to expose thee we may save,
Thou stand'st upon thy own Records, a Knave;
Condemn'd to live in thy Apostate Rhimes,
The Curse of Ours, and Scoff of Future Times.
Still tacking round with every turn of State
Reverse to *Sb*——ry thy cursed Fate
Is always at a change to come too late:
To keep his Plots from Coxcombs was his Care,
His Policy was mask'd, and thine is bare:

Wife

Wise Men alone cou'd guess at his Design,
 And cou'd but guess, the Thred was spun so fine:
 But every pur-blind Fool may see through thine.
 Had *Dick* still kept the Regal Diadem,
 Thou hadst been Poet Laureat to him,
 And, long e're now, in Lofly Verse proclaim'd
 His high Extraction, among Princes Fam'd;
 Diffus'd his Glorious Deeds from Pole to Pole,
 Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl:
 Nay, had our *Charles*, by Heav'ns severe Decree,
 Been found, and Murther'd in the Royal Tree,
 Ev'n thou hadst prais'd the Fact; his Father slain,
 Thou call'dst but gently breathing of a Vein:
 Impious and Villanous! to blefs the blow
 That laid at once three lofty Nations low,
 And gave the Royal Cause a fatal Overthrow.
 What after this cou'd we expect from thee?
 What cou'd we hope for, but just what we see?
 Scandal to all Religions, New and Old;
 Scandal to thine, where Pardon's bought and sold,
 And Mortgag'd Happinefs redeem'd for Gold:
 Tell me, for 'tis a Truth you must allow;
 Who ever chang'd more in one Moon, than thou?
 Even thy own *Zimri* was more stedfast known?
 He had but one Religion, or had none:
 What Sect of Christians is't thou hast not known,
 And at one time or other made thy own?
 A Bristled *Baptist* bred; and then thy Strain
 Immaculate, was free from sinful Stain.
 No Songs in those blest times thou didst produce
 To brand and sham good Manners out of use:
 The Ladies then had not one Bawdy Bob,
 Nor thou the Courtly Name of Poet Squab.
 Next thy dull Muse, an *Independent* Jade,
 On sacred Tyranny five Stanza's made,

Prais'd *Noll*, who ev'n to both extreame did run;
 To kill the Father, and dethrone the Son.
 When *Charles* came in, thou didst a Convert grow,
 More by thy Int'rest, than thy Nature so.
 Under his livening Beams thy Laurels spread;
 He first did place that Wreath about thy Head;
 Kindly reliev'd thy wants, and gave thee Bread.
 Here 'twas thou mad'st the Bells of Fancy Chime,
 And choak'd the Town with suffocating Rhime.
 Till Heroes form'd by thy Creating Pen,
 Were grown as Cheap, and Dull, as other Men.
 Flush'd with Success, full Gallery, and Pit,
 Thou bravest all Mankind with want of Wit.
 Nay, in short time, wer't grown so proud a Ninny,
 As scarce t'allow that *Ben* himself had any.
 But when the Men of Sense thy Error saw,
 They check'd thy Muse, and kept the Termagant in
 awe.

To Satyr next thy Talent was Address'd,
 Fell foul on all, thy Friends among the rest:
 Those who the oft'nest did thy wants supply,
 Abus'd, Traduc'd, without a reason why.
 Nay, ev'n thy Royal Patron was not spar'd,
 But an obscene, a santring Wretch declar'd.
 Thy Loyal Libel we can still produce,
 Beyond Example, and beyond Excuse.
 O strange return, to a forgiving King!
 But the warm'd Viper wears the greatest Sting.
 Thy Pension lost, and justly without doubt,
 When Servants snarl, we ought to kick 'em out;
 They that disdain their Benefactors Bread,
 No longer ought by Bounty to be fed.
 That lost, the Vizer chang'd, you turn about,
 And strait a True-blue Protestant crept out;
 The *Frier* now was writ; and some will say
 They smell a Malecontent through all the Play.

The

The *Papist* too was damn'd, unfit for Trust,
 Call'd Treacherous, Shameless, Profligate, Unjust,
 And Kingly Pow'r thought Arbitrary Lust.
 This lasted till thou didst thy Pension gain,
 And that chang'd both thy Morals, and thy Strain.
 If to write Contradictions, Nonsense be,
 Who has more Nonsense in their Works than thee?
 We'll mention but thy *Lay-mans Faith*, and *Hind*,
 Who'd think both these (such clashing do we find)
 Cou'd be the product of one single Mind:
 Here thou wou'dst Charitable fain appear,
 Find'st fault that *Athanasius* was severe;
 Thy Pity straight to Cruelty is rais'd,
 And even the pious Inquisition prais'd,
 And recommended to the present Reign:

"O happy Countries, *Italy* and *Spain*!
 Have we not Cause, in thy own Words, to say,
 Let none believe what varies every day,
 That never was, nor will be at a stay.
 Once, Heathens might be sav'd, you did allow;
 But not, it seems, we greater Heathens now:
 The Loyal Church, that buoys the Kingly Line,
 Damn'd with a Breath, but 'tis such Breath as thine:
 What credit to thy Party can it be,
 T' have gain'd so lewd a Profligate as thee?
 Stray'd from our Fold, makes us but laugh, not weep;
 We have but lost what was disgrace to keep:
 By them Mistrusted, and to us a Scorn;
 For it is Weakness at the best to turn.
 True, hadst thou left us in the former Reign,
 T' have prov'd, it was not wholly done for Gain;
 Now, the Meridian Sun is not so plain.
 Gold is thy God, for a substantial Sum,
 Thou to the *Turk* wou'dst run away from *Rome*,
 And sing his Holy Expedition against *Christendom*."

But to conclude, blush with a lasting Red,
 (If thou'rt not mov'd with what's already said)
 To see thy Boars, Bears, Buzards, Wolves, and Owls,
 And all thy other Beasts, and other Fowls,
 Routed by two poor Mice: (Unequal fight)
 But easy 'tis to Conquer in the Right.
 See there a Youth (a shame to thy gray Hairs)
 Make a meer Duncce of all thy threescore Years.
 What in that tedious Poem hast thou done,
 But cramm'd all *Aesop's* Fables into one.
 But why do I the precious Minutes spend
 On him, that wou'd much rather hang, than mend.
 No, Wretch, continue still just as thou art,
 Thou'rt now in this last Scene, that Crowns thy part;
 To purchase Favour, veer with every Gale,
 And against Interest never cease to Rail;
 Tho thou'rt the only proof how Interest can prevail.

On the Bishops Confinement.

Where is there Faith and Justice to be found?
 Sure the World trembles, Nature's in a
 ffound;
 To see her Pious Sons design'd to fall
 A Victim to Religion; Truth, and all
 The Charms of Piety are no Defence
 Against the new-found Power, that can Dispende
 With Laws, to Murder Sacred Innocence:
 Surely, unless some pitying God look down,
 And stem this Torrent, it will shortly drown
 Divinity it self. ———
 The Bishops Prisoners! Can we tamely see
 Those Reverend Prelates bow the Knee

To

To Antichrist? No, mighty Monarch, no,
 Though we must pay to *Cæsar* what we owe,
 There is a Power Supream, by which you live;
 Whose Arm is longer, and Prerogative
 Larger by far than yours; whose very Word
 Can blast your Hopes, and turn your two-edg'd Sword;
 Can make his Secular Vicegerent know,
 Virtue, like Palms deprest, do higher grow.
 Though Rob'd in all the Grandeur of your State,
 Courtiers, like Radiant Stars, about you wait:
 'Midst of your glorious Joys, when you put on
 That awful Presence which becomes a Throne;
Belshazzar like, three Words upon the Wall
 Shall blast your Joys, and make your Glories fall.
 His Holiness, that Patriot of Strife,
 Though he can grant you Pardons, cannot Life.
 Arise then, Mighty Sir, in God-like Mien,
 As of thy Valour, let thy Truth be seen;
 Free from Mistrust, let all your Words be clear;
 By Actions let your Promises appear:
 Protect that Church which brought you to the Crown;
 You know 'tis Great and Honourable to own
 A kindness done; but to reward with Death
 That happy Instrument that gave you Breath,
 Is mean, and might a *Catb'lick's* Conscience Sting,
 To cut the Hand off that Anoints you King.

*Advice to the Prince of Orange, and the
 Packet-Boat returned.*

Adv. **T**HE year of Wonder now is come,
 A Jubilee proclaim at *Rome*;
 The Church has pregnant made the Womb.

- Pac.* No more of the admired Year,
No more of Jubilee declare;
All Trees that blossom do not bear.
- Adv.* Orange give o're your hopes of Crowns,
And yield to *France* the *Belgick* Towns;
And keep your Fleet out of the *Downs*.
- Pac.* We'll wait for Crowns, not Interest quit,
Let *Lewis* take what he can get;
And do not you proscribe our Fleet.
- Adv.* Ye talk of Eighty Men of War,
Well Rigg'd and Mann'd you say they are;
'Twas joyful News when it came here.
- Pac.* Well may the sound of Eighty Sail,
Make *England's* greatest Courage fail;
When half the number will prevail.
- Adv.* But we have some upon the Stocks,
And others laid up in our Docks;
Well fitted out, would match your Cocks.
- Pac.* Talk not as if you'd match our Cocks,
And Launch your few Ships on the Stocks;
And if you can, secure your Docks.
- Adv.* Besides, we've call'd our Subjects home,
Which in your Fleet and Army rome,
But you, they say, won't let them come.
- Pac.* Your Subjects, in our Camp and Fleet,
Whom you with *Proclamation* greet,
Will all obey when they think fit.
- Adv.* Soldiers and Seamen both we need,
Old England's quite out of the Breed;
Feather and Scarf won't do the deed.
- Pac.* Of Men and Arms never despair,
The Civiliz'd Wild *Irish* are
Couragious even to Massacre.
- Adv.* Now, if you'd be Victorious made.
Like us, on *Hounslow* Masquerade;
Advance your Honour, and your Trade.

Pac.

- Pac.* Then take this Counsel back again,
Leave off to mimick in Campaign,
And fight in earnest on the Main.
- Adv.* *Buda* we storm'd, and took't with ease ;
Do you the same upon the Seas,
And then we'll meet you when you please.
- Pac.* The storming *Buda* does declare,
That you the glorious Off-spring are
Of them that made all *Europe* fear.
- Adv.* Such Warlike Actions will at least
Inspire each neighbouring Monarch's breast,
Till *Lewis* shall compleat the rest.
- Pac.* Such Camp, such Siege, and such sham Shews,
Make each small State your pow'r oppose,
And *Lewis* lead you by the Nose.
-

A Stanza lately put upon Tyburn.

HAil Reverend Tripes, Guardian of the Law ;
Sacred to Justice, Treasons greatest awe !
Do thou decide the Nations weighty cause,
And judge between the Judges and the Laws.
So shall no guiltless Blood thy Timber e're pollute,
But Righteous Laws shall vouch all thou shalt execute.

Harry Care's last Will and Testament.

NOT Hell it self, nor Gloomy Fate, can save
The lewdest Sinner from his Destin'd Grave :
But all the footy Surges once must try,
Old *Charon's* Boat's a certain Destiny.

This *Harry* found, whose mouldring Corps did call
 For Physick-props t'uphold the human Wall ;
 Thinking himself to *Ne plus ultra* come,
 He thought of Winding Sheets, and of his Tomb:
 Summon'd his glorious Kindred to appear,
 To see his last, and his last Will to hear;
 The Weeping Crowd the mournful Chambers fill,
 While he in dying Accents makes his Will.

Imprimis, For my Soul (if such I have)
 I wish it buri'd with me in my Grave:
 For if what great Divines do preach and tell,
 Be real Verities of Heaven and Hell,
 Down to the gloomy Shores I surely go,
 The same I serv'd above, must serve below.

And next, for my dear Wife, who Weeps my fall,
 And is chief Mourner at my Funeral ;
 My sole Executrix I do here make,
 And let her all my Goods and Chattels take :
 Besides, my Province too let her command,
 That undiscover'd lies in *Fairy-Land*.
 To her my unfold Pamphlets I bequeath,
 To buy her Brandy and Tobacco with :
 And if she do a Male or Stallion take,
 I hope he'll use her kindly for my sake ;
 With equal Strength the Marriage-Yoke she'll draw,
 If he but drench her well with *Uisquebagh*.

My Daughter next, the Off-spring of my Bed,
 I pour a double Blessing on her Head ;
 The only Legacy I can bestow,
 And more than Heav'n gave me here below :
 May she the *Irish* Witness wed, and raise,
 A Race of Evidences for our Cause.

And for those kinder Folks that propt my Pains,
 I freely leave them both my Pen and Brains :
 May they my little Artifices use,
 To raise up Factions, and the Crowd amuse,

Till

Till being doubly dipt in Infamy,
Like me unpitied, and unenvy'd dye.

Now to the num'rous Crowd that do's survive,
I only can my dying-Counsel give:
The Western Emissaries I approve,
And even dying do declare my Love.
I charge them to stand firm unto their Trust,
Accounting what's their Interest, to be Just.
The Females I commend to Brother Cox,
Who if he cannot cure, can give the Pox ;
And may he still the vigorous warmth retain,
T'impart to stroaling She in Street or Lane.

I've nothing more to give to all the rest,
But leave Ten Thousand Curses on the Test :
And who do its Abolishing withstand,
I leave upon them an Eternal Brand.
And for the Penal Laws they like so well,
I'll write for their Repeal when I'm in Hell ;
And if Damn'd *Pluto's* Laws are like to these,
I'll quickly sue him out a Writ of Ease,
I there will my Occurrence truly state,
Whilst some Infernal *Larkin* Prints the Cheat ;
I Hell's black Tyrant will both sooth and praise,
And even in Sulph'rous *Styx* Sedition raise.

*A new Catch in praise of the Reverend
Bishops.*

TRue *Englishmen*, drink a good Health to the *Mitre*.
Let our Church ever Flourish tho' her Enemies
Spight Her :
May their Cunning and Forces no longer prevail,
And their Malice, as well as their Arguments, fail.
Then

Then remember the Seven which supported our Cause,
As Stout as our *Martyrs*, and as Just as our *Laws*.

Protestantism Reviv'd : or the Persecuted
Church Triumphant.

IN Sable Weeds I saw a Matron clad, (was sad ;
Whose Looks were grave , whose Countenance
Pensive with care, she musing fate alone,
Her State too, too unhappy to bemoan ;
Deep bitter pangs I saw her undergo,
And pay the tributary drops of woe,
So wept *Ducalion* when he saw the State
And face of Nature chang'd and desolate.
By this dumb Elegy a while sh'express
The gloomy sorrows of her troubl'd breast.
Then heaving up her head, she silence broke,
And with a heavy sigh dejected spoke.
Good God ! what grief surrounds my aged head !
What new distracting woes I daily wed,
Who am by spiteful Foes in triumph led !
They pierce my side with wound , they break my rest,
And snatch my sucking Children from my breast :
My elder Sons inhumanly they treat,
My weaker ones they bubble with Deceit.
Thus they insult, thus put me to disgrace,
And spit their frothy Venom in my face :
My growing sorrows to compleat the more,
I'm flouted by a *Babylonish* Whore,
Put me to death they can't, since Heav'n decreed
I must not dye, though with my Saviour bleed,
But humbly should in after-times succeed :

What

What most my anxious Soul tormented hath,
Is, he that should defend, betrays my Faith.
Thus, thus abus'd, I'm to all Griefs betray'd,
Thus my Delights are double Sorrows made.
Who e're was curb'd by such a Concubine!
Who so perplex'd! Was ever grief like mine!

Then she bow'd down her head, and with her tears
Bedew'd the parched Earth: when straight appears
A Comforter by pitying Heav'n sent
To raise her drooping Spirits almost spent:
Who when he had respectful Homage paid,
In terms obliging reverently said,

Mother, I know the cause of all thy Grief,
I'm sent thy Succor, and thy true Relief:
Thy God has heard thy Sighs, thy faithful Pray'rs,
And graciously receiv'd thy flowing Tears:
I'll wipe them off, I'll rugged Grief expel,
And usual Joy shall in thy Count'nance dwell:
I've made thy haughty Domineers bow,
And own their Lives they to my bounty owe:
I've foil'd them all, I have disarm'd them quite;
They have the power to bark, but not to bite.
To ease your pain, by th' God of Heaven I'm sent,
He acts, and I'm the Honour'd Instrument.

Then she arose, Joy smiling in her Eye,
And with a cheerful Voice did thus reply:
Thanks gracious God, thanks thou Victorious Son,
By whom I have my wonted Glory won:
Rejoice my Sons, and Hallelujahs sing
Unto our Saviour, our Triumphant King.
For I an Anthem will compose, and then,
We'll sweetly sound it to our God. Amen.

The Council.

To the Tune of, *Jamaica.*

I.

TWO *Toms* and *Nat*,
 In Council sat,
 To rigg out a Thanksgiving,
 And make a Prayer,
 For a thing in the Air,
 That's neither Dead nor Living.

II.

The Dame of *East*
 As 'tis Express'd,
 In her late quaint Epistle,
 Did to our Eady,
 Bequeath the Baby,
 With Coral, Bells and Whistle.

III.

With this intent, she to her sent
 Her Gold and Diamond Bodkin,
 That to conceive,
 She might have leave ;
 And is not this an odd thing ?

IV.

Then a Pot of Ale,
 To the Prince of *Wales*,
 Tho' some are of Opinion,
 That when't comes out,
 A Double Clout
 Will cover his Dominion.

The

The Audience.

THE Criticks that pretend to Sense,
 Do cavil at the Audience,
 As if his Grace were not as good,
 To bow to, as a piece of Wood.
 Did not our Fathers heretofore
 Their senseless Deities adore?
 Did not Old *Delphos* all along
 Vent Oracles without a Tongue?
 And wisest Monarchs did importune
 From the dumb God to know their Fortune.
 Did not the Speaking-Head of late,
 Of matters Learnedly Debate?
 And rendred without Tongue or Ears
 Wise answers to his whispering Peers?
 And shall we to a living Prince
 Deny the State of Audience?
 What tho' the Bandling cannot speak?
 Yet like the Blockhead he may squeak;
 Give Audience by Interpreter,
 The wisest Prince can do no more.

Then enter with a Prince's Banner
Sir Charles, after the usual manner.

Great Sir, *His Holiness from Rome*
 Greets your high Birth. The Prince, cry'd Mum.
 The Consecrated Pilch and Clout,
 If you'll vouchsafe to hear me out,
 And many other Toys I'm come
 To lay them to your sacred Bum.
 So young, yet such a God-like Ray!
Phœbus, your Dad, was Priest Dad-a.
 Great Prince, I have no more to say.

}
 }
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Con-

Conducted next, there comes, *Great Sir*,
 An *Envoy* from the *Emperor*,
 To Gratulate your lucky *Fate*,
 That gives to *England's* Throne new date;
 We joy that any thing should Reign,
 To baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
 The Youth, to see them thus beguil'd,
 In token of his Favour smil'd.
 But at the *Spaniard* laugh'd outright,
 As sham'd again in *Eighty Eight*.
 Next, having pass'd the inward Centry,
 The doubtful *Monsieur* made his entry :
The King my Master, Sir, has sent
 Your *Royal Birth* to complement ;
 If you will make it but appear,
 That you are *England's* Lawful Heir.
 Here Lady *Powis* took him short,
Have you a King ? Thank Maz'rine for't !
Fr. man] Whoe're the Father was, the Mother
Was France's Q. (P — is) Who questions t'other ?
 At this Reproof he pawn'd a Purse,
 And parting made his Peace with Nurse.
 The *Dane*, the *Swede*, with other Nations,
 Come in with loud Congratulations.
 Upon the *Swede* so fam'd for Battel,
 He cast a frown, and shook his Rattle.
 And for the *Dane*, who took the part
 Of good Prince *George*, he let a fart.
 This put him in a fullen fit,
 Nurse scarce could dance him out of it.
 When an Ambassador from *Poland*,
 Knock'd at the Door, and Velt from *Holland*,
 He crying suck'd, and sucking cry'd,
 When Lady Governess repiy'd,
Peace, Prince, peace, Prince, peace, pretty Prince,
 And let the *States* have Audience.

Dutch-

Dutch-man.] *From Holland I am hither sent,
To Challenge, not to Complement.
Prepare with speed your Twenty Sail,
Your twice four thousand on the Nail;
Which by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange, when your Sire contracted.
The Name of Holland did affright,
And make th'young Hero scream outright.
But, Orange nam'd, the Royal Elf,
The sweet, sweet Babe, beshit himself.
Tyrconnel, who came o're no less
Than to be made his Governess,
To take her leave, by luck came in,
She suck'd his Nose, and lick'd him clean.
Last came the Lady H—— from Play,
Mov'd by Instinct he cry'd, *Mamma*,
And posited to the Queen away.*

An Epistle to Mr. Dryden.

D*Ryden*, thy Wit has Catterwaul'd too long,
Now *Lero, Lero*, is the only Song.
What Singing, Dancing, Interludes of late,
Stuff, and set off our goodly Farce of *State*?
Not *Albervil* can turn a deep Intrigue,
Till first well warm'd with Bishop *Talgol's* Jigg.
W... cannot sleep, or if a Nap he takes,
His Dream some Old *Tressilian* Ballad breaks.
But was e're seen the like, in Prose or Metre,
To this mad Play, or work of Father *Petre*?
At Court no longer Punchionello takes,
Each Scene, Part, Cue, mishapen to the *Mac's*.

Such

Such Plot, and the Catastrophe is such,
 We must be either *Irish* all, or *Dutch*.
 Our very Judges in *Westminster-Hall*,
 Like their Old Roof, were *Irish* Timber all.
 And (bless us!) *Irish* Wolves are brought to keep
 The Nation, grown now all such silly Sheep;
 Such errand Asses, errand Cattle made,
 Or to be yok'd, or saddl'd, fleec'd, or flead.
 O Martyr's Son, thy Destiny is shown;
 Such props are for a Scaffold, not a Throne:
 So *Juno*, in her impotence of rage,
 By Heav'n deny'd, did Hell's black Pow'rs engage;
 Yet sped the Heroe: *Jove* and Fate were strong;
 Religious care! He took his Gods along:
 But hark, O hark, the *Belgick* Lyon roars,
 And shakes afar the *French* and *British* Shoars:
 One Brandy drinks, one mad with Prophecies:
 Lord! what they tell us of some Prince from *Frize*;
 Arms, and the Man they sing, no *French* finess,
 But hearty blows, and *Brandenburg* Address.
 Hence Vigour, and our Figure comes agen,
 We rise, and walk, all true erected Men.
 The force of those *Circean* Cups subdu'd
 And the wild Charms our new *Armida* brew'd,
 The Witchcraft he (our true *Rinaldo*) broke,
 And grubs the base pretenders to his stock.

But oh! what Spirit of deceit afar,
 Possess'd our Pulpits, and bewitch'd the Bar!
 What Bane, what Mischief on poor Mortals shed
 By Vermin, from the Laws corruption bred.
 Tho to their *Irish* Roof no Cobwebs cleave,
 Below, what strife and endless toyls they weave:
 Wanting brave strength to strangle men to death,
 What Frauds they hide! What Venom underneath!
 And when some shorter course to Murder's shown,
 Cry, O that (luscious) Point! they gain'd the Crown.

Sons

Sons of the Pulpit the same measures keep,
And of that same stumm'd Cup have drunk as deep.
Agog for some odd Transubstantiate thing,
Chimera Reign, or Metaphysick King,
Sublim'd to School-Divinity extreams,
Their Brains would crow with Patriarchal Dreams.
So high from solid honest Wisdom blow n,
They'd have some *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne,
Not Law ordain'd, but by some God appointed,
Not Lay-elected, but by Priest anointed.
Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Priestcraft Prince;
Give us a King, Divine; by Law and Sense.

Now Bar and Pulpit to Dragoons a sport,
Their Cause is carri'd to the last Effort.
Princes in more compendious method teach,
Force is their way; let Old Apostles Preach.
What's stablish'd Law, where standing Armies come,
Or who'll talk Gospel to a Kettle-Drum?
When God would hear, where Giants did oppress,
The several Nations had their *Hercules*.
So were the Horns of grizly Violence broke;
So people freed from triple *Geryon's* Yoke.
The various Snake in *Lerna-Lough* that bred;
That loll'd and hiss'd to Death, at every head,
Nemæan Lion, *Erymanthian* Boar,
In Bogs that wallow, and on Hills that roar:
All by his God-like Prowess done away,
Their Lawless Rule, and that Gigantick sway.

In vain whilst this high Vertue Nations fought,
The *Nassau-House* were never yet without.
Nor is confin'd to *Provinces* their care,
Their gen'rous labour neighb'ring *Kingdoms* share.
Here the foul Herd flee from his lifted hand,
That long had made a *Stable* of the Land.
The Monster of the Lough, new *Lerna-Plague*
But scarce in head) the Bog-begotten *Teague*.

L

The

The ravenous Kind, the Harpies sharp for prey,
 With Birds obscene, and uncouth to the day.
 No Den, no Ditch, no rousting for them more,
 Now, now is come our *Hercules* ashore.
 Vile *Fraud* dispell'd, and superstitious Mists:
 He from our *Temple* drives all Knaves and Priests.
 Then warmer *Wallop*, in due Scarlet shown,
 To *Coffee-Dick* bequeaths his rusty Gown.
 Oh *Dryden*, if this *Hercules* were thine,
 How wou'd his Club, and *Atlas*-shoulders shine:
 How wou'dst thou all our Maids of Honour fright.
 With naughty Tale, of *Fifty* in a Night?
 Howe'er, no more let *Xavier* mar thy Pen,
 No Miracle to forty thousand men.

When Law, and bald Divinity begins,
 Why then the marvel that a Poet sins.

The D R E A M.

WEary'd with Bus'ness, and with Cares oppress,
 My Faculties were Doz'd, and fond of rest,
 An unusual heaviness did on me creep,
 My Soul indulg'd it, yet I could not sleep.
 Dreams short and frightful vex't me all the Night,
 I found I was betray'd, and long'd for Light;
 The first such Wonders brought within my view,
 And when I wak'd I almost thought them true.
 Methought I saw great *Julius* sadly lye
 Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by.
 The ungrateful *Brutus* which he doted on,
 With *Meager Cassius* pleas'd with what he'ad done.
 Crying, the World and *Brutus* are my own.

I nearer

I nearer drew to view the Ghastly Trunk,
 But oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæsar* was sunk;
 'Twas *Charles* the Second, which lay mangl'd there,
 The Sacrificing Tribe too did appear,
Brutus and *Cassius*, *York* and *Petre* were.
Charles weeping, grasp'd his Brother by the hand,
 I heard him sighing say, Within my Land
 A faithful Pious Mother thou wilt command,
 Who in the utmost of Extremity,
 When all but her, and much upbraided I
 Wou'd from the Crown have quite excluded thee,
 Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
 And in thy banishment maintain thy Cause;
 Passive Obedience thou hast much in store,
 But do not urge it to thy utmost pow'r.
James to preserve her most devoutly swore;
Charles dy'd, and *James* discharg'd his Oath next hour,
 I saw the Priests flock in: the *Bishops* out,
 Saw *Petres* cram the Wafer down his Throat,
 Tho' dead, it sav'd the Heretick no doubt.
 I saw him poorly buri'd in the Night,
 A wretched Train, and a more wretched sight;
 To me it seem'd a Fun'ral in Disguise,
 For fear his Creditors shou'd his Body seize.
 I saw him shewn for two pence in a Chest,
 Like *Monk*, *Old Harry*, *Mary*, and the rest,
 And if the Figure answer'd its intent,
 In ten years time 'twould buy a Monument.
 My Fancy brought me back again to Court,
 Where only *Fools* Advise, and *Knave's* Resort,
 Our Kingdoms Curse, and other Nations Sport.
 I heard the *Jesuits* in a grand Cabal,
 Resolve to Root out *Here/y*, or fall,
 Each his particular Opinion gave;
 They cry'd, an Opportunity we have
 To fetter her, who kept us long her S'ave.

Immediatly they pitch'd upon a Rule,
 How to suppress it by a forward Fool;
 A bawling blundering senseless Tool.
 Whose Mouthing at *White-Chappel* first began,
 Who regularly to his Greatness ran
 Thro' all the vile degrees of Treachery,
 And now Usurps the Court of Equity?
 He said, If you wou'd bring the Clergy down,
 Erect a Court-Commission from the Crown,
 And for Dispencing Law let me alone.
 They hugg'd their bubble, and the deed was done.
Petre grew Fat, and with *Mandamus's*,
 Canker'd the Worthy *Universities*.
 The seats of Learning *Block-Heads* might command,
 Yet the King's Promise to the Church doth stand.
 Next, *Liberty of Conscience* was Ordain'd;
 The *Bishops* for Contempt were then Arraign'd;
 The Nobles and the Commons Closetted,
 The *Penal Laws* must be Abolished:
 If you refuse, your *Principles* are base,
 Disloyal, and you lose our Royal Grace,
 And each that has Dependencies his Place.
Rocheſter fell, the Loyal *Herbert* starv'd;
 Each that forsook his God, his *Monarch* serv'd:
Somerſet lost his Troops, and *Shrewsbury*,
Oxford was stripp'd. So *Scarſdal*, *Lumley*;
 And many more too tedious to relate,
 By whom in safety, *James*, thou now doſt sit.
 When thou perceiv'dſt no comfort from this Wild,
 Thy Dame immediatly was quick with Child;
 The *Princess* at the *Bath* when it was Born,
 The *Bishops* in the *Tower*, yet had he sworn
 The *Church of England* never should be wrong'd:
 Upon this News the Hot-brain'd *Papists* Throng'd;
 I wak'd, and as I on my Dream Reflected,
 My reasonable Notions thus projected:

O King,

O King, I cry'd, thy Measures run too fast,
 And thou wilt find the curse of it at last ;
 Why dost thou wrong thy Country, shame thy life,
 To please false *Priests*, and an ungrateful *Wife* ;
 A Wife, whose Character has always been
 A Fawning Duchess, and a Sawcy Queen ?
 How canst thou suffer *Petre's* Insolence,
 Who only makes a harvest of his Prince.
 A Slave, to Rule Three Kingdoms, Govern thee,
 Yet ne'er was Master of a Family ?
 This Serpent envying thy Happiness,
 Has crept into thy *Eve*, whose wilfulness
 Has certainly betray'd thy Paradise ;
 Discerning *Hallifax* thy Fall foresaw,
 And early did his slighted Faith withdraw ;
 He needs no pardon for the Advice he gave,
 Which shews him honefter than some that have,
 Under the Rose Men use their mind to tell,
 But now *Myne-Heir* 'tis under the Broad Seal ;
 O *Nassaw*, with thy promis'd Succours come,
 And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome* :
 Thy Wife shall young *Octavia's* place supply,
 And those that have betray'd our Country fly ;
 Unless the King to prove the Prince his own,
 Shall to the Lyons Den present his Son ;
 And if the Royal Brute do not destroy,
 The Infant, *By Christ* 'tis his none Joy.

Over the Lord Dover's Door. 1686.

U Nhappier Age who're saw,
 When Truth doth go for Treason ;
 Every Blockhead's Will for Law,
 And Coxcomb's Sense for Reason.

L 3

Reli-

Religion's made a Bawd of State,
 To serve the Pimps and Panders,
 Our Liberty a Prison-Gate,
 And *Irishmen* Commanders.
 O Wretched is our Fate !
 What Dangers do we run !
 We must be wicked to be Great,
 And to be Just, undone.
 'Tis thus our Sov'raign keeps his Word,
 And makes the Nation Great ;
 To *Irishmen* he trusts the Sword,
 To *Jesuits* the State.

Over the Lord Salisbury's Door. 1686.

I F *Cecil* the Wise,
 From his Grave should arise,
 And look the fat B — in the Face.
 He'd take him from Mass,
 And turn him to Grass,
 And swear he was none of his Race.

To the Speaking-Head.

I'm come my future Fate to seek,
 Speak then, Cœlestial Block-head speak.

Answer.

Had'st thou not consulted with the Witch at *Rome*,
 Thou need'st not thus, like *Saul*, to *Endor* come
 To seek out (Brother solid-head) thy Doom.

The

The Hearts of all thy Friends are lost and gone;
Gazing they stand, and grieving round thy Throne,
And scarce believe thou art the Martyr's Son.

Those whom thou favourest, merit not thy Grace,
They, to their Interest, Sacrifice thy Peace,
And will in sorrow make thee end thy days.

Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On force or fraud; Why shouldst thou, Monarch, why,
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented dye?

Essay written over his Door upon an Insurrection and Induction.

I.

TIS a strange thing to think on,
That old *Tom* of *Lincoln*,
Who writ for the Reformation,
Shou'd so basely submit,
Without Honour, or Wit,
To the Reading the Declaration.

II.

Whoever takes Order
From this *Satan* Recorder,
And thinks to go out a Divine,
Will find it a Folly
To expect the Ghost Holy,
'Tis the Devil that enters the Swine.

*The Fable of the Pot and Kettle, as it was
told by Collonel Titus the Night before he
Kiss'd the King's Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Brass Kettle flow'd ;
The heavy Caldron, sinking and distress'd
By his own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppress'd,
Sily bespoke the lighter Vessel's Aid ;
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly said,
Come, Brother, why should we divided lose
The strength of Union, and our selves expose
To the Insults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with United Forces we can stem ?
Tho' different heretofore have been our Parts,
The Common Danger reconciles our Hearts ;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this New Friendship understood,
And made this Answer ; Tho' I wish for Ease
And Safety, this Alliance does not please ;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Constitution is too rough for me ;
If by the Waves I against you am tost,
Or you to me, I equally am lost ;
And fear more Mischief from your hardned-side,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide :
I calmer Days and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than buoy you up, and serve your end,
To perish by the *Rigor* of my Friend.

The

The Moral.

Learn hence (*ye Whigs*) and act no more like Fools,
Nor trust their Friendship who wou'd make you Tools;
While empty Praises and smooth Flatt'rys serve;
Pay with feign'd Thanks, what their feign'd smiles de-
serve:
But let not the Alliance farther pass;
For know that you are Clay, and they are Brass.

Epitaph on Harry Care.

A True Dissenter here does lie indeed,
He ne're with any or himself agreed;
But rather than want subjects to his spite,
Wou'd snake-like turn, and his own Tail wou'd bite.
Sometime, 'tis true, he took the faster side;
But when he came by suff'ring to be try'd, }
The Craven soon betray'd his Fear and Pride:
Thence, *Settle*-like, he to recanting fell
Of all he wrote, or fanci'd to be well;
Thus purg'd from good; and thus prepar'd by evil,
He fac'd to *Rome*, and marcht off to the Devil.

A

A Lenten PROLOGUE *refus'd by the*
Players, 1682.

OUR Prologue-Wit grows flat : the Naps worn off ;
And howsoe're We turn, and trim the Stuff,
The Gloss is gone; that look'd at first so gaudy ;
'Tis now no Jest to hear young Girls talk Baudy.
But Plots, and Parties give new matter birth ;
And State Distractions serve you here for mirth !
At *England's* cost Poets now purchase Fame,
While Factious Hearts destroy us, without Shame
These wanton *Neroes* fiddle to the Flame. }
The Stage, like old Rump-Pulpits, is become
The Scene of News, a furious Party's Drum.
Here Poets beat their Brains for Voluntiers,
And take fast hold of Asses by their Ears.
Their gingling Rhime for Reason here you swallow ;
Like *Orpheus* Musick makes Beasts to follow.
What an enlightning Grace is want of Bread? (Head!
How it can change a Libeller's heart, and clear a *Laureat's*
Open his Eyes till the Mad Prophet see Medal.
Plots working in a future power to be. p. 41.
Traitors unform'd to his *Second Sight* are clear ; }
And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear ; }
Rebellion is the *Burden* of the *Secr.*
To *Bays* in Vision were of late reveal'd
Whig *Armies*, that at *Knightsbridge* lay conceal'd. (Reher.
And tho no mortal Eye could see't before Com. p. 31.
The Battel was just entering at the Door ! Rehearl.
A dangerous *Association*——sign'd by None ! Comedy
The Joyner's Plot to seize the King alone ! p. 52.
Stephen with *College* made his Dire compact ; }
The watchful *Irish* took 'em in the Fact—— }
Of riding arm'd ! Oh Traiterous Overt Act ! }
Wich

With each of 'em an ancient Pistol sided ;
Against the Statute in that Case provided.
But why was such an Host of Swearers prest ?
Their Succour was ill Husbandry at best.
Bays's crown'd Muse by Sovereign Right of Satyr,
Without Desert can dub a Man a Traytor.
And Tories, without troubling Law or Reason,
By Loyal Instinct can find Plots and Treason.
But here's our Comfort, though they never scan
The Merits of the Cause, but of the Man,
Our gracious Statesmen vow not to forsake
Law — that is made by Judges whom they Make.
Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with ease
They turn those Pliant Puppets as they please.
With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed,
Such shall be sure to meet — but when there's Need.
When a sick State, and sinking Church call for 'em,
Then 'tis our Tories most of all abhor 'em.
Then Pray'r, that Christian Weapon of Defence }
Grateful to Heaven, at Court is an Offence, }
If it dare speak the untamper'd Nations sense.
Nay, Paper's Tumult, when our Senates cease ;
And some Mens Names alone can break the Peace.
Petitioning disturbs the Kingdom's Quiet ;
As chusing honest Sheriffs makes a Riot.
To punish Rascals, and bring *France* to Reason, }
Is to be hot, and press things out of Season ; }
And to damn Popery, is *Irish* Treason.
To love the King, and Knaves about him hate,
Is a Fanatick Plot against the State.
To Skreen his Person from a Popish Gun,
Has all the mischief in't of *Forty One*.
To save our Faith, and keep our Freedom's Charter,
Is once again to make a Royal Martyr.
This Logick is of Tory's deep inditing,
The very best they have — but Oaths, and Fighting.
Lec

Let 'em then Chime it on, if 'twill oblige ye,
 And *Roger* vapour o'er us in *Effigy*.
 Let 'em in Ballads give their folly Vent,
 And sing up Nonsense to their Hearts content.
 If for the King (as All's pretended) they
 Do here drink Healths, and Curse, sure we may pray;
 Heaven once more keep him then for *Healing Ends*,
 Safe from old Foes—but most from his new Friends!
 Such Protestants as prop a *Popish* Cause,
 And Loyal Men, that break all Bounds of Laws!
 Whose Pride is with his Servants Salaries fed,
 And when they've scarce left him a Crust of Bread,
 Their corrupt Fathers foreign Steps to follow, (low.
 Cheat even of Scraps, and that last Sop would swal-
French Fetters may this Isle no more endure;
 Spite of *Rome's* Art stand *England's* Church secure,
 Not from such Brothers as desire to mend it,
 But false Sons, who designing worse to rend it, }
 With leud *Lives* and no *Fortunes* would defend it. }

On Easter-day 87. this was found fixed on
 the King's Chappel Door.

WHEN God Almighty had his Palace fram'd,
 That Glorious shining Place he Heaven Nam'd;
 And when the first Rebellious Angels fell,
 He Doom'd them to a certain place, call'd Hell.
 Here's Heaven and Hell confirm'd by Sacred Story,
 But yet I ne'er could read of Purgatory,
 That cleansing-place which of late years is found,
 For sinning-Souls to Flux in till they're sound:
 The Priest form'd that for the good *Roman* Race,
 Our Maker never thought of such a place.

Oh

Oh *Rome*! we'll own thee for a Learn'd wife Nation,
To add a place wanting in God's Creation.

*Upon K. J. Pistolling a Mastiff Dog at
Banbury, in his last Progress.*

THE Poets tell us idle Tales to please us,
Of mighty *Perseus*, *Hercules*, and *Theseus*;
And several other gallant Heroes too,
Who ev'ry one their several Monsters slew.
The *Minotaur* did *Theseus* bravely Slaughter,
And then as bravely Sw—d the King's own Daughter.
Nemean Lyon bold *Hercules* did choak,
And of his Skin made him a lasting Cloak.
The far-fam'd *Perseus* kill'd a mighty Whale,
And all t' enjoy *Andromeda's* brown Tail.
Historians all the Great *St. George* admire,
For murd'ring horrid Dragon that spit Fire.
But what concerns us yet far more to tell,
One of these Heroes slew the Dog of Hell;
Renown'd Attempts (you'll all confess) if true,
But our great *J—s* did more than this, (*Morblean*):
He who before, t' immortalize his Name,
Lost dreaded *England* all her Naval Fame;
He who return'd from *Belgick* Lions Roar,
When *Sandwich* sunk in sight of *Southwold* Shore;
He who two Summers but of late sat down
With all his Forces before *Hounslow* Town,
And nothing else but bare Dishonour won;
He, when he saw his Loving Friend assail'd
By furious Mastiff-Cur, Ear-snip'd, bob-tail'd,
Eyes darting Fire, and with his *Boo-woo's* fierce,
Ready to seize the Lord-Lieutenant's Horse:

'Tis

'Tis true, quoth he, to shew that wondrous Might
 Which I have long conceal'd from Humane Sight:
 With furious Tone pursuing then his Speech,
Fanatick Dog, forbear my Royal Breech,
 (He cry'd) *For know thou art but bluntly pointed,*
Though sharp thy Fangs, to touch the Lord's Anointed.
 To which the Dog, who never Scripture read,
 And scorn'd to call an Earthly Monarch, Dread:
I am no Dog (quoth he) *to Fawn and Flatter,*
But I Address according to my Nature:
However know I am a Dog of Sense,
That's more than may be said of many a Prince.
 With this the mighty *f* — a Pistol drew,
 Discharg'd, and shot the Mastiff thro' and thro':
 Some say that, *Vulcan-like*, he riv'd his Brain,
 No matter which, the Dog receiv'd his Bane,
 By Royal Hand for saucy Language slain,
 And both got Honour, Dog and Sov'reign,
 The Sov'reign had the Honour Dog to kill;
 The Mastiff, that a Prince his Gore did spill;
 Now then, come down from Heav'n (ye Cur) come
 down,

Thou whom the sultry Summers so renown:
 Relinquish that Place of thine more justly due
 To this same Dog, whom God's Vicegerent slew:
 Surely a Dog so dignifi'd in Story,
 Is th' only Dog with Constellations Glory.

And, you, who in your Signs *St. George* advance,
 Trampling o're Dragon's Jaws pierc'd through with
 Lance,

Alter your painting, and set up in place,
 The bravest Hero of the Scottish Race,
 Discharging Thunder from his gaudy Saddle,
 And Mastiff prostrate in a goary Puddle:
 So shall you Truth advance o're Fabulous Toyes,
 And Dog and Monarch both immortalize.

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The Metamorphosis.

HAD the late fam'd Lord *Rochester* surviv'd,
 We'd been inform'd who all our Plots contriv'd;
 Authors and Actors we had long since seen,
 In sharpest Satyrs they'd recorded been,
 Tho' Captain, Doctor, Lord, Duke, K-g, or Queen:
 His bold and daring Muse had soar'd on high,
 And brought down true Intelligence from the Sky.
 He oft the Court has of its Vices told,
 While Priests pretend they dare not be so bold;
 Tho they're Heav'n's Messengers, it's Livery wear
 Receive it's bounteous Salary, yet they dare,
 Neglect their Duty, or for Gain or Fear,
 Connive at what's directly opposite,
 And e're they'll give Offence, each turn a Profelite:
 Witness the dismal Change that now is come,
 Long since expected by the Church of *Rome*.
 The Calves of *Dan* and *Bethel* bleat aloud,
 And *Jeroboam* worships in the Croud;
 Our upstart Statesmen turn with every Wind
 That blows from *Rome*, to Sense and Truth are blind.
 But yet, though ten of our twelve Tribes shou'd fall,
 And worship *Dagon*, *Ashtaroth*, and *Baal*;
 A Remnant will remain, who firm will stand,
 To God, Religion, and their Native Land,
 Who will not bow themselves to th' *Romish* Yoke,
 Though they share *Sydney's* or brave *Russell's* Stroke,
 Nor can this *Egypt's* Darkness long remain,
 A Star of *Jesse* will once shine out again;
Scotch Vermine, *Irish* Frogs, *French* Locusts; All
 That swarm both at *St. James's* and *Whitehall*;
 Though now advanc'd to all Trust, all Command,
 All Offices enjoy by Sea and Land,

Shall

Shall, when this Sun doth set, no more appear
Within the Confines of our Hemisphere.

A Pincely Branch remains will on us smile,
And spread its goodly Boughs quite o're the Isle;
Confirm our staggering Hopes, remove our Fears;
And turn to Balm of *Gilead* all our Tears;
The Church and State shall nourish as before,
Just Judges to the needful Bench restore;
And thoroughly purge the Judgment-Seat from those
Who make the Laws themselves the Laws Oppose.
For such there are, and in the highest Place,
Who their Profession do so much disgrace;
That many fear their Grievance to unfold,
Where Law and Conscience both are bought and sold.
Our Pulpits too shall be adorn'd with those
Who turn not with each Blast of Wind that blows;
Who dare teach Truth, and dare that Truth maintain,

Not mov'd by Threatnings, Frowns, Favour, or Gain;
That dare declare against the Sins o'th Nation,
While others of that Tribe embrace the Fashion.
Nor thenceforth shall those Black-Coat Vipers come,
Who here are daily dissembogu'd from *Rome*;
Where Sins of all Kinds, and of all Degrees,
(The Church Revenues, and the Office Fees
Being Discharg'd) Religiously are done,
Tho't be to murder Father, Brother, Son;
Ravish a Sister, with a Daughter do
What Nature has a just abhorrence to;
For which, if Purgatory or Hell you'll shun,
Fee the Priests largely, and your Work is done;
They're Delegates to him that keeps the Keys,
And can't admit one Soul without the Fees;
For he, as God, in Heav'n and Earth has Pow'r
To Crown and to Uncrown in the same Hour;

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Unmake and Make, Create and Uncreate,
 To Torments after Death can give a Date;
 From him proceeds inevitable Fate. }
 These Imps do now in Crowds each other follow,
 And hope e're long Churches and Bells to hallow;
 To teach you how to worship to the East,
 Prescribe us Fasts, while they themselves do Feast;
 Whole Loads of Reliques they have got together,
 Ay, and Saint *Peter's* Shadow's gliding hither;
 In th'Abby shortly will be kept a Fair, }
 Where you may buy such consecrated Ware,
 As *England* has not seen this hundred Year.
 For 'tis not *France*, nor *Italy*, nor *Spain*,
 That can the thousandth Part of Saints contain;
 For Saints, by Canonizing, do become,
 By an infallible Deception made at *Rome*,
 Not only Omnipresent, but beside,
 One into twenty thousand they divide:
 The like with other Reliques they can do,
Joseph's old Coat, the Virgin *Mary's* Shoe;
 Saint *Peter's* Sword that cut off *Malchus* Ear;
 The Hoof's o'th' silly As's which Christ did bear;
 The Right Eye of *John Baptist*, and the Apostle
St. Thomas's Shoulder Blade-bone, with the Gristle;
 The Virgin *Mary's* Milk sold by the Quart;
 Nay, th' Blood and Water, which from *Jesu's* Heart
 Was by a Soldier let out with a Spear,
 By Miracle kept 'bove sixteen hundred year:
 Besides all this, more Nails to shew there be,
 That fix'd our Saviour Christ unto the Tree,
 Than twenty Smiths in a whole Day can make;
 Yet all these for the same the Church does take,
 Bless me, thought I, good Heaven! What does this
 mean?
 Such Trumpery by me shall ne're be seen;

M

No

No, nor the Monsters, that were nam'd before,
 Altho' a Trumpet stood before the Door,
 And, after dismal Sound on *Ludgate-Hill*,
 Where Porcupine of you did cast his Quill ;
 Where Crocodile, Rhinoceros, and Baboon,
 With other Prodigies are daily shown ;
 Invite me in, I wou'd not stir, I swear,
 To see those more Prodigious — there.

Caesar's Ghost.

‘T WAS still low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
 Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere ;
 But all around in horrid Darkness mourn'd,
 As if old *Chaos* were again return'd ;
 When not one Gleam of the eternal Light
 Shot thro' the solid Darkness of the Night ;
 In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep,
 And all the Winds were buri'd in the Deep ;
 No whispering *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,
 Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below ;
 No falling Waters dash'd, no Rivers purl'd ;
 But all conspir'd to hush the drowsy World.

When on my Couch in thoughtless Slumbers wrapt,
 I lay repos'd ; — My very Soul too slept
 In peaceful Dulness, silent and serene,
 Till 'twas debauch'd and waken'd into Dream.
 Methought I saw a dark and dismal Vault,
 Whose Horror cannot be conceiv'd by Thought,
 And seem'd by some Infernal Magick wrought :
 So vast and so perplexing intricate,
 As if the dreadful Court of Death and Fate ;

And

And yet of Kings the great Repositer,
 And only Royal Dust lies mouldering here.
 Amongst these Monuments of Sacred Fame,
 Great *Cæsar* stood; *Cæsar*, whose deathless Name,
 When Shrines decay, triumphant shall remain,
 While Sense, good Nature, Wit, and Love shall reign.
 While I with awful Fear and Trembling, paid
 Humble Oblations to the mighty Dead,
 Methought the sweating Marble did uncloze,
 And from Death's Mansion the dead Monarch rose;
 His Eyes o're all scatter'd a fullen Light,
 Such as divides the breaking Day from Night;
 By whose faint Rays the Object I discern'd
 All pale —— with ghastly Majesty adorn'd.
 His stiffen'd Loyns a purple Mantle bore,
 His Brows a Wreath of wither'd Lawrels wore,
 Such as had flourish'd there in Life before.

Now forth he stalks, silent as Shadows glide,
 Or Clouds that skim the Air while they divide;
 As quick as thought the faithless Town he past,
 And towards the *Camp* of wonderous Fame does hast,
 While Midnight Fogs surround his awful Head,
 And down his Locks their baneful Poyson shed;
 The wandring airy *Dæmons* at the View,
 And all the *Ignis Fatuus's* withdrew;
 Heccate let fall her charm-preparing Weeds, (treads)
 Wondring what unknown Pow'r Earth's Surface }
 Which more than that which she invokes, she dreads. }
 She flies all frighted with erected Hair,
 And scarce her Broomstaff bears her thro' the Air;
 From his dread Presence every Evil ran,
 Except that more-exalted Evil, Man:
 Not the first Race of less corrupted Fiends,
 Till taught by Man, knew half their new-coin'd Sins.
 Thrice with Majestick pace he walks the round,
 Surveying the Pavilions utmost bound,
 And useless Grandeur every where he found. *Phi-*

Philippi, nor the fam'd *Pharſalian* Field,
Did not more ſigns of Glorious Action yield;
But this was all for ſhow, not Terror made,
'Twas *Hounſlow* Farce, a Siege in Maſquerade.

More near he views it yet, and found within,
All the Degrees of Luxury and Sin;
Alſatia's Sink into this Common-ſhore,
Did all its vile and naſty Nuſance pour;
Fat Sharpers, Broken Cuckolds, Gameſters, Cheats,
What *Newgate* diſembogues, find here Retreats;
The Groom and Footman from their Liv'ry ſtrip,
With Scarf, Gay Feather, and Command equipt.
Promotion gives to Saucineſs Pretence,
And Greatneſs is miſtook for Insolence;
And to evince their Valour every Hour,
Bamboo the Slaves that bow beneath their Pow'r;
Yet to the Countrey Ladies theſe appear
So Novel, witty, *Beau en Cavalier*,
That ſcarce a tender Heart is left behind,
Pray God a Maidenhead you chance to find!
The Phantom to that Quarter firſt reſorts,
Where the Illuſtrious Gen'als keep their Courts.

I.

Great *Fever*--- the Foremoſt of the Crew,
Whoſe Uncle *Turcin* well cou'd fight we know.
He who ſo often do's repeat the Jeſt
How he ſubdu'd the Monarch of the *Weſt*,
(Or wou'd have done had he not been undreſt.)
This rough ſtern Hero of the *Britiſh* War
To Neighbouring Tents is always born in Chair,
For fear of Incommodement from the Air.

II.

It wonders what did *Chur*---ll recommend,
Who never did to Deeds of Arms pretend:
Love, all his Active Youth, his buſ'neſs was,
Love that beſt ſuits his handſom Shape and Face.

But

But Armies are like Verse, whose Dogrel Lines
 Are here for Sense, and there for gingling Rhimes.
 (Here where *Bellona* lays her Armour by,
 And learns to be more charming Company,
 Where the ill-manner'd God has nought to do:)
 Some few for fighting are, but most for show;
 Where rich imbroider'd Cloaks *a la Campagne*
 So often shine, unless it chance to rain.
 Then Lord how the Sir *M.* will fret and fling!
 Undone, 'tis spoil'd, e're shown before the King;
 In perfum'd Beds adorn'd they're basking laid,
 As fine as young Brides on *Persian* Carpets tread,
 That o're the spacious Floor in wanton Pride are }
 Like Feasting God's luxurious, and, they say, (spread.
 As arrant Fornicators too as they.
 None come amiss when Lust their Fancies lead,
Alcmena, nor the sweet-fac'd *Ganymede*;
 And, like those Gods, they all are giv'n to Love,
 But none we hear e're thunder'd but old *Jove*.

III.

Here one the Hero acts in *Lovit's* Arms,
 And calls his Passions out in warlike Terms,
 Tells of soft Sieges, Batteries and Alarms;
 How the Artillery of her Eyes did wound,
 And how at the first Onset he gave ground:
 He who ne're yet did to a Conqueror bow,
 Yet kisses and adores his Fetters now;
 While all the Batteries ever he assay'd,
 Have been against some Female Fortless Maid;
 But *Love-it*, who has less of Love than Pride,
 Being with guilt Coach and Country-house su ppli'd, }
 Makes that atone for all Defects beside.

IV.

There lay a Youth of all his Wits bereft,
 Who this Campaign was by his Mistress left.

A nauseous Strumpet, Insolent and Loud,
 False and Destructive, basely Born, anst Proud.
 Oh bubb'd Fool, thou that hadst seen the Fate
 Of Cully Ba---shes quickly spent Estate:
Collier undone, and forty Rake-hells more
 For an old common o're-grown flabby Whore,
 Whose Bastard-Son may vie with thee for Age,
 A Trader twenty years upon the Stage:
 What from th' expensive Folly couldst thou see,
 But shameful Ruine, laught-at Infamy?
 Thy Eyes I know were open'd long before,
 But still the Jilt betray'd thee to the Whore;
 Debas'd thy Noble Spirits to her Rule,
 And turn'd thy once fair Fame to Ridicule;
 Debauch'd thy Sense with Conversation base,
 Whores, Eating-Pimps, Play'rs, a numerous Race,
 While thou the treating Cully art despis'd,
 And Cuckold by the Slaves thou Gormandiz'd.
 Return, thou Prodigal, from Husks and Swine,
 The Ruin of the first, was cause of thine:
 They say thou'rt brave, give us this Proof of it,
 And we'll believe thou can'st be braver yet:
 Thou'st yet a Nobler Race of Life to run,
 Leave *Her* — d to her now to be undone:
 But her kind Keeper gone, his Flame will fade;
 Love cools when 'tis an Obligation made.

V.

Here an old batter'd *Tangieren* he beheld,
 More mawl'd by Love than e're he was in Field;
 Yet wondrous Amorous still, and wondrous gay,
 Old *January* dizen'd up in *May*;
 His Zeals as Trophies of his Victory Graces,
 But all adorn'd with many Looking-glasses,
 In which he practises *Bon Mien* and Faces;
 How well to manage *Ogling*, and what Air
 He shou'd maintain, when cock, when frisk his Hair;
 What

} Coll.
 } *Sac---l.*

What Affectation best wou'd Youth express,
 And least the Ruins of his Age confess;
 Half-choak'd with monstrous Crevar-string, Disputes
 What Colour best to his Complexion suits;
 And all in Middle Gallery to pore,
 And claim which is his Joy, some low-priz'd Whore.
 Vain self-admiring Fop, though every day
 Thou dost thy antiquated Form survey!
 But to be well deceiv'd, cease playing the Ass
 Six hours each Morn before a Looking-glass,
 And trust the wiser Valet with thy Dress;
 For whilst thou dost not that ag'd Face behold,
 Thy Dress may flatter thee thou art not old.

VI.

Cheer, that Scoundrel, he whom Nature made
 An arrant Fool, although a Rogue by Trade,
 Which he industriously improv'd so well,
 He does in nicest Villany excel,
 And from the Trumpet rais'd the Colonel;
 Yet lives a double Scandal in his Race,
 His Morals are as odious as his Face:
 Though Knave and Coward in his Front be writ,
 He has one Virtue recommends him yet;
 A Passive Valour that can kicking bear,
 A Caution that secur'd him in his Fear
 Behind the Canon in the *Western* War.
 And farther to this Honour has pretence,
 Can cheat his Men with matchless Impudence:
 But that's the gen'ral Cry, while no bold Tongue
 Is found to tell *Augustus* of their wrong.

VII.

Next a *Gravesious Allonier*, who fate
 Like *Bacchus* on his Tun in Drunken State,
 With all his mellow Gang encompass'd round,
 In high Debauch of Wine and Bawdry drown'd.

VIII.

That Monster *G*——*dy* of prodigious size,
 A Body fitted to his beastly Vice;
 A Face to all more formidable far
 Than *Gorgon's* Head, or to that Coward *War*;
 In Youth mean Cheats and Rooking was his Trade,
 Now (starving) got Command—for Drink—not
 Bread.

IX.

V—— our new *Troy's* *Hector*, and its hope,
 Preferr'd from Tail of Coach to Head of Troop;
 'Twas no true Valour got him first a Name,
 But some Welsh Fury did his Blood inflame,
 And sure he never fought when he was ta'en.
 No Brutal Coward Tyrant *Algerine*
 E're healed Slaves so ill as his have been;
 As if to him Authority were new,
 It is but damn the Rascal, and a Blow.
 For they so oft false Musters we observe,
 Rather than follow him the Rogues will starve;
 And wou'd, if e're indeed there came a War,
 Be justly shot like wry-neck'd *Chevalier*,
 By some of his own Soldiers in the Reer.
 But *V*——*n's* not alone, more of his stamp,
 That better merit *Tyburn*, rule the Camp.

X.

Among this Crew *M*——*ll* that Fornicator,
 Incamp'd with Grandam *Doxy* and her Daughter;
 The good old Soul he loves because she's handy,
 Can Joque and Smoak, and hold him tack with Brandy;
 Full three score Years in wise Experience bred,
 Preferr'd from drawing Ale to *M*——*ll's* Bed;
 She's old enough to Witch, and by her Art
 Has struck some crooked Pin quite through his Heart.
 Or has some damn'd Infirmary unseen,
 That makes him dote on such a rivell'd Queen.

XI.

Among this Drunken Club was Beau Sir Tom,
 Dub'd for his Brother's Merits, not his own;
 From drudging City-Prig advanc'd to be
 Right Worshipful, in Place of High Degree,
 But knew not how to manage Quality;
 And thought the nearest way was to be lewd,
 While all Degrees the Debauchee pursu'd;
 But like true Cit did always over-do,
 As well in Lewdness as in Fashions too;
 Drinking's his leading Vice, his darling Sin,
 That pumps his duller Inclination in;
 Then loud as Storms, encourag'd for all Evil,
 Swears and invokes by Healths his Guardian Devil.

By chance the Poet *Elkanah* was there
 To make 'em sport, for 'twas not yet the Fair;
 With many more too scandalous to name,
 Whose Talents are to Swear, Whore, Drink, and Game;
 At a large Table they were seated round,
 With Bottles, Snush, foul Pipes, and Glasses crown'd,
 Boxes and Dice——but whether false or true,
 I leave it to the Fools that Night shall rue;
 For there was Country Squire and City Cully,
 That came to see the Show, look'd to by Bully,
 Where bubbld of their Coyn, they healed are
A la Campagne,—that is, with Chear entire:
Damme, cries *Grab*, each Prig his Buttock bring,
 And let us forthwith fall to managing;
 When I am boozing, clear old Dudgeon's Drolish,
 Then let my Natural be a Jump, a Polish,
 I sink her down——Then makes some nasty Jest,
 And Crowns it with a Bumper to the Best;
 (And calls for Link-boy, swears his Pego's nice,
 And therefore cannot deal in common Vice.)
 Then to the height of Lewdness they retire,
 And *Venus* must extinguish *Bacchus* fire.

Thus

Thus 'tis when Men forsake an honest Trade,
 How much a better Pedant thou hadst made;
 Or (bilking sharp) hadst bulli'd up and down,
 And scar'd the Trembling Mortals of the Town?
 This was thy Talent, this thy proper Sphere;
 Yet still this Part of thee remains while here,
 That thou canst Cheat, Oppress, and Domineer.
 Though thus much by thy Foes must be confess'd,
 Of all thy roaring Tribe thou art the best.

The rest such Cowards Sots, such hard'ned Rogues,
 Blasphemers, Villains, Rake-hells, Swines, and Dogs,
 Have newer Sins than were to Sodom known,
 And if just Heav'n shou'd send his Vengeance down,
 There's not one Lot to save a sinking Town.

But numberless and endless 'twere to tell
 All the rank Vice that fills this Local Hell.
 All which the Phantom does in haste survey,
 He scents the Morning-Air, and must away,
 And on the Eastern Hill he views the breaking Day.
 Yet e're he goes with a Remorse extreme,
 Looks back and Sighs o're this *Jerusalem*;
 Nor cou'd depart till like the Prophet too,
 In whispering Our pronounc'd thrice — Wo, wo, wo;
 And then methought I heard a Hollow Sound,
 Like Ecchoes that from Caves and Rocks rebound;
 And thus it spake — *Full five and twenty Years*
I Reign'd, without the Noise or Toil of Wars,
Bore all th' Indignities of Faction's Power,
And saw my Life in danger every hour;
Yet rather had resign'd it up in Peace,
Than ow'd my Safety to such Brutes as these;
At best a Scare-crow Rebels to affright,
Put them to Action, and scarce one will fight.

Ab, great Augustus! thou deserv'st an Host
Of Heroes, such as Ancient Rome produc'd;

When

When each Commander should like Scipio be;
Or rather like the yet more Godlike thee,
Brave, Temperate, Prudent to the last degree.
The common Rant all Sceva's in the Field,
Who bore a thousand Arrows in his Shield.
At least they shou'd have Souls to be inspir'd,
And by thy great Example to be fir'd;
Thy Constancy and Valour imitate,
And raise at once thy Glory and the State.
This said, and parting with a pitying Look,
Tow'rd his Eternal Hope, his way he took,
And blest his Fate he cou'd again return
To the blest Confines of his peaceful Urn.

The Fourth Satyr of Boileau to W. K.
1687.

Believe me, *Will*, that those who have least Sense,
Think they to Wisdom have the sole Pretence;
And that those Wretches who in *Bethlem* are,
Deserve it less than those who put them there.

The haughty Pedant, swoln with Frothy Name
Of Learned Man, big with his Classick Fame;
A thousand Books read o're and o're again,
Does word for word most perfectly retain,
Heap'd in the Lumber-Office of his Brain;
Yet this cramm'd Skull, this undigested Mass,
Does very often prove an arrant Ass;
Believes all Knowledge is to Books confin'd,
That reading only can inform the Mind;
That Sense must Err, and Reason ramble wide,
If Sacred *Aristotle* ben't their Guide.

While,

While, on the other hand, a Flutt'ring thing,
 With a full Roll, and three pil'd Crevat string,
 Whose Life's a *Visit*, who alone takes care
 To say fine things, write Songs, and count the Fair;
 Laughs at the musty Precepts of the School,
 Calls the Learn'd Writer an Authentick Fool;
 Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit
 A well-bred Person, or a Man of *Wit*;
 Names proper only to the Sparks o' th' Town,
 And damns his Scholar to his Colledge Gown.

The fierce Bigot, who vainly does believe
 His bantring Zeal can Heaven it self deceive;
 With Saint-like Looks the bleer-ey'd Crowd does
 And the Jilt Villain damns all Human kind. (blind,

While the wild Libertine, that Beast of Prey,
 Who bears down all that stops him in his way,
 Ranges o're all, and takes his savage fill
 In the wild Forest of a boundless Will:
 Swears that Heav'n, *Jove's*, and Hell's Eternal Pain,
 Are the sick Dreams of a Distemper'd Brain,
 Tales fit for Children, a meer holy Jest,
 To starve the People, and to glut the Priest.

The sharpest Satyrift with Poetick Rage
 Strives to reform the Vices of the Age;
 Laughs at the *Fool*, and at the *Villain* rails;
 Yet *Folly* reigns, and *Villany* prevails;
 While the crack'd Skull shows all that has been said,
 Leaves Marks on nothing but the Poet's Head:
 For partial Man, try'd by himself alone,
 Protesting every Sentence but his own;
 Severe to all Men, to himself too kind,
 Sees others Faults, but to his own is blind.

The fordid Miser, a meer lump of Clay,
 Form'd into Man e're from its gross Allay
 It was refin'd by the Soul's Heavenly Ray;

Whose

Whose Thirst of Wealth encreases with his Store,
And to spend less, does covet to have more ;
Who *Midas*-like, to feed his Avarice,
Starves in the enjoyment of a golden wish ;
Thinks himself wise, boasts of being provident,
And downright Scraping calls good Management.

The Love of Wealth is madness, and I hate
The very trouble of a great Estate :

'Tis perfect Dirt, cries the vain Prodigal,
Mad till 'tis gone, and when he has spent all,
The beggar'd Fool calls himself Liberal.

Now weigh them both, and tell me, if you can,
Which of the two seems the most prudent Man :
The Gamester swears both shou'd in *Bethlem* be,
That Fortune-monger, maddest of the three,
Whose Life, whose Soul, whose very Heav'n is Play,
At which the Bubble throws them all away ;
Who every moment waits his Destiny
From the uncertain running of a Die ;
And, if he chance to lose, then how he stares !
Then how the Fury, with his bristled Hairs,
Curfes his Fate, Earth, Hell, and Heaven defies,
And with Oaths heap'd on Oaths, he storms the Skies.

I could name thousands more, but to draw all
The Shapes of this false Reasoning Animal,
Wou'd be as hard, as to count all that die
Each Spring and Fall by *Low'r* and *Mercury* :
Or say, how oft th' impatient Heir, to have
The Old Man's Wealth, has wish'd him in his Grave :
A Drudgery so great my Pen declines,
Content to sum up all in these four Lines.

Greece boasts seven Sages, but the Story lies,
For the whole World ne'r saw one truly Wise :
All Men are Mad ; and the sole Difference
Lies in the More or the Less want of Sense.

A Con-

A Congratulatory Poem on his Highness the Prince of Orange his coming into England. Written by Mr. Thomas Shadwell.

OUR Glorious Realm, o're all the Earth Renown'd;
 Once with the Noblest Government was Crown'd;
 By which all Foreign Tyrannies were aw'd,
 Easie we were at home, and Terrible abroad.
 All our wise Laws of Empire were design'd
 Not for the Lust of one, but good of all Mankind;
 The great Prerogative was understood
 A vast unbounded pow'r of doing good:
 From doing ill, by Laws it was confin'd;
 If Sanctions, Pacts, or Oaths, could Princes bind,
 By Ancient Usages and Laws they sway'd,
 Which both were by the choice of Subjects made.
 Old Customs grew to Laws by long Consent,
 And to each Written Law of Parliament,
 Freedom in Boroughs, and in Land Freehold,
 Gave all, who had them, Voices, uncontroll'd:
 But few new Rights were by new Laws obtain'd,
 Only some ravish'd Liberties regain'd.
 Who had no Voices, yet alike were bound
 By the Protection, which from Laws they found;
 For every one in those had equal right,
 And no great Man could injure, or affright.
 Where Subjects in the Laws can claim no share,
 Twixt them and Cattle no distinctions are.
 This was the Constitution of our State,
 And true Religion flourish'd in its height:
 From lying Legends, false Traditions, free,
 From Monkish Ignorance, Schoolmens Frippery,
 From Idols, and from Papal Tyranny.

2
 Their

Their *building* made of *Stubble*, and of *Hay*,
 Was by our *Wise Reformers* swept away;
 Thus we enjoy'd a happy Union,
 Under the great *Eliza*, perfect grown,
 Hers and the Peoples Int'rests, were thought one.
 She, and the Realm, with mutual kindness strove,
 Great its Obedience, and as great her Love;
 Long might such happiness have been enjoy'd,
 Had it not been b' Ambitious Priests destroy'd.
 Those haughty Priests cou'd not contented be
 With what remain'd from Popish Dignity,
 But would their Hierarchy have greater made,
 With cast-off Rights the Laity they invade,
 And call in *Jus Divinum* to their aid.
 With that invisible Commission arm'd
 Our Kings, with Sov'raign, and Inherent charm'd,
 With Sacred Person, Power without a Bound,
 Prerogative unlimited, no ground
 Whereof is in our Constitution found.
 Thus they, by Ecclesiastick Flattery,
 Turn'd Kings to Tyrants, and to Slaves the free;
 These Furious Fools yet Wise Divines contemn'd,
 And their rash Doctrines, privately condemn'd;
 None dare in publick say they were unsound,
 But Fines, and Pillories, and Brands, were found.
 For now Commission'd from above the Sky,
 Kings soon were deem'd for Laws and Oaths too high;
 Hotly 'twas taught, they were not bound by Oaths,
 Because no Pow'r above them to impose.
 'Twas now no Kingly Office, nor a Trust,
 No Laws to Rule by but their Sov'raign Lust;
 And all the Land for their Estate they own'd,
 The Subjects were their Stock upon the Ground.
 At length, to rivet on the Chains we wore,
 Leud Knaves in Quoifs yield the Dispensing Power,
 Which never Tyrant here had claim'd before.

The

The Scandals of the Bar must now be found
 To give the Government this mortal wound ;
 Which at one blow took all its strength away,
 And down in pieces dash'd, the Noble Structure lay.
 Ruin and Rubbish cover'd all the Ground,
 And no Remains were of the Building found.
 Monsters of *Roman* and *Hybernian* Race,
 With Phangs and Claws infect the wasted place :
 With one of *British* kind, who swallow'd more
 Than any other Bloody Beast of Pow'r ;
 Fiercely he goggl'd, his Jaws open'd wide,
 Louder he roar'd than all the Beasts beside.
 Some like *Jaccals*, before him prey'd for Blood,
 And to his Rav'nous Maw brought all they cou'd :
 Against the Rapine of these Beasts of Prey,
 First *London's* Noble Prelate stood at Bay ;
 One fit t' atone for all the Clergy's Blots,
 For three vile *English* Bishops, and twelve Scots.
 Then Valiant *Fairfax* and brave *Hough* made head,
 But by these Monsters were discomfited ;
 And now the trembling Church began to reel,
 And the effects of Non-resistance feel ;
 Where *Jus Divinum* was not on their side ;
 They strove to stop the fierce impetuous Tyde ;
 Seven Suffering Heroes gave it such a shock,
 It seem'd to dash its Surges on a Rock ;
 But Showr's of Locusts came with thickest Fogs,
 From *Tyber's* Marshes, and from *Shanon's* Bogs ;
 Vast clouds of Vermin hasten to their aid,
 And intercepting light, thick darkness made ;
 All clouded was our Sullen Hemisphere,
 But Lo ! the Glorious *Orange* does appear !
 And by his Universal Influence,
 Does to our Drooping Land new Life dispence ;
 His heat ferments that Lump was dead before,
 Which now in every part exerts its Pow'r ;

To

To purge its self, that it may clean become,
 The Fermentation soon throws off the Scum.
 And ev'ry part does tow'rds Perfection move,
 Tow'rds Strength and Soundness, Harmony and Love.
 When Earth oppress'd, with darkness over-spread,
 From filthy Boggy Exhalations bred;
 The Sun with noiseless Marches of his light,
 Discusses Vapours, and dispels the Night:
 With equal silence in his glorious Race,
 Our noysome Fogs does the Brave *Orange* chase;
 Does all the Pow'rs of Darkness put to flight,
 And the Infernal Ministers of Night;
 The Guilty Spirits shun th' approach of light.
 When undistinguish'd in the mighty Mass,
 And in Stagnation Universal Matter was;
 Huddled in heaps the diff'ring Atoms lay
 Quiet, and had no Laws of Motion to obey:
 Th' Eternal Mover threw the Ferment in,
 The solid Atoms did their Course begin;
 The quickning Mass moves now in ev'ry part,
 And does its Plastick Faculties exert.
 The jarring Atoms move into a peace,
 And all Confusion and Disorders cease:
 The ugly undigested Lump became
 The perfect, glorious, and well-order'd Frame.
 Let there be Light, th' Almighty *fiat* run;
 No sooner 'twas pronounc'd, but it was done:
 Inspir'd by Heav'n, thus the great *Orange* said,
 Let there be Liberty, and was obey'd.
 Vast Wonders Heav'n's great Minister has wrought,
 From our dark *Chaos*, beaut'ous Order brought:
 H'invaded us with Force to make us free,
 And in another's Realm could meet no Enemy.
 Hail Great Assertor of the Greatest Cause,
 Man's Liberty, and the Almighty's Laws:

N

Heav'n

Heav'n greater Wonders has for Thee design'd,
Thou Glorious Deliv'rer of Mankind!

*A Congratulatory Poem to the most Illustrious
Queen Mary, upon her Arrival in Eng-
land. By Thomas Shadwell.*

M A D A M,

I Mmur'd with Rocks of Ice no Wretches left
Hopeless of Life, of Heat and Light bereft,
Under the Influence of the rugged *Bear*,
Where but one Day and Night is all the Year,
With ne'er so much transporting *Joy* could meet
The dawning Day, as your Approach we greet:
Your *Beams* reviv'd us from the *Belgian* Shore:
Which now our long-lov'd *Princess* does restore.
What could make us so rich, or them so poor?
The *World* nought equal to our *Joy* can find,
But the despairing *Grief* you left behind.
We from the *Mighty States* have now gain'd more
Than by our *Aid* they ever got before.
When the Great *Vere's* and *Sidney's* won such Fame,
That each of them *immortaliz'd* his Name.
Not *Alva's* Rage would have *distress'd* them so
As, M A D A M, we have done, recalling You.
Our ador'd *Princess* to *Batavians* lent,
Is home to us with mighty Int'rest sent:
For we, with her, have won the Great *Nassau*,
Whose Sword shall keep the *Papal World* in awe.
She comes, she comes, the *Fair*, the *Good*, the *Wise*,
With loudest *Acclamations* rend the Skies;
Rock all the *Steeple*s, kindle ev'ry *Street*,
Thunder ye *Cannons* from each *Fort* and *Fleet*.

To

To all the neighb'ring *Lands* sound out your *Joy*s,
 And let *France* shake at the *Triumphant Noise*.
Bless'd be the rising *Waves*, the murmi'ring *Gales*,
 Sustain'd the *Mighty Cargo*, swell'd the *Sayls*.
Bless'd be the *Vessel*, as that was which bore
 The *Sacred Remnant*, when there was no *Shore*.
 Not the returning *Dove* they welcom'd so
 As we our *MARY*, who brings *Olive* too;
 That only promis'd safety to their *Lives*,
 This our lost *Peace* and *Liberty* revives.
Bless'd, bless'd be his *Invasion*, which made way
 For this most happy and *Illustrious Day*.
 So brave an *Action*, so *Renown'd a Name*,
 Was ne'er yet written in the *Book of Fame*.
 Let *Parasites* call *Princes Wise*, and *Brave*,
 Who bear *inglorious Arms*, but to *enslave*. (bind:
 Our *Prince* will break those *Chains* wherewith they
 'Tis his true *Glory* to enlarge *Mankind*.
 In any *Land* You would *Dominion* gain;
 And *MADAM*, in each *Commonwealth* would *Reign*.
 Where'er your *God-like PRINCE* from us should go
 They would, like us submit without a *Blow*.
 In his short *Sway* more *Wisdom* He has shown,
 Than here before in *Ages* has been known.
 The Name of *KING* adds nothing to his *Fame*;
 But his great *Virtues* dignify that *Name*.
 What *Land* can boast of such a *matchless Pair*,
 Like Him so *wise*, so *brave*; like You so *wise*, so *fair*?
 Where'er so many *sacred Virtues* join,
 They to a *Scepter* shew a *Right Divine*.
 Who are approv'd so *Valiant, Wise* and *Just*,
 Have the best *Titles* to the *biggest Trust*,
 Though from the *Loins* of *greatest Kings* deriv'd,
 That *Title's* not so strong, nor so long-liv'd;
 For *Princes* more of *solid Glory* gain,
 Who are *thought fit*, than who are *born to Reign*.

The OBSERVATOR,

*Or the History of Hodge, as reported by some;
From his siding with Noll, and scribbling for Rome.*

STand forth thou grand Impostor of our time,
The Nation's Scandal, Punishment and Crime;
Unjust Usurper of ill-gotten Praise,
Unmatch'd by all but thy lewd *Brother Bays*;
How well have you your sev'ral Gallants chose,
Damnably to plague the World in Verse and Prose.
Like two *Twin Comets*: when you do appear,
We justly may suspect some danger near.
He lately did under Correction pass,
Honour'd by that great Hand that gave the Lash,
A doom too glorious for that cursed Head,
And unproportion'd to the Life he lead;
But you are to a viler Fate design'd,
To suffer by a vulgar hand like mine;
We'll tear your Vizard, and unmask your Shame,
And at each Corner Gibbet up your Name.
Expose you to the Scorn of all you meet,
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street.

Under Usurping *Noll* you first began
To rear your Head, and shew your self a Man;
Unpitying saw the Royal Party fall,
And Danc'd and Fiddl'd to the Funeral;
Disclaim'd their Int'rest, and renounc'd their Side,
And with the Independent straight comply'd;
Officious in their Service, wrote for Hire;
A brisk Crowdero in the Faction's Quire:
Your nimble Pen on all their Errands run;
The Horoscope still opens to the Sun.

There

There 'twas in those unhappy Days,
You laid foundation for designed Praise;
By disrespect ignobly purchas'd shame,
And damn'd your Soul to scandalize your Name.
When *Charles* at length by Providence came in,
You fac'd about, and quickly chang'd the Scene;
Turn'd to new Notes your mercenary Strings,
Began to play Divinity of Kings:
Your former Master straitway is forgot,
Stil'd Villain, Rogue, Thief, Murderer, what not?
Such recompence he doth deserve to have,
Who for his Int'rest durst employ a Knave.
Now 'twas a time you thought to take your ease,
After such great Exploits perform'd as these:
Applauding to your self your own Deserts,
You strait set up for a vain Ass of Parts;
Resolving that the Ladies too should know,
What other Tricks and Gambals you could do.
Was there a skipping Whore about the Town,
Or private Baudy-house to you unknown?
Here for a Stallion, there for a Pimp you went;
To do both Drudgeries alike content.
But ill success you had with Madam C — — k,
Whom in the Act her Husband took:
Strong *Bastinado* o're your shoulders laid,
Made you awhile surcease that lecherous trade,
Till growing old in customary Sin,
You with a Chaster Lady did begin,
Whom when you found she all Assaults refus'd,
And would not yield her self to be abus'd;
Down on your Knees you presently was laid,
And thus (O Righteous Heaven) devoutly pray'd;
Since you disdain the kind Request to grant,
Dear Madam, let me lay my hand upon't.

This is the Man whose whole Discourse and Tone,
 Is Honour, Justice, Truth, Religion;
 Was such a Godly Rascal ever known?
 But now reform'd by indigence of Gold.
 Your former wanton course grew slack and cold,
 For 'twas at first indeed too hot to hold.
 Now new expedients must employ your Brain,
 And other Methods for advance of Gain;
 Something contriv'd in private, touch'd the State,
 Which made you timely think of a retreat;
 Beyond Sea then the wretched Caitiff flies,
 A guilty Conscience has Quick-sighted Eyes.
 When you return'd you fell to work amain,
 And took up your old Scribbling Trade again;
 Some sorry Scandal on Fanaticks thrown,
 And viler Canting upon Forty one,
 You thought sufficient to oblige the Crown;
 Then who but you, the World was all your own.
 Now for the Church of *England* you declare,
 A witty Zealous Protestant appear;
 Your secret Spies and Emissaries use,
 To pay for false Intelligence and News:
 When nam'd in two Diurnals you dispencc
 Equally void of Reason, Truth, and Sense.
 Guineas now from every Quarter came
 To pay respect to your encreasing Fame,
 While you at *Sam's* like a grave Doctor sate,
 Teaching the Minor Clergy how to prate;
 Who lickt your Spittle up and then came down,
 And shed the nasty Drivel o're the Town.
 Ay these were blessed Times and happy Days,
 When all the World conspired to your praise:
 He who refus'd and would no Token send,
 Must be traduc'd as the Dissenters Friend:
 And that your Greatness no regard might lack,
 You got a Knighthood chopt upon your Back.

But

But something now has stopt that Rapid Stream,
 And you have nothing more to say for them:
 Your piercing Eye discovers from afar,
 The glittering Glory of some further Star.
 Which bids you pay your Adoration there.
 Inconstant Rover, whither do'st thou tend?
 When will thy tedious Villanies have end?
 Whither at last do'st thou intend to go?
 Of which Party wilt thou e're prove true,
 To *Turk* or *Pope*, to *Protestant* or *Jew*?
 Should I here all thy Villanies recount,
 To what a mighty Sum do they amount?
 Thy Solemn Proteſtations, Oaths and Lies,
 Devices, Shams, Evasions, Perjuries;
 My Paper to a Volume would exceed,
 Of greater bulk than *Hollingshead* and *Speed*.
 For thou art now so scandalously known,
 And so remarkable in Vice alone,
 That every one can find a Stone to throw
 At such a snarling pimping Cur as thou.
 But Wretch! if still thou art not past all Grace,
 And wholesome Counsel can with thee find place;
 If thou at last sincerely would'st atone,
 And expiate thy former Mischiefs done,
 Like dying *Judas* render back thy pelf,
 Recant thy Books, and then go hang thy self.

*The Miracle; How the Duchess of Modena
(being in Heaven) prayed the B. Virgin
that the Queen might have a Son, and how
our Lady sent the Angel Gabriel with her
Smock; upon which the Queen was with
Child.*

*To the Tune of O Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd
at Nurse. In Bartholomew-Fair.*

I.

(joyce,

YOU Catholick Statesmen and Church-men re-
And praise Heaven's Goodness with Heart and
(with Voice;

None greater on Earth, or in Heaven than she,
Some say she's as good as the best of the Three.

Her Miracles bold,

Were Famous of Old,

But a braver than this is was never yet told;

'Tis pity that every good Catholick living,

Had not heard on't before the last day of Thanksgiving.

I I.

In *Lombardy-Land*, great *Modena's* Duchess
Was snatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel Clutches;
When to Heaven she came (for thither she went)
Each Angel receiv'd her with Joy and Content.

On her Knees she fell down,

Before the bright Throne,

And begg'd that God's Mother would grant her one
Boon;

Give *England* a Son (at this Critical Point)

To put little *Orange's* Nose out of Joynt.

III.

III.

As soon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, she straight gave Commission;
She pluck'd off her Smock from her Shoulders Divine,
And charg'd him to hasten to *England's* fair Queen.

Go to the Royal Dame,

To give her the same,

And bid her for ever to praise my Great Name;
For I, in her favour, will work such a Wonder,
Shall keep the most Insolent Hereticks under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my best Son) his part of the matter
Must be with this only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand;
Then let him go Travel to visit the Land;

And the Spirit of Love,

Shall come from above,

Though not as before, in form of a Dove;
Yet down he shall come in some likeness or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*) and make her a Mother.

V.

The Message with hearts full of Faith were receiv'd,
And the next news we heard was *Q. M.* conceiv'd;
You great ones Converted, poor cheated Dissenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Bishops, and Commons, Consenters

You Commissioners all,

Ecclesiastical,

From *M* — the Dutiful, to *C* — the Tall;
Pray Heav'n to strengthen Her Majesties Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

Dialogue

D I A L O G U E.

M. **W**HY am I daily thus perplex'd?
Why beyond Woman's patience vex'd?

Your Spurious Issue grow and thrive,
While mine are dead e'er well alive.

If they survive a nine days wonder,
Suspicious Tongues aloud do Thunder;
And straight accuse my Chastity,
For your damn'd Insufficiency:

You meet my Love with no desire,
My Altar damps your feeble Fire:
Though I have infinite more Charms
Then all you e'er took to your Arms.

The Priest at th' Altar bows to me;
When I appear, he bends the Knee.
His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt,
His Pray'rs to Heav'n and Me are mixt;
Confusedly he tells his Beads,
Is out both when he Prays and Reads.

I travell'd farther for your Love,
Than *Sheba's* Queen; I'll fairly prove.
She from the *South*, 'tis said, did come,
And I as far from *East* did come.
But here the difference does arise,
Though equally we sought the Prize;
What that great Queen desir'd she gain'd,
But I soon found your Treasury drain'd,
Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
'Tis sad Experience tells this Truth:
Though I had Caution long before
Of that which I too late deplore.

Ʒ. Pray, Madam, let me silence break,
As I have you, now hear me speak.

These

These Stories sure must please you well,
You're apt so often them to tell.

But, if you'll smooth your Brow a while,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not, but to make't appear,
That you the great st Aggressor are.

I took you with an empty Purse,
Which was to me no trivial Curse;
No Dowry could your Parents give;
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd, your Charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me surprize
With Wonder, not with Admiration;
Astonishment, but no Temptation:
Nor did I see in all your Frame,
Ought could create an am'rous Flame,
Or raise the least Desire in me,
Save only for Variety.

I paid such Service as was due,
Worthy my self, and worthy you:
Carefs'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Estate.
When soon I found your haughty mind
Was unto Sov'raignty inclin'd;
And first you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
While I your Property was made,
And you, not I, was still obey'd:
Nor durst I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.
I took such measures as you gave,
All Day your Fool, all Night your Slave.

Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You still resolve your Course to steer:
Al that oppose you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Pow'rs above.

Now

Now several Stratagems you try,
 And I'm in all forc'd to comply :
 To Mother Church you take Recourse,
 She tells you 't must be done by force ;
 And you, impatient of delay,
 Contrive and execute the way.

When mounted to the place you sought,
 It no Contentment with it brought :
 One Tree within your Prospect stood
 Fairest and tallest of the Wood :
 Which to your prospect gave offence,
 And it must be remov'd from thence.
 In this you also are obey'd,
 While all the fault on me is laid.

Now you was quiet for a while,
 As flatt'ring Weather seems to smile,
 Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
 Had found fresh matter for your spite,
 And set to work your busy Brain,
 Which took Fire quickly from their Train.
 Some Wife, some Valiant, you remove,
 'Cause they your Maxims don't approve ;
 And in their stead such Creatures place,
 Which to th'Employments bring disgrace :
 While whatsoe're you do I own,
 And still the dirt on me is thrown.

Straight new Chimera's fill your Brain,
 The humming Beetles buz again ;
 A Goal-Delivery now must be,
 All tender Consciences set free ;
 Not out of Zeal, but pure Design
 To make Dissenters with us join,
 To pull down Test and Penal Laws,
 The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cause.
 The sly Dissenters laugh the while,
 They see where lurks the Serpent's guile ;

And

And rather than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.
The Chieftains of the Protestant Cause,
We did confine, though 'gainst the Laws :
But soon was glad to set 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.

Now all is turning upside-down,
Loud Murmurings in every Town ;
We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets against us come :
The Protestants do laugh the while,
And the Dissenters sneer and smile ;
But no assistance either sends ;
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.

Now pray conclude what must be done,
Consult your Oracle of *R O M E*,
For next fair Wind be sure they come.

}
}

*On the University of Cambridge's burning
the D. of Monmouth's Picture, 1685.
who was formerly their Chancellor.--- In
Answer to this question,*

In turba semper sequitur fortunam & odit damnatos.

By Mr. Stepney.

YES, fickle *Cambridge*, *Perkins* found this true
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
And begg'd a Copy of his Godlike Face ;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The Original in Limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.

The

The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
 To save the Image of the tall young man,
 Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
 That with strong thoughts she might improve her race;
 But all in vain, since the wise House conspire
 To damn the *Canvas Traytor* to the Fire,
 Lest it, like Bones of *Scanderbeg*, incite
 Scythemen next Harvest to renew the fight:
 Then in comes Mayor *Eagle* and does gravely alledge,
 He'll subscribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge.
 But the man of *Clareball* that proffer refuses,
 'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses:
 And orders Ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
 On the Death of Good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James*:
 And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
 On the Marriage of *Ann*, if that ben't enough.
 The Heads lest he get all the profit to himself
 (Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf)
 This motion deny, and Vote that *Tive Tillet*
 Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
 The Kindness was common, and so they'd return it,
 The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
 Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonfire together,
 As they club for a Cheese in the Parish of *Cbedder*;
 Confusedly crowd on the Sophs and the Doctors,
 The Hangman, the Townsmen, their Wives and the
 Proctors,
 While the Troops from each part of the Countries in all,
 Come to quaff his Confusion in Bumpers of stale.
 But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
 Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
 The tender Creature could not see his fate,
 With whom she had danc'd a Minuet so late.
 The Heads who never could hope for such frames,
 Out of envy condemn'd Sixscore pounds to the flames,
 Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiss,
 As-if being a Traytor had alter'd his Phiz: So

So the Rabble of *Rome*, whose favour ne're settles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Brass Kettles.

Nulla manere diu neque vivere carminant
possum, que scribuntur aque notoribus.

By Mr. *Ayliffe*. T. C. C.

HE that first said it, knew the worth of Wit,
Lov'd well his Glass, and as he drank he Writ;
Vast was his Soul, and sparkling was the Wine,
Which strangely did inspire each mighty Line.
The wat'ry Springs of *Helicon* are Theams
Fit for dull Freshmen, and dull Doctors Dreams;
Not Flood of *Cam*, or Well of *Aristotle*,
Yield half the pleasure of the charming Bottle;
Poor Scriblers then that bread and water use,
The slender diet of a *Bridewel* muse,
As easily may Water Poets make,
As Coffee Politicians does create,
The Two Grand Whigs of Poetry and State.
When Booths on *Thames* were built, and Oxen roasted,
Poets the strength of waters might have boasted;
And might have made their frozen Verse to pass,
As well as he that put out Ice for Glass:
Though our good Proctor otherwise does think,
Our Mother *Cambridge* kindly bids us drink;
She holds the Candle and the sacred Cup,
And as the one wasteth, cries, Drink t'other up.
'Twas drinking got our Ancestors Renown,
And Claret first that di'd the Scarlet Gown.
As well may *Dutchmen* without Brandy fight,
As *English* Poets without Claret write.
Not moderate Learning, nor immoderate Fees
Are of themselves sufficient for Degrees: Wine,

Wine, and the Supper, must the Act compleat;
 And he does best dispute who best does treat :
 'Tis *Carnival*, and we'll the time enjoy,
 This day, and next, while Wine and wit run high.

And the forty days

Preachers in vain may bid the Court repent,
 But Poets sure did never write in Lent.
 Now in the name of Dulness and small-Beer
 Ye *Northern* Wits of fam'd St. *Johns* appear, }
 That scarce taste Wine, or Wit throughout the Year.
 Had she who by the pow'ful Charms of Wine
 Transform'd *Ulysses* men to Gruntling Swine;
 Had she and you the Experiment try'd again,
 By contrary effects ye had Poets been.
 Next the pert Fops by Title dignifi'd,
 Wise to themselves, and Fools to all beside,
 Whom Company nor Drinking can refine,
 Blockish and dull beyond the pow'r of Wine;
 Who after the first Bottle still the same, }
 Can never higher rise than Anagram,
 Or at most quibble on their Dowdy's name.
 When Whig Religious, Trimmer Loyal turns,
 When *Cambridge* Wives, and *Barnwel* Whores turn
 Nuns,
 When Curate's Rich, and the fat Doctor's poor,
 When Scholars tick, and Townsmen cheat no more :
 When am'rous Fops leave hunting handsom Faces,
 When craving Beadle begs no more for Places;
Hopkins and *Sternold* with their paltry Rhimes,
 Shall please us now, and take with future Times :
 And Water-drinkers then shall famous grow
 Settle the Poet to my Lord-Mayor's Show }
 Shall *Dryden*, *Cowley*, and our *Duke* outgo.

To Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd. By Mr. P^{ro}~~r~~r.

WHEN Crowding Folks, with strange ill Faces,
 Were making Legs, and begging Places;
 And some with Patents, some with Merit,
 Tired out my good Lord D——'s Spirit:
 Sneaking, I stood, among the Crew,
 Desiring much to Speak with You.
 I waited, while the Clock struck Thrice,
 And Footman brought out fifty Lies;
 Till Patience vex'd, and Legs grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry:
 But did Opine it might be better,
 By Penny-post to send a Letter.
 Now, if you miss of this Epistle,
 I'm balkt again, and may go Whistle.
 My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little Place:
 And fair Pretentions I have for't,
 Much Need, and very small Desert.
 When e're I writ to you, I wanted;
 I always begg'd, you always granted.
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle
 Askt for me, from my Lord, Things fitting,
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting;
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at Six and Seven
 As S——d has left *Mum. St——n*.
 No Family that takes a ~~Whop~~,
 When first he Laps and scarce can Yelp,
 Neglects or turns him out of Gate,
 When he's grown up to Dogs Estate:

Not

Nor Parish, if they once adopt
 The spurious Barns that Strowlers dropt,
 Leave 'em when grown up lusty Fellows,
 To the wide World, that is, the Gallows :
 No thank 'em for their Love, that's Worse,
 Than if they'd Throtled them at Nurse.

My Uncle, rest his Soul, when Living,
 Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving ;
 Taught me with Cyder to replenish
 My Fatts, or ebbing Tide of Rhenish.

So when for Hock I drew Prickt White-wine,
 Swear't had the flaver, and was right Wine :
 Or sent me with Ten Pounds to *Furney*.

Vall's-Inn, to some good Rogue Attorney ;
 Where now, by forging Deeds and Cheating,
 I'd had some handsom ways of getting.

All this you made me quit to follow,
 That sneaking Whey-fast God *Apollo*.

Sent me among a Fidling Crew
 Of Folks, I'ad never seen or Knew,
Calliope, and God knows who. }
 To add no more Invectives to it,

You spoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
 In Common Justice, Sir, there's no Man

That makes the Whore but keeps the Woman.
 Among all honest Christian People
 Who e're breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd put me in some way }
 And your Petitioner shall pray —

There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
 But that may do as well in Post-script ;

My Friend *Charles Montague*'s preferr'd,
 Nor would I have it long observ'd,
 That one Mouse eats, while to'ther's starv'd. }

The

*The true and genuine Explanation,
Of one King James's Declaration.*

J. R.

WHereas by misrepresentation
(Of which Our self was the occasion)
We lost our Royal Reputation,
And much against Our Expectation,
Laid the most Tragical Foundation
Of vacant Throne, and Abdication :
After Mature Deliberation
We now Resolve to Sham the Nation
Into another Restauration ;
Promising, in Our wonted Fashion,
Without the least Equivocation,
To make an ample Reparation.
And for Our Reinauguration
We chuse to owe the Obligation
To Our kind Subjects Inclination ;
For whom we always shew'd a Passion.
And when again they take occasion
To want a King of Our perswasion,
We'll soon appear to take Our Station,
With the ensuing Declaration.
All shall be safe from Rope and Fire,
Or never more believe in J. R.

J. R.

When we Reflect what Desolation
Our Absence causes to the Nation,
We would not hold Our self exempted
From any thing to be Attempted,
Whereby Our Subjects, well Beguil'd,
May to Our Yoke be Reconcil'd.

O 1

Be

Be all Assur'd, both Whigg and Tory,
 If for past Faults you can be sorry,
 You ne're shall know what we'll do for you.
 For 'tis Our noble Resolution
 To do more for your Constitution,
 Than e're we'll put in Execution.
 Tho' some before us made a pother,
England had never such another,
 No not Our own Renown'd, Dear Brother.
 We have it set before Our Eyes,
 That our main Interest wholly lies
 In managing with such Disguise,
 As leaves no room for Jealousies.

And to Encourage Foes and Friends
 With Hearts and Hands to serve our Ends,
 We hereby Publish and Declare
 (And this we do because we Dare)
 That to Evince We are not fullen,
 We'll bury all past Faults in Woollen;
 By which you may perceive we draw
 Our wise Resolves from Statute-Law:
 And therefore by this Declaration
 We promise Pardon to the Nation,
 Excepting only whom We please,
 Whether they be on Land or Seas.

And farther Bloodshed to prevent,
 We here Declare Our self content
 To heap as large Rewards on all
 That help to bring us to *Whitehall*,
 As ever did Our Brother Dear
 At his Return on Cavalier:
 Or we, to Our immortal Glory,
 Conferr'd on non-resisting Tory.

Then be assur'd the first fair Weather
 We'll call a Parliament together,
 (Chuse right or wrong no matter whether)

Where

Where with united Inclination
 We'll bring the Interest of the Nation
 Under our own Adjudication :
 With their Concurrence we'll Redress
 What we Our self think Grievances,
 All shall be firm as Words can make it,
 And if we promise, what can shake it ?

As for the Church, we'll still Defend it,
 Or if you please, the Pope shall mend it :
 Your Chappels, Colleges, and Schools
 Shall be supply'd with your own Fools :
 But if we live another Summer,
 We'll then relieve them from St. Omer.

Next for a Liberty of Conscience,
 With which We bit the Nation long since,
 We'll settle it as firm and steady,
 Perhaps as that you have already.

We'll never violate the Test,
 Till 'tis Our Royal Interest,
 Or till we think it so at least,
 But there we must consult the Priest.

And as for the Dispensing Power
 (Of Princes Crown the sweetest Flower)
 That Parliament shall so Explain it,
 As we in Peace may still maintain it.

If other Acts shall be Presented,
 We'll Pass 'em all, and be contented.
 Let *H*——y, *W*——k, and old *C*——s
 Draw Bills enough to load three Barges,
 We'll give them thanks, and bear their Charges :
 Whether they be for Partial Tryal,
 Dull Judges Pride, or Self-Denyal,
 For Royal Mines, or Triennial.

What ever Laws reciev'd their Fashion
 Under the present Usurpation

Shall have Our Gracious Confirmation,
Provided still We see Occasion.

Our Brother's *Irish* Settling Act,
(Which we 'tis true Repeal'd in Fact)
We'll be contented to Restore,
If you'll provide for *Teagne* before;
For you your selves shall have the Glory,
To re-establish wandering Tory.

But now you have so fair a Bidder,
'Tis more than time you should consider
What Fonds are proper to supply Us
For that, and what your Hearths save by Us;
Therefore consult your Polyhymne
To find another Rhime to Chimny,
Or if I Bleed the Devil's in Me.

And lest a Project in its prime
Should be destroy'd for want of time,
We'll soon refer the whole Amount
To your Commission of Account.

Thus having tortur'd Our Invention,
To frame a Draught of Our Intention,
By the Advice of *H* ——— ton,
Wife *Ely*, *Fenwick*, and *Tom D*——
And, of all Ranks, some Fifty One,
Who have Adjusted for Our coming
All Gimcrack's fit for such a mumming,
And 'tis their business, to perswade you
We come to succour, not Invade you.

But after this we think it Nonsense
(Besides it is against our Conscience)
To trouble you with a Relation
Of Tyranny, and Violation,
Or Burthens that oppress the Nation,
Since you can make the best Construction
Of what may turn to your Destruction.

But

But since our Enemies wou'd fright you,
 Telling our Debt to *France* is mighty,
 As positively we assure you,
 As if we were before a Jury,
 That he expects no Compensation
 For helping in our Restoration,
 But what he gains in Reputation:
 And all must own that know his Story
 How far his Interest stoops to Glory:
 Whose Generosity is such,
 We doubt not he'll out-do the *Dutch*.
 We only add, that we are come
 By Trumpets sound and beat of Drum,
 For our just Titles Vindication,
 And Liberties Corroboration.
 So may we ever find Success,
 As we intend you nothing less
 Than what you owe to old *Queen Bess*.

3

3

On the Death of the Queen. By my Lord Cutts.

SHE's gone! The Beauty of our Isle is fled;
 Our Joy cut off, the Great *MARIA* dead.
 We faint beneath the Stroke: But weep no more,
 Waft not our Sorrow to a Foreign Shore;
 Lest *ALBION*'s Enemies with impious Breath
 Prophane our Sighs, and Triumph in her Death.
 Tears are too mean for her; our Grief should be
 Dumb as the Grave, and Black as Destiny.
 For such a Loss let universal Nature mourn,
 And all things to their first Disorder turn.
 Ye Fields and Gardens, where our Sovereign walk'd,
 Serenly Smil'd, and profitably Talk'd;

Be Gay no more ; but Wild and Barren lye,
That all your blooming Sweets, with Her's may dye,
Sweets that crown'd Love, and soften'd Majesty. }

Blest Princess ! How distinguish'd, how ador'd !
How much above ev'n Her own Sphere She soar'd !
Whilst other Monarchs glory in their State,
In Wealth and Power contented to be Great ;
She, with a God-like and Heroick Mind,
Pursu'd a Greatness of another Kind ;
A brighter Diadem than Earth could give ;
A glorious Name that should for ever live.
And with unwaried Virtue pressing on,
Gave Lustre to, not borrow'd from a Crown.
Nor was this Angel lodg'd in common Earth,
Her Form procaim'd Her Mind as well as Birth ;
So graceful and so lovely ; ne're was seen
A finer Woman or more awful Queen :
The Gazing Crowd admir'd Her as a God,
And reverenc'd the Ground whereon she trod.

Ye gentle Nymphs that on her Throne did wait,
And help'd to fill the Brightness of Her State ;
Mourn over your dead Mistress, speechless mourn,
Watch Her dear Ashes, and attend Her Urn.
She cherish'd and adorn'd your tender Years,
Preventing still the fearful Mothers Cares ;
Whilst all with shining Gold and Purple grac'd,
Your Beauties in the fairest Light were plac'd.

How Majesty is fall'n ! As if the Great
Were destin'd to short Days, and sudden Fate.
O Empire ! Thou deceitful treacherous Good !
How false thy Smiles, tho' hard to be withstood !
What stormy Ills thy calmer Brow conceals,
And what uncommon Stroaks a Monarch feels !
See where the glorious *Nassau* fainting lyes ;
The mighty *Atlas* falls, the Conqueror dyes.

O Sir! return, to *Albion's* Help return;
Command your Grief, and like a Hero mourn.
If you forsake us we are lost indeed;
Your Subjects now Lament, but then must Bleed.
Think what a Task Your Virtue has begun,
And be not weary e're your Race is run.
That Power that form'd You in the tender Womb,
Then laid the Scenes of all Your Toils to come,
Decreed that you should *Europe's* Saviour be,
And from fierce Monsters purge the Earth and Sea;
Monsters of Tyrants that oppress Mankind,
And set no Bounds to their ambitious Mind.

Success and Honour wait upon your Arms;
Heav'n guide your Heart, and guard you still from
Maria has the Crown of Glory won; (Harms.
And may you Late arrive where she is gone.

Tun-

Tunbridgialia : Or, the Pleasures
of Tunbridge. In a Letter to a
Friend. By Mr. Peter Causton,
Merchant.

THou best of Poets, and thou best of Friends,
 Best of that List which thy great Race commends,
 By *Tunbridge* noble Spring, much pleas'd, I lay,
 At Truce with Care passing the Summers day,
 When the Rich Present came in shining Verse;
 Ye Gods! how shall I half my Joy rehearse?
 I once was thinking to return the same
 In Lines that might express an equal Flame:
 I try'd in vain; my long-neglected Muse,
 Like Women past their Childing, did refuse,
 And cou'd not, to my mind, one Hint produce:
 For I was ne'er you know my Friend, at best,
 With a rich Vein by peevish Nature blest;
 I made my Court to the coy Nymphs in vain,
 And blest the Bards that cou'd their Loves obtain.
 Howe're, at call of Friendship's sacred Name,
 The faint Remains of my decaying Flame
 Exalt their head, ambitious now to try
 One Blaze, before they quite extinguisht dye.
 May your good Humour overlook Mistakes,
 And pardon all the Faults which Friendship makes:
 This Fountain then shall the fam'd Spring out-do,
 And *Tunbridge* for *Castalian* Waters go.
 You sain wou'd know how we employ the day,
 Which of it self makes too much haste away;

What

What Arts we use to keep our Grief and Care,
 (Those Flies which in our Cup still bold Intruders are)
 With what Receipts and Helps prepar'd we come
 To lose the thought of Families at home.
 Assist me, gentle Muse, to answer these
 In Lines that may my self and others please.
 Refresh'd with sleep, which Natures loss repairs.
 Soon as the day on the streak'd hills appears,
 Up with the Sun we mount and travel, We
 To the fam'd Spring, He to the Western Sea.
 Tobacco makes the Journey strangely slide,
 Ever the best Companion, walk or ride.
 Having now reach'd the Spring, a Country Lass
 Stands ready to present you with a Glass:
 Such Water tho' nor *Rome* nor *Greece* can show,
 Tho' here the Poets boasted Spring does flow;
 Impregnate with such Virtues it does come,
 As to add heat to the cold barren Womb.
 To an expiring House it gives an Heir,
 And wretched helpless Women here repair,
 Who joyful Mothers prove within the year.
 It cures the raging Feaver's Calenture,
 And keeps that Purple Flood from boyling o'er.
 The sad Sisyphian Task, the Stone, which still
 Rowls back again, and mocks the Artists Skill;
 It carries off with far less pains and cost,
 Than *Hannibal* with his Quack Arts cou'd boast:
 It steeps your Cares beyond the power of Wine,
 And does the Brain for thinking fit refine:
 Clouds of the Head, like those above we find,
 Dissolv'd in Water, both are at an end.
 An ugly numerous Rout of Feaverish Pains,
 Had seiz'd at once my Liver, Heart, and Veins,
 And made such quick and fierce Attacks, that I,
 Just on surrendering, thought I now must die.

I sought the Sons of Art, who try'd in vain
 To raise the Siege, and force the pressing pain.
 Whatever Vertues Herbs and Drugs can boast,
 They found, alas, on me were meerly lost.
 The proud Disease became more rampant still,
 And laugh'd at all their baffled Art and Skill.
 'Twas Here I found Ease for my mighty Grief,
 And where Art fail'd, kind Nature gave Relief;
 This Fountain prov'd to me a *Well of Life*.
 Blest Spring! what Praise and Honours can we give,
 Worthy the Favours we from Thee receive?
 Thy lasting Name (if Time's impartial hand
 But spare these Lines) in Poetry shall stand,
 And round the learned World shall largely spread,
 With the fam'd Springs of Old together read.
 In the mean time, after we've drunk a Glas
 Or two, to make the Waters better pass,
 We take a Turn i'th' Walks——
 Here in such crowds the Ladies pass, you'd swear,
 The *Cyprian* Goddess and her Nymphs were there;
 Hung round with all the Riches that the *East*
 Or *West* sends here, brisk, jaunty and well drest;
 With what a Mein and charming Air they move,
 Creating Wonder, and inspiring Love!
 Such was the beauteous *Helen's* shining Train,
 When she was courted by the *Phrygian* Swain.
 And all the while, to entertain the Ear,
 Musick and Voices mixt, their parts do bear.
 Next for the Chappel, by the Fountain rais'd,
 Where its great Author is devoutly prais'd:
 And after Prayers, a Pipe can do no harm
 In drinking, good to keep the Stomach warm.
 For this design appointed places are,
 Lest Smoaking on the Walks offend the fair.
 And now we sit, after a careless rate,
 Over a dish of Tea, and fall to chat:

Here

Here one, forsooth, plays the Philosopher
 Upon the Wells, describes the secret power
 Of *Spaws* and Mineral Waters, how they come,
 With Steel impregnate, thro' the Earth's cold Womb;
 Whence springs their force, that they so nearly can
 Make clean this foul *Augean* Stable, Man;
 How first found out, and when the Mode began.

Another turns the Talk to *Westminster*,
 And asks how Matters past last Term at Bar;
 What Judges likely are to rise or fall, (bawl.
 What Lawyers hang the best, and who the best can
 Warmly, a third takes up Religion's Cause,
 Gravely debates the *Test* and *Pœnal Laws*.

Another tells a Tale, or breaks a Jest,
 Inquires the Hour, or what comes uppermost;
 How do your Waters pass? O bravely, Sir,
 What News from *London*? how does things stand
 I hear Sir *John*— is likely to be Mayor. (there?

Are the Particulars yet come by Post,
 What Prisoners t'ane, how many Men were lost
 On the *Turks* side, and what the Victory cost?

What, are the *Pole* and *Moscovite* asleep,
 Idly to let such fair occasions slip?
 How do the *India* Actions rise? what Ships,
 On the Plate-Expedition go with *Phipps*?
 Follow'd by all the forward Youth of *Greece*, (Fleece:
 Thus *Jason* brought in triumph home the Golden
 But what before was meer Romance and Lye,
 Shall henceforth pass for current History.

This and Tobacco pass the time away;
 Others there are that rather fancy Play:
 But me from Play, my better Stars preserve,
 The fatal Box devouring as the Grave;
 Into *Charibdis* mouth as soon I'd flie,
 As venture my Estate upon a Die.

Having

Having by this time fed the Eye and Ear,
 Next for the Belly is our greatest care :
 There's nothing at our Lodgings to be got,
 Here we must cater both for Spit and Pot.
 Close by the Wells, upon a spacious Plain,
 (Where rows of Trees make a delightful Lane)
 A noble Market's daily kept, well stor'd
 With all the Countries round about afford.
 Fresh Fish a Neighbouring River does supply ;
 Soals, Oysters, and the like, are brought from Rye.
 Of Flesh and Fowl, no where more plenty's found,
 In Veal, Lamb, Pork, and Beef, we much abound ;
 And *Tunbridge* Mutton, fam'd above the rest.
 Of Fowl we have good store, and of the best ;
 As well cram'd Chickens, Pidgeons, Ducks & Geese,
 With Teal and Partridge, nicer Tasts to please ;
 The Swan and Peacock you may add to these,
 On which tho' we but small esteem do place,
 The latter did an * Emperors Table grace. (* *Vitellius*.
 In short then, not to swell the Bill of Fare,
 St. Peter's Sheet, and Noah's Ark are here ;
 Whatever kinds the *British* World does see
 Of Beasts, Fish, Fowl, that go, or swim, or flie ;
 Fruits, Spice, and *Indian* Pepper too we boast,
 That here we hardly fancy *Bantam* lost ;
 Sugar from *Mavis* and *Barbadoes* brought,
 By wondrous Art to such perfection wrought :
 Italy sends us Oyl, *Virginia* Smoak,
 A better sort *f* — rys himself ne'er took.
 And after all, to crown the Work, the *Rhine*,
 France, Florence, the *Canaries* find us Wine.
 London, that noble Mart, can't furnish more ;
 London, for choice, compar'd with us, is poor.
 Were that * Imperial Glutton now at hand, (* *Vitellius*.
 Who a years Tax wou'd at one Supper spend,

Who

Who made each Land, and every distant Sea,
 Club to maintain his raving Luxury,
 On easier terms he here supply'd might be.
 This for the Belly; and for other Ware
 Of every sort, we challenge *Sturbridge-Fair*.
 Having now drunk our Mornings Dose, and Cheer
 Provided, homewards we directly steer.
 After a Whiff of the fam'd *Indian Weed*,
 By way of Whet to Dinner we proceed;
 Tho', betwixt Friends, we seldom need a Whet,
 Or any Arts, to raise the Appetite:
 'Tis the Fresh Earth that makes the Plow-man feed,
 Water in us does the same sharpness breed.
 Now with a Friend, a Jest, and cheering Glafs
 Of blest *Bourdeaux*, how glibly Victuals pass!
 The Camp once victuall'd, then the Sport begins,
 Whether your fancy leads to Bowls or Pins.
 Here's choice of Bowling-places to be seen,
 But *Rusthall* is by much the finest Green,
 All curious Carpet-ground: You know the play,
 One with the Jack, a small Bowl, leads the way:
 By throwing of a Dice who first must go,
 And who and who's together, strait we know.
 Come, pray Sir, bowl away, this Ground's your Guide;
 That Cast is narrow, this as much too wide:
 Not home! for want of strength your Cast you spoil;
 Oh rub a thousand, now you're gone a Mile.
 Here's three; to make us up, one more we lack:
 Thank ye for that, dear Sir, you kiss the Jack.
 The finest Archer's Bow, or Fowler's Piece,
 As soon may fail, as a good Bowler miss.
 Are you for Cards? here you may find enough
 Dispos'd for Cribbage, Gleek, or Lantre-lieu,
 A Game at Cards, a perfect Fight, you'd swear,
 Maintain'd with all the Stratagems of War:

Here's

Here's Ambuscading, Routing, Rallying Men,
 And every thing but Wounds and Dying seen.
 After a long Dispute, with restless pains,
 One side before a bloodless Victory gains.
 But if my Counsel in the case might sway,
 Beware how you become a Slave to Play.
 Some sit whole Nights together at the Sport,
 For which their Families and Lands must smart :
 Not that I blame any that undertake
 It more for Pleasure, than for Lucre-sake ;
 But playing deep, and squandring so much time,
 Is that in Carding I account a Crime.
 If this don't please, we have another Game
 Call'd Chess, at which the Gentry pass their time.
 Into the checquer'd Field two Kings descend,
 On each a Queen and Bishops two attend ;
 On either side two Knights their Post maintain,
 Two Rooks and Pawns twice four compleat the Train.
 The Signal given, both the Armies joyn
 To take the Adverse King, the chief Design :
 For this both sides in furious Charges meet,
 Proud of a Death before their Sovereigns feet ;
 That is a Law peculiar to the Play,
 The King must first be took, before you win the Day.
 Are you dispos'd to read a Poet, then
 Our old Acquaintance *Horace* is the Man ;
 He'll please, which way soe'er your Humour lean ;
 Does it to Mirth and Gallantry incline ?
 His charming Odes are full of Love and Wine.
 He can be grave, not only please, but teach,
 As well as any *Grecian* Master preach.
 His Rules of Poetry the means impart
 How the best Genius may be helpt by Art.
 Here you may learn correctly how to Write,
 To a true edge your Style and Judgment set,

His

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His Satyr, form'd above the common size,
Lays Railing by, and Jeers you out of Vice.

But if your Thoughts are more devoutly set,
Then for a Page or two in a Sacred Writ.
This little Book does at one view contain
What *Grecian* Sages blindly sought in vain,
The Worlds Creation, and the Fall of Man;
And how the Tincture of his Sin could be
Deriv'd on his Unborn Posterity:
How he entail'd a double Death on Man;
Whence Physick and Divinity began:
How after several rowling Periods past,
With an Incarnate God the World was blest;
Who to poor Man, bowels of Mercy bore,
And Death disarm'd of all its Sting and Power;
Redeem'd the captive Wretch from Sin and Hell,
And plac'd him higher than whence at first he fell;
Remov'd his Seat from Earth to Heaven, with power
Of never sinning, never falling more.
With watchful Providence our gracious Lord,
From Foes of every sort, his Church does guard.
Heaven ha'nt indeed thought fit that we shou'd be
From Sin, much less from Error, wholly free,
Lest we, on disappearance of a Foe,
Throw by our Arms, careless of danger grow.
Thus vanquisht *Carthage* 'twas thought fit to spare,
To keep *Rome*'s Martial Spirits still in fear.

But if a Friend comes in, the Book's thrown by;
A Bottle better suits in Company.
Boy, reach that Flask here: Come, Sir, if you please,
Here's to the King, and both the Princesses.
Another Health to the Establish'd Church;
Hang him who does that or his Liquor lurch.
Bless me! it warms, I fell the potent Juice
Its winged fires thro' every Vein diffuse.

What Magick in the Grape, what Charms in Wine,
 That to such various Humours Men incline!
 Pander to Lust, Midwife to Mirth and Wit,
 Thou mak'st old Friends fall out, and Cowards fight:
 The Captive full of Thee, forgets his Chains;
 With Thee the Beggar flusht, in Fancy reigns.
 The *Dutch* at Sea, Death in the face will stare,
 Their Senses steep in *Nauts* and Gunpowder.
 The Sun by this a good way on his Road,
 The cool and lengthned Shades invite abroad.
 Whether we ride or walk, through Woods or Plains,
 The winged Choir divert us with their strains.
 Here Sights to Citts, unknown, the time beguile
 Viewing the various kinds of Rural Toil:
 For one's a Haying, with unwearied Pains,
 Amidst a jolly crew of Sun-burnt Swains:
 Another plies the Plough for Grain and Food;
 Some distance off a third's a felling Wood.
 The pretty painful Bee, by nature blest
 With foresight, is as busie as the best;
 Along the Fields in bands they take their flight,
 Returning home laden with Spoils at night.
 Here's one, i'th' School of Patience thro'ly try'd,
 Thoughtfully Angling by a River side;
 After six tedious hours, lose or get,
 He still keeps on, half starv'd and thorough wet.
 Fishing, he'll tell you, is its own Reward;
 Give him but Bites, Fish is his least regard.

But now a Pack of Dogs alarms our Ears,
 Musick, that Hunters say, exceeds the Spheres;
 O'er Hill and Dale, with full mouth'd Cry they run,
 To the known sound of Hollow or of Horn.
 The Deer no safety in their Coverts find,
 And *Reynolds* stands to rights before the Wind.
 As for the timorous Hare, away she flings
 Before the Dogs, 'twas fear first gave her Wings.

From

From this Diversion strait we're call'd aside
To view the soaring Hawk's delightful pride,
How thro' that Sea of Air the Bird of Prey,
With Wings, instead of Sails, divides his way :
The lesser Birds clap on more sail, and fly ;
It looks just like a running Fight at Sea.
At this mean Prize he makes his humble stoop,
Like *Algerine* at some poor Pink or Sloop.
Besides all this, to close the lovely Scene,
Each Night there's constant Dancing on the Green :
Persons of highest Rank stuck round the Ring,
Lustre and Grace to the Diversion bring :
While Lads and Lassës forth in pairs advance,
Musick keeps time to the well-measured Dance.
Not finer Virgins flockt to those feign'd Games,
When *Rome's* bold Youth so roughly woo'd the *Sabian*
(Dames.

Tir'd but not cloy'd, with this and such-like Sport,
Home to our Rest and Lodgings we resort ;
And here we lie free from the dismal noise
Of Coaches, Midnight-Fires and Bellman's Voice :
Here we in safe security are blest,
And naught but Conscience to disturb our Rest.
Refresh't with sleep, next Morn again we rig.
Nothing remains of Yesterdays Fatigue.
Thus, Friend, from Grief and Care, we purge our Head,
In such a constant round of Pleasures tread,
That *Mecca's* Prophet, in his Paradise,
Has hardly past his word for more than this.

But Oh, my Muse, Oh whether wilt thou lead ?
Forbear, 'tis hallow'd Ground on which we tread.
Methinks I hear the Poets of the Town
Thus schooling me with a censorious Frown :
Free of the *Hamurgh* or the *Guinea* Trade,
You ought not yet the Poets Rights invade ;

Whose jealous Company no more allows
 Of Interlopers, than the *India* House.
 The *Toleration* Tradesmen may admit
 For the high Calling of a Preacher fit ;
 But Poetry no gifted Brother knows,
 Who from a Merchant strait an Upstart Author grows,
 Go home, fond man, and mind a better Game
 Than trading thus to the wild Coasts of Fame ;
 Go, count your Cash, your Merchandize pursue,
 At once bid Poetry and Friend Adieu.

*An Essay on Writing, and the Art and Mystery of
 Printing. A Translation out of the Anthology.*

Worthy that Man to 'scape Mortality, (lie,
 And leap that Ditch where all must plunging
 Who found out Letters first, and did impart,
 With Dextrous Skill, Writing's Mysterious Art,
 In Characters, to hold Intelligence,
 And to express the Mind's most hidden Sense.
 The *Indian* Slave, I'm sure, might wonder well,
 How the dumb Papers cou'd his Theft reveal.
 The Stupid World admir'd the secret Cause
 Of the Tongue's Commerce without help of Voice ;
 That merely by a Pen it cou'd reveal,
 And all the Soul's abstrusest Notions tell :
 The Pen, like Plowshare on the Paper's Face,
 With Black and Magick Tracks its way does trace,
 Assisted only by that Useful Quill,
 Pluck'd from the Geese that sav'd the *Capitol*.

First Writing-Tables Paper's Place supply'd,
 'Till Parchment and Nilotick Reeds were try'd :
 Parchment, the Skins of Beasts, well scrap'd and drest,
 By these poor Helps of old, the Mind express :

But

But After-times a better way did go,
A lasting sort of Paper, white as Snow,
Compos'd of Rags well pounded in a Mill,
Proof against all but Fire, and the Moths Spoil.
What poor beginnings these ! The Silk-Worm there
Had nought to do, no Silken-Threads were here ;
But Rags, from Doors pick'd part, from Dung-hills
Marsh'd in a Mill, gave Rise to this fine Art ; (part,
Which in an instant gives a speedy Birth
To *Virgil's* Books, the rarest Work on Earth.

But still an Art from Heaven was to come,
(From thence it came) this Matter to consume ;
Which cou'd transcribe whole Books without a Hand ;
Behold the Press ! see how the Squadrons stand !
In all his Fights the *Roman* Parricide,
With half the skill ne'er did his Troops divide ;
Nor *Philip's* Son, who with his Force o'rerun,
And mow'd the Countries of the Rising Morn :
Not the least motion from their Post, but all
Work hard, and wait the welcome Signal's Call ;
The Letters all turn'd Mutes, in Iron bound,
Never prove Vocal, till in Ink they're drown'd :
The Lab'ring Engine their still silence breaks,
And straight they render up their Charge, and speak :
Now drunk with the *Castalian* flood, they sing,
Arma Virumq ; gods, and god-like Kings :
Six hundred Lines of *Maro's*, quick as Thought,
Beyond the nimblest Running-hand are wrought ;
Much fairer too the Characters do show ;
For Grace, fam'd *Cockquer's* Pen, its Head must bow.
Three thousand Births at once, you see, which soon
Or'e ev'ry Country scatter'd are, and thrown,
In every Tongue with which Fame speaks are known. }
These Types immortalize where e're they come,
And give Learn'd Writers a more lasting Doom.
Court Rites, *Galenic* Precepts, *Moses* Rules,

Are Printed off, the Guides of Learned Schools:
 What Wonders wou'd Antiquity have try'd,
 Had they the dawn of the Invention spy'd?
 The *Offices of Tully* were the first
 That came abroad in this new-fashion'd Dress,
 Imperial *Metz*, her self wou'd Author prove;
 And *Venice* cries, she did the Art improve;
 Not Ancient Cities more for *Homer* strove.
 Goddess! Preserver from the Teeth of Time,
 Who keeps our Names still fresh in Youthful prime;
 What man was he whom thus the Gods have grac'd,
 Worthy among the Stars to have a Place!
 Like Head of *Nile* unknown, thy bubbling rise
 Is hid, for ever hid, from Mortal Eyes.

Prologue, by the E. of R——r.

Gentle Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
 Men but despise us while we but complain:
 Such numbers are concern'd for the wrong side,
 A weak resistance still provokes their Pride;
 And cannot stem the fierceness of the Tide.
 Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Crowd
 Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
 Insult in every corner: Want of Sense,
 Confirm'd with an outlandish Impudence.
 Among the rude Disturbers of the Pit,
 Have introduc't ill Breeding, and false Wit;
 To boast their Lewdness here young Scourers meet,
 And all the vile Companions of a Street;
 Keep a perpetual bawling near that Door,
 Who beat the Bawd last Night, who bilk't the Whore:
 They snarle, but neither Fight nor pay a Farthing,
 A Play-house is become a mear Bear-garden;

Where

Where every one with Insolence enjoys,
His Liberty and Property of Noise.
Should true Sense, with revengeful Fire, come down,
Our *Sodom* wants Ten Men to save the Town:
Each Parish is infected, to be clear
We must loose more than when the Plague was here;
While every little Thing perks up so soon,
That at Fourteen it hectors up and down, (Town.
With the best Cheats and the worst Whores i'th'
Swears at a Play, who should be whipt at School,
The Foplings must in time grow up to rule,
The Fashion must prevail to be a Fool.
Some powerful Muse, inspir'd for our defence,
Arise, and save a little common Sense:
In such a Cause, let thy keen Satyr bite,
Where Indignation bids thy Genius write:
Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
And single out the Beast and hunt him down;
Hang up his mangl'd Carcass on the Stage,
To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

*On Melting down the Plate: Or, The Piss-
pot's Farewel, 1697.*

MAids need no more their Silver Piss-pots scoure,
They now must jog like Traytors to the Tower.
A quick dispatch! no sooner are they come,
But ev'ry Vessel there receives its Doom:
By Law condemn'd to take their fiery Tryal,
A sentence that admits of no denial.
Presumptuous Piss-pot! How did'st thou offend?
Compelling Females on their Hams to bend?
To Kings and Queens, we humbly bow the Knee;
But Queens themselves are forc'd to stoop to thee:

To thee they cringe, and with a straining Face,
 They cure their Grief, by opening of their Case.
 In times of need thy help they did implore,
 And oft to ease their Ailments made thee roar.
 Under their Bed thou still had'st been conceal'd,
 And ne're but on Necessity reveal'd :
 When over charg'd, and in Extremity,
 Their dearest Secrets they disclos'd to thee.
 Long hast thou been a Prisoner close confin'd,
 But Liberty is now for the design'd,
 Thou, whom so many Beauties have enjoyed,
 Now in another use shall be employ'd ;
 And with delight be handied ev'ry Day,
 And oftner occupied a better way.
 But crafty Workmen first must thee refine,
 To purge thee from thy Soder and thy Brine.
 When thou, transform'd into another shape,
 Shalt make the World rejoyce at thy Escape ;
 And from the Mint in Triumph shalt be sent,
 New Coin'd, and Mill'd, to ev'ry Hearts content.
 Welcome to all, then proud of thy new Vamp,
 Bearing the Pass-port of a royal Stamp ;
 And pass as currant, pleasant, and as free,
 As that which hath so oft pass'd into thee.

On Content.

I.

BLeft he that with a mighty Hand,
 Does bravely his own fate command ;
 Whom threatening Ills, and flattering Pleasures find,
 Safe in the Empire of a constant Mind :
 Who from the peaceful Bench descries,
 Repining Man in the World Ocean tost,

And

And with a chearful Smile defies,
The Storm in which the discontented's lost.

II.

Content thou best of Friends, for those
In our Necessities art so,
Mid'st all our Ill, a Blessing still in store,
Joy to the Rich, and Riches to the Poor.
Thou Chimick good, that can'st alone,
From Fates most poysonous Drugs, rich Cordial raise:
Thou truest Philosophick Stone,
That turn'st Lives melancholy Dross to golden Days.

III.

Content the good, the golden mean,
The safe Estate that sits between
The fordid Poor, and miserable Great,
The humble Tenant of a rural Seat.
In vain we Wealth, and Treasure heap;
He 'mid'st his thousand Kingdoms still is poor,
That for another Crown does weep;
'Tis only he is Rich, that wishes for no more.

VI.

Hence Titles, Mannors and Estate,
Content alone can make us great;
Content is Riches, Honour, all beside:
While the *French* Hero with insatiate Pride,
A single Empire does disdain;
While, still he's great, and still would greater be,
On the least spot of Earth I Reign,
A happier Man, and mightier Monarch far than he.

V.

I beg good Heaven, with just Desires,
What Need, not Luxury, requires;
Give me with sparing Goods, but moderate Wealth,
A little Honour, and enough of Health;
Life from the busie City free,
Near shady Groves, and purling Stream confin'd;

A faithful Friend, a pleasing she,
And give me all in one, give a contented Mind.

VI.

Tell me no more of glorious Things,
Of Crowns, of Palaces and Kings;
The glittering Folly, nobly I contemn,
And scorn the troubles of a Diadem.

Thus *Horace* for his *Sabine* Seat,
Did mighty *Cæsars* shining Court refuse;
And in himself, compleatly great,
Contentedly enjoy'd a Mistress, and a Muse.

Tunbridge-Wells. By the Earl of Rochester,
June 30. 1675.

A T five this Morn, when *Phæbus* rais'd his head
From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed,
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
The Rendevouze of Fools, Buffons and Praters,
Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and }
(Daughters }

My squemish Stomach, I with Wine had brib'd,
To undertake the Dose, it was prescrib'd:
But turning Head, a curst suddain Crew,
That innocent Provision overthrew, }
And without drinking, made me Purge and Spew. }
From Coach and Six, a Thing unwealdy roll'd,
Whom lumber Cart, more decently would hold:
As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
But handled, prov'd a meer Sir *Nicholas Cully*;
A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*, and yet
He dar'd to Censure, to be thought a Wit.

To

To make him more Ridiculous in spight,
 Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight:
 "How wise is Nature when she does dispence,
 "A large Estate to cover want of Sence.
 "The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no matter,
 "For He's a mighty Wit, with those that flatter;
 "But a *poor Blockhead*, is a wretched Creature.
 Tho' he alone was dismal sight enough,
 His Train contributed to set him off;
 All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff.
 No Spleen or Malice, need on them be thrown,
 Nature has done the business of Lampoon,
 And in their Looks their Characters are shown.
 Endeavouring this irksome sight to baulk,
 And a more irksome noise, their silly talk;
 I silently shrunk down to'th' lower Walk.
 But often when we would *Charibdis* shun,
 Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our fate to run;
 For here it was my cursed luck to find,
 As great a Fop, tho' of another kind:
 A tall stiff Fool, that walk'd in spanish guise,
 The Buckram Puppet never stir'd his Eyes,
 But grave as Owlet look'd, as Woodcock wise.
 He scorns the empty talk of this mad Age,
 And speaks all Proverbs, Sentences, adage;
 Can with as great solemnity buy Eggs,
 As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues;
 Master o'th' Ceremonies, yet can dispence,
 With the formality of talking sence.
 From hence unto the upper end I ran,
 Where a new Scene of Foppery began;
 A tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,
 Were company for none besides themselves:
 They got together, each his Distemper told,
 Scurvy, Stone, Strangury; and some were bold,

To

To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
 And on that wise Disease bring Infamy.
 But none there were, so modest to complain
 Of want of Learning, Honesty or Brain,
 The general Diseases of that Train.
 These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,
 Saucily pretending a Commission given :
 But should an *Indian* King, whose small Command,
 Seldom extends t'above ten miles of Land ;
 Send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassage,
 He'd find but small effect, from such a Message.
 Listening, I found the Cobb of all the Rabble,
 Was pert * *Bayes*, with Importance comfortable ;
 He being rais'd to an Arch-deaconry, * *Parker*
 By trampling on Religious Liberty ;
 Was grown so fat, and look'd so big and jolly,
 Not being disturb'd with care and melancholly,
 Tho' *Marvel* has enough expos'd his folly :
 He drank to carry of some old Remains,
 His lazy dull Distemper left in's Veins ;
 Let him drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood,
 Can give sufficient sweetness to his Blood,
 Or make his Nature or his Manners good.
 Next after these, a fulsome *Irish* Crew,
 Of silly Macks were offered to my view ;
 The Things did talk, but hearing what they said,
 I hid my self, the kindness to evade.
 Nature has plac'd these Wretches below scorn,
 They can't be call'd so vile, as they were born.
 Amidst the crow'd, next I my self convey'd,
 For now there comes (*White-Wash*, and *Paint* be-
 (ing laid,
 Mother and Daughter, Mistress and the Maid,
 And Squire with Wig and Pantaloons display'd :
 But ne're could Conventicle Play, or Fair,
 For a true Medly, with this Herd compare.

Here

Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and Countesses,
 Chandlers, Mum, Bacon, Women and Sempstresses,
 Were mix'd together, nor did they agree,
 More in their Humours, than their Quality.
 Here waiting for Gallant, young Damsel stood,
 Leaning on Cane, and Muffled up in Hood:
 The would be wit—— whose business 'twas to woo,
 With Hat remov'd, and solemn scrape of Shooe;
 Bowing advanced, then he gently shrugs,
 And ruffled Foretop; he in order tugs;
 And thus accosts her, "Madam methinks the Weather,
 "Is grown much more serene since you came hither;
 "You influence the Heavens; and should the Sun,
 "Withdraw himself to see his Rays out-done;
 "Your Luminaries would supply the Morn,
 "And make a Day, before the Day be born.
 With Mouth screw'd up, and awkward winking Eyes,
 And breast thrust forward; Lord, Sir, she replies:
 It is your goodness, and not my deserts,
 Which makes you shew your Learning, Wit and Parts.
 He puzzled, bites his Nails, both to display
 The Sparkling Ring, and think what's next to say:
 And thus breaks out a fresh. Madam, I gad,
 Your Luck, last Night, at Cards was mighty bad
 At Cribbage; Fifty nine, and the next shew,
 To make your Game, and yet to want those Two:
 G——d—— me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
 If in my Life, I saw the like before.
 To Pedler's Hall he drags her focn, and says
 The same dull stuff a thousand different ways;
 And then more smartly to expound the Riddle
 Of all his Prattle, gives her a Scotch Fiddle.
 Quite tir'd with this most dismal stuff; I ran
 Where were two Wives, and Girl just fit for Man,
 Short was her Breath, Looks pale, and Visage wan.

Some

Some Curtisy's past, and the old Compliment,
 Of being glad to see each other, spent;
 With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,
 And one began thus to renew the Talk.
 I pray, good Madam, if it may be thought
 'No Rudeness, what cause was't hither brought
 Your Ladiship? She soon replying, smil'd,
 We have a good Estate, but ne're a Child;
 And I'm inform'd these Wells will make a barren
 Woman, as fruitful as a Cony-Warren.
 The first return'd; for this Cause I am come,
 For I can have no Quietness at Home.
 My Husband grumbles tho' we've gotten one,
 This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son:
 And this disturb'd with Head ach, Pangs and Throws,
 Is full Sixteen and yet had never *Those*.
 She answer'd, strait, get her a Husband, Madam;
 I Married at that Age, and never had 'em;
 Was just like her, Steel Waters let alone,
 A Back of Steel will bring them better down.
 And ten to one, but they themselves will try,
 The same way to encrease their Family.
 Poor silly Fribble, who by Subtilty
 Of Midwife, truest Friend to Letchery;
 Perswaded ar't to be at Pains and Charge,
 To give thy Wife occasion to enlarge
 Thy silly Head. Some'here Walk, Coss and Kick
 With brawny Back and Legs and potent ———
 Who more substantially will cure thy Wife,
 And to her half Dead-Womb restore new Life:
 From these the Waters got their Reputation
 Of good Assistance, unto Generation.
 Some warlike Men were now got to the Throng,
 With Hair ty'd back, singing a bawdy Song:
 Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
 And 'twas my Chance to know the dreadful Crew:
They

They were Cadets, that seldom did appear,
 Damn'd to the stint of Thirty Pounds a Year.
 With Hawk on Fist, or Greyhound led in Hand,
 They Dog and Foot-boy sometimes do command;
 But now having trim'd a leash of spavin'd Horse,
 With three hard-pincht-for Guineas in their Purse }
 Two rusty Pistols, scarce about the Arse——
 Coat lin'd with Red, they here presum'd to swell;
 This goes for Captain, that for Collonel:
 Ev'n to Bear-Garden-Ape, on his Steed mounted,
 No longer is a Jackanapes accounted,
 But is by Virtue of his Trumpery, then
 Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman.
 Bless me! thought I what Thing is Man, that thus
 In all his shapes, he is ridiculous.
 Our selves with noise of Reason we do please,
 In vain, Humanity's our worst Disease.
 Thrice happy Beasts are, who, because they be
 Of Reason void, are so of Foppery.

*In Memory of Joseph Washington, Esq; late of
 the Middle Temple, an Elegy. Written by
 N. Tate, Servant to Their Majesties.*

CAN Learning's Orb, when such a Star Expires,
 No Notice take of it's extinguish'd Fires?
 Can *Washington* from *Britain's* Arms be torn,
 And not one *British* Muse his Hearse Adorn?
 Since abler Bards his Obsequies decline,
 And They whom Art inspires desert his Shrine,
 I'll trust my Grief his Fun'ral Dirge to Breath;
 I'll Crown his Tomb, tho' with a fading Wreath.
 Nor shall the boasting Fates have this to say,
 That unobserv'd they stole such Worth away;

No

No——since Mankind a Loss in him sustain,
We'll of that Wrong to all Mankind complain.

O whither tend the famish'd Hopes of Wit,
That do's whole Years in Brooding Study sit !
From Early Dawn, till Day forsakes the Sky,
And Midnight Lamps the absent Sun supply ;
Why should the Learn'd, with Chymist's Patience wait
Their Works *Projection*, never gain'd till late ?
If, soon as got, Fate's riged Law must doom
Them, and their rich Discov'ry to one Tomb !
Why should we Ancient Arts steep Ruins Climb,
And backward Trace the Painful Steps of Time ?
Why moil, and ransack, for a Golden Mite
Past Ages Rubbish till we lose our Sight ?
If baffled from the search we must Retire ;
Or, having seiz'd it, o'er the Prize Expire.

In vain do's friendly Nature too Combine,
And with our Industry her Forces join ;
In vain her Ablest Faculties are brought,
Quick Fancy, Judgment to perfection wrought,
And Memory, the Magazine of Thought ;
Convincing Reason, Charming Eloquence,
All these she did to Him we Mour'n Dispencc ;
To Him who lies in Death's cold Arms enclos'd,
And leaves his Sacred Fame———
To such an Artless Song as mine, Expos'd.

O for a *Manfolaum* ! no less Tomb,
Can for his Merit's History have Room :
Then let some Angel from the Realms of Light
Descend, the shining Epitaph to Write !
No Mortal Wit his Character may give ;
Our Verse can only on his Marble live.

His Genius rival'd *Rome's* and *Athen's* Fame,
Breath'd *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Flame ;
Touch'd the *Horatian* Lyre with equal Ease,
Sail'd with success on *Tully's* flowing Seas.

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In Languages his Knowledge was sublime,
From Modern to the Speech of Infant-Time.
Thus from the sacred Oracles he drew
Those Truths, which scarce the Patriarchs better knew:

The Sages, by Antiquity Admir'd,
(Who justly to the Name of *Wise* Aspir'd,)
In Speculation ne're cou'd soar so High,
Nor Contemplation to such Use apply ;
For He, his Life adjusting to his Thought,
Practis'd more Virtue than those Masters Taught.

His Soul of e'ry Science was the Sphere,
Yet *Aristotle's* *Honesty* sat Regent there ;
Bright Learning's Charms none better understood,
Yet less he study'd to be Learn'd, than Good.

To *Truth*, in Notion, as in Practice, just,
Ne'er servily his Knowledge took on Trust ;
Nor held for Sacred Custom's doating Dreams ;
Disdain'd to drink Tradition's muddy Streams :
But to clear Principles had still Recourse,
Nor rested, till he found the happy Source :
And then, with gen'rous Charity possess'd,
His Country with the rich Discov'ry blest.

His Skill in Laws was less for private Gain
Employ'd, than publick Freedom to maintain ;
While Mercenaries with the Current steer'd,
His Country's constant Patron he appear'd.
With *Roman* Virtue at the needful Hour,
Oppos'd encroaching Tides of Lawless Power.
His brandish'd Pen, in Liberty's Support,
Cou'd Lightning on th' astonish'd Foe retort.
Scarcely in *Marvel's* keen Remarks we find
Such Energy of Wit and Reason join'd.
Great *Milton's* shade with pleasure oft look'd down,
A Genius to applaud so like his Own.

FRIENDSHIP.

I.

When Souls unite, in generous *Friendship* joyn'd,
 By a Reciprocal Exchange of Hearts :
 The Ciment which do's the Contexture bind,
 Arises from a Sympathy in Parts.

II.

'Tis not the Work of Interest, or Force,
 But Nature all things to their Like does move :
 Love is true *Friendships*, Origine and Source ;
 Similitude the truest Cause of Love.

III.

Soon as each Object does its self display,
 At the first view such mutual Charms appear ;
 Tho' Distance, or Disasters stop the way ;
 Yet still they Wish and Covet to be near.

IV.

Their Motions and Desires are the same :
 This, no design to that unknown, does move.
 Both their Affections shine with equal Flame,
 By Nature kindled, and supply'd by Love.

V.

A Pair of Souls, in sweet Conjunction, One !
 Safe in each others Bosom they confide :
 Have neither Joy nor Grief that's singly known ;
 But both alike the common Care divide.

VI.

Friendship on such a Basis built shall grow,
 And like the *Eagle* still its youth renew.
 Time in the Building no defect can show,
 Nor Wit or Malice the strong Knot undo.

Thus

VII.

Thus sturdy Oaks from small Beginnings grow,
Which when in Earth have deeply taken root,
Play with those Winds that weaker Trees o'rethrow
Whilst up to Heaven the Lofty Branches shoot.

The W I S H

I.

AS Leaves which from the Trees blown down
Are scorch'd and shrivel'd by the Sun :
Or Lillies which the Virgins crop
Contract their Beauty die and droop.
So when I on *Dorinda* look,
I strait am with the Lightning strook ;
But if I gaze a while and stay
I melt insensibly away.

II.

But then as soft and gentle Showers,
Renew old Life in dying Flowers :
Or Dew shed on the Womb of Earth
Does give the early Blossoms birth.
So if *Dorinda* sheds a Tear
New strength and motion does appear :
But if she balmy Kisses gives,
My Soul returns again and lives.

III.

Therefore my Dear, since Life and Death,
Depend at once upon your Breath ;
Since what your Eyes of Life deprive,
Your Kisses heal and do revive ;
Kill and destroy me as you please,
For only then my Mind's at ease :
When your Eyes and Lips contrive,
To make me often Die and Live.

The Deliverance.

I.

CELIA, now my Heart has broke,
 The bands of your ungentle Yoke ;
 Dissolv'd the Fetters of that Chain,
 With which it strove so long in vain.
 The Devil take me if I e're
 Am trapp'd again within your snare.

II.

In vain you spread the treacherous Net,
 In vain your secret Toils are set ;
 The Bird can now your Arts espy,
 And wing'd with Caution from 'em fly.
 Some heedless Heart your Prey may be,
 But, Faith, you're too well known to me.

III.

I now can with Contempt despise
 The feeble Witchcraft of your Eyes ;
 Without concern can sit and hear,
 You prattle Nonsense half a Year :
 And go away as little mov'd,
 As you was lately when I Lov'd.

IV.

I wonder what the Devil 'twas,
 That made me such a stupid Ass.
 To fancy such a Charming Grace,
 In your Language, Mein and Face ;
 Since now I nothing more can find,
 Than what I see in all your kind.

V.

Thus when the drowsy God of Sleep,
 Does o're our weary Senses creep ;

Some

Some curious Piece of Imag'ry
By Fancy wrought delude the Eye.
But when we wake th' Approach of Day,
Scares the airy Form away.

Song *Ex Tempore*.

They talk of Raptures, Flames and Darts,
Of burning Feavers in their Hearts ;
Of Gods of Love, in Womens Eyes,
Which Please and Ravish, and Surprise :
How they Admire, Love, Adore,
With thousand other Wonders more.
But I cou'd ne're in Woman-kind,
Those dazling Charms and Lustre find ;
Which shou'd, in spite of Reason, prove,
Sufficient to engage my Love.
Whilst Kind, I love ; but when Untrue,
I leave 'em Faith, and grow so too.
When once they Coy and Foolish be,
They may go hang Themselves for Me,
I Love my Bottle, and my Friend,
No other Love I understand.

Of Solitude.

O ! *Solitude* my swetest Choice,
Places devoted to the Night,
Remote from tumult, and from Noise
How you may restless Thoughts delight !

O Heavens ! what content is mine,
 To see those Trees which have appear'd
 From the Nativity of Time,
 And which all Ages have review'd,
 To look to day as fresh and green
 As when their Beauties first were seen ?

II.

A chearful Wind does court them so,
 And with such amorous Breath enfold,
 That we by nothing else can know,
 But by their Height that they are Old.
 Hither the Demi-Gods did Fly
 To seek a Sanctuary ; when
 Displeased *Jove* once pierc'd the Sky,
 To pour a Deluge upon Men,
 And on these Boughs themselves did save,
 Whence they could hardly see a Wave.

III.

Sad *Philomel* upon this Thorn,
 So curiously by *Flora* drest,
 In melting Notes, her case Forlorn,
 To entertain me, hath confess'd.
 O ! how agreeable a Sight
 These hanging Mountains do appear,
 Which the Unhappy would invite
 To finish all their Sorrows here,
 When their hard Fate makes them endure
 Such Woes, as only Death can Cure.

IV.

What pretty Desolations make
 These Torrents Vagabond and Fierce,
 Who in vast heaps their Springs forsake,
 This solitary Vale to peirce ?
 Then sliding just as Serpents do
 Under the Foot of every Tree,

Them-

Themselves are chang'd to Rivers too,
Wherein some stately *Nayade*,
As in her native Bed, is grown
A Queen upon a Chrystal Throne.

V.

This Den beset with River-Plants,
O ! How it does my Senses Charm :
Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows want,
Which the sharp Steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs which come to take the Air,
May, with such Distaffs furnish'd be,
As Flags and Rushes can prepare,
Where we the nimble Frogs may see,
Who frighted to retreat do fly,
If an approaching Man they spy.

VI.

Here Water-Foul repose enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Lest Fortune should their Bliss destroy
By the malicious Fowlers Snare.
Some Ravish'd with so bright a Day,
Their Feathers finely Prune and Deck,
Others their Amorous Heats allay,
Which yet the Waters could not check :
All take their innocent Content
In this their lovely Element.

VII.

Summer's nor Winter's bold approach,
This Stream did never entertain ;
Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach
Whilst either Season did remain.
No thirsty Traveller came neer,
And rudely made his Hand his Cup,
Nor any hunted Hind hath here
Her hopeless Life resigned up,

Nor ever did the treacherous Hook,
Intrude to empty any Brook.

VIII.

What Beauty is there in the sight
Of these old ruin'd Castle Walls,
In which the utmost Rage and Spight
Of Times worst Insurrection falls?
The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton Divels make retreat,
Who in malicious Sport appear,
Our Senses both t^e afflict and cheat.
And here within a thousand Holes
Are nests of Adders and of Owls.

IX.

The Raven with his dismal cries,
That mortal Augury of Fate,
Those ghastly Goblins gratifies,
Which in these gloomy Places wait.
On a curs'd Tree the Wind does move
A Carcass which did once belong,
To one that Hang'd himself for Love
Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong,
Who though she saw his Love and Truth,
With one Look would not save the Youth.

X.

But Heaven which judgeth equally,
And its own Laws will still Maintain,
Rewarded soon her Cruelty
With a deserv'd and mighty Pain :
About this squalid heap of Bones,
Her wandring and condemning Shade,
Laments in long and piercing Groans
The Destiny her rigour made ;
And farther to Augment her Fright,
Her Crime is ever in her Sight.

XI.

There upon Antick Marble trac'd,
 Devices of Pastimes we see,
 Here Age has almost quite Defac'd,
 What Lovers Carv'd on every Tree.
 The Cellar, here, the highest Room,
 Receives when it's Rafter's fail,
 Soil'd with the Venom and the Foam,
 Of the sly Spyder and the Snail:
 And th' Ivy in the Chimney we,
 Find shaded by a Walnut Tree.

XII.

Below there does a Cave extend,
 Wherein there is so dark a Grot,
 That should the Sun himself descend,
 I think he could not see a Jot.
 Here Sleep within a heavy lid
 In quiet sadness locks up Sense,
 And every Care he does forbid,
 Whilst in the Arms of Negligence:
 Lazily on his Back he's spread,
 And sheaves of Poppey are his Bed.

XIII.

Within this cool and hallow Cave,
 Where Love it self might turn to Ice,
 Poor Eccho ceases not to Rave,
 On her *Narcissus* wild and nice:
 Hither I softly steal a Thought,
 And by the softer Musick made,
 With a sweet Lute in Charms well taught,
 Sometimes I flatter her sad shade;
 Whilst of my Chords I make such choice,
 To serve as Body to her Voice.

XIV.

When from these Ruins I retire,
 This horrid Rock I do invade,

Whose

Whose lofty brow seems to enquire
 Of what materials mists are made :
 From thence dissending leisurely,
 Under the brow of this steep Hill,
 It with great pleasure I descry,
 By waters undermin'd, until
 They to *Palamon's* Seat did Climb,
 Compos'd of Spunges and of Slime.

XV.

How highly is the Fancy pleas'd,
 To be upon the Oceans Shore,
 When she begins to be appeas'd,
 And her fierce Billows cease to Roar !
 And when the hairy Tritons are
 Riding upon the shaken Wave,
 With what strange sound they strike the Air,
 Of their Trumpets hoarse and brave,
 Whose shrill Report, does every wind
 Unto his due submission bind !

XVI.

Sometimes the Sea dispels the Sand,
 Trembling and Murmuring in the Bay,
 And rows it self upon the shells,
 Which it both bring and take away.
 Sometimes exposes on the Strand,
 Th' effects of *Neptune's* Rage and Scorn,
 Drown'd Men, dead Monsters cast on Land,
 And Ships that were in Tempests torn,
 With Diamonds and Amber-greece,
 And many more such things as these.

XVII.

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
 A floating Mirrour she might be,
 And you would fancy all that while,
 New Heavens in her Face to see :

The

The Sun himself is drawn so well,
 When there he would his Picture view,
 That our Eyes can hardly tell,
 Which is the false Sun, which the true ;
 And lest we give our Sense the Lye,
 We think he's fallen from the Sky.

XVIII.

Bernieres ! for whose beloved sake,
 My thoughts are at a noble Strife ;
 This my fantastick Landskip take,
 Which I have Copied to the Life.
 I only seek the Deserts rough,
 Where all alone I love to walk,
 And with Discourse refin'd enough,
 My Genius and the Muses talk ;
 But the Converse most truly mine,
 Is the dear Memory of thine.

XIX.

Thou mayst in this Poem find,
 So full of liberty and heat,
 What illustrious Rayes have shin'd,
 To enlighten my Conceit ;
 Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay ;
 Just as that Fury does controul,
 And as the Object I survey,
 The Notions grow up in my Soul,
 And are as unconfin'd and free,
 As the flame which Transported me.

XX.

O ! how I solitude adore,
 That Element of Noblest Wir,
 Where I have learn't *Appollo's* Lore,
 Without the pains to study it :
 For thy sake I in Love am grown,
 With what thy fancy does pursue ;

But

But when I think upon my own,
 I hate it for that reason too,
 Because it needs must hinder me
 From seeing, and from serving thee.

A Satyr against Brandy.

Farewell thou *Strygean* Juice, which does bewitch,
 From the Court-Bawd, down to the Country
 (Bitch.

Down to thy Native Hell, and mend the Fire ;
 Or if you rather choose to settle nigher,
 Descend to the dull Clime from whence you came,
 Where Wit and Courage may require the Flame ;
 Where they Carouse in their *Vesuvian* Bowls,
 To crush the Quag-mire of their Spungy Souls.
 Had *Dives* for thy Scorching Moisture cry'd,
Abraham in pity, had his suit deny'd.
 Or *Bonner* known thy force, the Martyrs Flood,
 Had sizz'd in thee, and sav'd the Nation Wood.
 Essence of Ember, Scum of melted Flint,
 With all its native Sparkles floating in't ;
 Sure the Black Chimist, with his Cloven Foot,
 All *Aëna's* Simples in his Lymbeck put :
 And doubly Still'd, nay, Quintiscenc'd thy Juice,
 To Charcoal Mortals, for his future use.
 Fire-ship to Nature, who dos't doubly wound,
 For they who grapple thee, are Burnt and Drown'd.
 So when Heav'n press'd th' Auxillaries of Hell,
 A scorching Storm on Cursed *Sodom* fell.
 And when its single Plague could not prevail,
Egypt was scall'd with kindled Rain and Hail,
 So Natures Feuds are reconcil'd in Thee,
 Thou two great Judgments in Epitomy.

Gods

Gods past, and future Judgment breath in you,
A Deluge, and a Conflagration too.

View yonder Sot, I don't mean S —

Grilled all o're with Thee from Head to Foot:

His greasy Eye-lids show'd above their pitch,

His Face with Carbuncles, and Rubies Rich:

His Scull instead of Brain, supply'd with Cynder,

His Nose turns all his handkercheifs to Tynder:

His feeble Head scarce heave the Liquor in

His Nerves, all crackle in his Parchment-skin:

His Stomach don't concoct, but bake his Food,

His Liver even vitrifies his Blood.

His Guts from Natures Drudgery are freed,

And in his Bowels *Salamanders* breed.

He breaths like a Smiths Forge, and wets the Fire,

Not, to allay the Flame, but raise it higher.

He's grown too hot to think, too dull to laugh,

And steps as tho' he walk'd with *Pinder's* Staff.

The moving glass-house lighten in his Eyes,

Singes his Cloaths, and all his Marrow fries,

Glowes for a while, and then in Ashes dyes.

But hold; least I the Saints dire Anger merit,

By stinting these Auxillary Spirits,

I hear of late, what e're the wicked think,

Thou art reform'd, and turn'd a Godly Drink:

For since the publick Faith, for Plate did wimble,

And Sanctified thy Gill, with *Hannah's* Thimble:

Thou lests thy old bad Company of Vermin,

The swearing Porters, and the drunken Carmen;

And the lew'd drivers of the Hackny Coaches,

And now take up with Sage Descreet Debauches:

Thou freely dropst upon Gold Chains, and *Furr*,

And Sots of Quality thy Minions are.

No more shalt thou foment an Ale-house brawl,

But the more Sober Riots of *Guild-Hall*.

Where

Whereby thy Spirits fallible Direction,
 The Reprobates stood Poling for Election.
 Go then, thou Emblem of their torrid Zeal,
 Add Flame to Flame, and their stiff Tempers real, }
 Till they grow ductile to the Publick Weal.
 Yet one Word more, now we are out of hearing,
 Many have dy'd with Drinking; some with Swearing.
 If these two Ills should in Conjunction meet,
 The Grass would quickly grow in every Street:
 Save thou this Nation from the double Blow,
 And keep thy fire from *Salamanca* T. D.

*A Prologue Spoken by Mr. Mounfort, after he
 came from the Army, and Acted on the Stage.*

AS reading of Romances did Inspire.
 The fierce *Don Quixot* with a Martial Fire;
 So some do think, my Acting *Alexander*,
 Gave me the whim of being a Commander.
 But then Reflecting that I had left behind me,
 An Audience rudely, that had us'd me kindly,
 My Conscience of Ingratitude accus'd me
 Bid me return, where you too well had us'd me, }
 Ask pardon, and it should not be refus'd me.
 Thus relying on your Mercy I am come,
 Leaving *Dundalk*, to Act with you at Home.
 Forgive me then, and in return I'll swear,
 Ever to be your most Obedient Player.

On

On the Infanta of Portugal.

I.

HOW Cruel was *Alonzo's* Fate,
To fix his Love so high ;
That he must perish for her Hate,
Or for her Kindness dye ?

II.

Tortur'd and Mangl'd, Cut and Maim'd,
I'th' midst of all his Pain,
He with his dying Breath proclaim'd,
'Twas better then Disdain.

III.

The Gentle Nymph, long since design'd,
For the proud Monsieurs Bed ;
Now to a Holy Goal confin'd,
Drops Tears for every Bead.

IV.

Tell me ye Gods, if when a King
Suffers for Impotence ;
If Love be such a Thing,
What can be Innocence ?

Pindarick. By the Lord R——r.

I.

LEt Antients boast no more,
Their lew'd Imperial Whore ;
Whose everlasting Lust,
Survived her Bodies latest Thrust.
And when that transitory Dust
Had no more Vigour left in store,
Was still as fresh and active as before.

2.

Her Glory must give place,
To one of Modern British Race ;

Whose

Whose every daily Act exceeds
 The others most transcendent Deeds :
 She has at length made good,
 That there is Humane Flesh and Blood,
 Even able to out-do,
 All that their loosest Wishes prompt 'em to.

3.
 When she has Jaded quite,
 Her almost Boundless Appetite ;
 Cloy'd with the choicest Banquets of Delight,
 She'll still drudge on in tasteless Vice,
 (As if she sinn'd for Exercise)
 Disabling stoopest Stallions every hour,
 And when they can perform no more,
 She'll rail at 'em, and kick them out of Door.

4.
Mon——*th* and *Can*——*b* Droop,
 As first did *Henning*——*m* and *Scrope* :
 Nay Scabby *Ned* looks Thin and Pale,
 And sturdy *Frank* himself begins to fail :
 But Wo betide him if he does,
 She'll set her *Fockey* on his Toes,
 And he shall end the Quarrel without Blows.

5.
 Now tell me all you Powers,
 Who e're could equal this Lewd Dame of ours?
Lais her self must yield,
 And Vanquish'd *Julia* quit the Field :
 Nor can that Princess, one day fain'd,
 As wonder of the Earth,
 For *Minatarnus* glorious Birth,
 With Admiration any more be Nam'd
 These Puny Heroins of History,
 Eclips'd by her shall all forgotten be
 Whilst her great Name confronts Eternity.

One

On the Return of K. Charles II.

This should have been put next after the Poems on Oliver, but was misplac'd.

JUre & Amore tui modo spes, nunc gloria regni,
 Qui regnando refers Numen, & esse probas,
 Laudibus & titulis major, majorque superbis
 Principibus, solo denique Patre minor.
 Maximè Rex, sed adhuc vir major: en accipe honores,
 Quos tu regales accipiendo facis.
 Regna patent, & corda patent; sed latius ista:
 Omnia tu, præter gaudia nostra, regis.
 Sol novus exoriens quàm claro mane refulges,
 Occasû rubuit dum prior ille suo.
 Rex uni genti, sed donum missus es orbi,
 Hinc in tam multis gentibus exul eras.
 Sors tua te Gallos divisit, & inter Iberos:
 Pluribus ut regnis te, populisque daret.
 Dum se interposuit regnum quinquenne Neronis,
 Oppositâ ornabat proximitate tuum.
 Sanguinei, tua grata magis, post sceptrâ Tyranni
 Sic infert festos litera rubra dies.
 Quæ rerum facies! viduam dum *Carolus* urbem
 Intrat, splendoris pars quota Pompa fuit!
 O quàm plena dies lachrymis sine luctibus! illum
 Sole vidente quidem, non faciente diem.
 Quis sine cæde prius tot strictos viderat enses?
 Quisve sine effuso sanguine Victor erat?
 Cùm modo utramq; manum comitanti fratre venires
Carole, visa mihi est utraque dextra manus.
 Mercurium & Martem medio Jove vidimus: Omen
 Terna solent faustum sydera juncta dare:

R

Dicitur

Dicitur Alcides bis sex subiisse labores
 Exul : totque annos *Carolus* exul agit.
 Jamque duodecimum peragit feliciter annum,
 Ultimus huic pariter sit precor iste labor.
 Exilii spatii regnum mensuret : & exul
 Quem modo lustrabat, jam regat ille globum.

R. South, A. M. ex *Aide Christi.*

Thus Translated.

God's and thy Right made thee our Hope before,
 And now conjoin'd our happy State restore.
 Thy glorious Reign two mighty Works can do,
 It proves a God, and represents him too,
 Proud Kings will to thy nobler Style submit,
 Only thy Father must above thee sit.
 Great King, but greater Man! our Wreaths allow,
 Which may imperial by acceptance grow.
 Large are the Realms, our Hearts more large, thy hand
 May those, but not our boundless Joys, command.
 What chearful Beams our rising *Phabus* crown,
 Tho yesterday's in bloody Clouds went down.
 One Nation's King, to all a Blessing sent,
 His wandering Course through various Nations spent.
 While thee their Guest, both *French* and *Spaniards* made,
 More Realms, more Tribes thy gentler Beams survey'd.
Nero our Lord five tedious years would be,
 Only that he might prove a foil to thee.
 His bloody Reign makes thine delightful all,
 As our Red Letters show a Festival.
 How smil'd the *Town* when *Charles* his Entrance made,
 More great himself than all the Cavalcade.
 Then griefless Tears within our Eyes could play,
 While *Phabus* view'd, but never made the Day.

Then

Then first drawn Swords from Murders free we view'd
 And saw a Conqueror never stain'd with Blood.
 When, *Charles*, your Royal Brothers clos'd thy side,
 Nature no more could Left and Right decide.
 So *Mars* and *Mercury* round their Father move,
 And happy their divine Conjunctions prove,
 Twelve Labours banish'd *Hercules* sustain'd,
 Twelve tedious years great *Charles* in Exile reign'd.
 The twelfth is now with lucky Omens past,
 O may it be of all thy Cares the last.
 Vast may thy Empire as thy Wandrings be,
 And the wide Globe survey'd submit it self to thee.

On the late Invention of the New Lights.

—*Velut inter Ignes*
Luna minores.—*Hor.*

IN Dogrel Rhimes we seldom use
 To stay for any God or Muse:
 But in so nice a case as this
 I think it cannot do amiss:
 For all the Link-boys round the town,
 Have sworn, I hear, to run 'em down:
 The Men of Tallow, Wieck, and Cotten,
 The Tin-men too the Cry have gotten.
 Whom, let me see shall we retain?
Phœbus, for once, shall be the Man.
 Great God of Lights! we thee invoke,
 If not by t'other side bespoken;
 The Stars above, to Men below,
 But like your Farthing-Candles show:
 Whilst thou, with glorious Lustre crown'd,
 Dost hang like one of Six i'th pound:

R 2

Thou

Thou, who'rt all Eye, cast half an one
Down on this *New Invention*.

'Tis new indeed to us below,
But known in Heaven long ago.
The Stars in just such Crystal Spheres,
Have burn'd above Five thousand Years;
They fear no Storms by Day or Night,
But thus hang wind and weather tight;
And so they'll hang till Day of Doom,
By that time they'll their Oyl consume:
And then their Glasses breaking round us,
In flames they'll fall and so confound us.

Nay, we can prove the *Milky-way*

(For all Sir *Sydropbel* can say)

Is but a Street of some such Lights,
To guide the Heavenly Folks a-nights.
The Council-chamber up above,
Is hung with such; and *Jove's* Alcove.
The sacred *Ram* can't furnish horn,
For all the Lights that there are shown:
Horners they've none, and I dare swear
There's ne'er a *Tallow-Chandler* there.

Prometheus once (that Son of Fame)

Upon a Visit hither came;

And lik'd the thing so wondrous well,
He strait upon the Tryal fell:

But whether (as some Authors say)

The *Tallow-Chandlers* shew'd foul play,
Or Link-boys us'd to break his Glasses,
(For variously the Story passes)

The Project fail'd, and he ran mad,
Such Luck the *Virtuoso* had;

That's all the Bird, the Poets say,
Lies gnawing of him Night and Day.
May more propitious Fates attend
Our present Art-improving Friend!

Were

Were this Design but understood,
Twould be of universal Good.
The Stars might go to sleep a-nights,
And leave their work to the *New Lights*.
The Midwife-Moon might mind her Calling,
And noisy Light-man leave his Bawling :
Men may pull in their Horns, and be
From *Officers* and *Summons* free.
Nay with such potent Influence
Their streaming Rays they do dispense,
That if the Sun should lie too long,
Here he might have his Bus'ness done:
He might indulge in *Thetis* lap,
And while these burn, take t'other Nap.
Oh! had you been the other Night
In *Cheapside* at th' amazing sight,
Where with their Sawcer Eyes they hung,
And gather'd the admiring throng.
The scatt'ring Light gilt all the gaudy way,
Some People rose and thought it day.
The plying Punks crept into Holes,
Who walk'd the streets before by sholes;
The Night could now no longer skreen
The Tavern-sots from being seen.
The Light-men, they, began to rally,
Who blush'd, and sneak'd down *Grocers Alley*.
The *Tempest* you have seen, no doubt,
Just so the Candles all went out;
Those silly tools no more could burn
Than Kitchen-fires before the Sun.
The Quaker, with uplifted Hands,
By *Yea* and *Nay* the Rogue commends;
Of all their boasted Lights, he said,
These never enter'd once their Head.

When we compare our times with those are past,
We cry, this Age of greater *Lights* can boast;

I'll say so too, if this Invention hit,
Else swear, Our Age wants Wit as well as Light.

On the late Invention of the PENY-POST,
by Mr. Dockwra.

Volvitur & volvetur in omne volubilis ævum.

WHAT Fools are they, who use to cry,
Nature's grown crazy, old and dry,
No new Inventions now can boast
For that vast store of old was lost;
We know this is an Age of Light,
Our Grandfires all were under Night,
The sacred Story tells us, that
Our Fathers Boys and Girls began
At nine hundred, so does too
Past five thousand nature now.
Imperial Ink, and dying Purple were
Counted of old Inventions rare,
With Napkins of peculiar Stuff,
That could the Force of Fire rebuff,
Throw 'em into's, they took no hurt on't,
Hot-brain'd Nere had a Shirt on't,
These with others fill the Roll,
Writ by learned *Pancivoll*.
The modern Ages can produce,
Inventions too of wondrous use,
By which Dame Nature now may boast
Her prolifick Force nor lost.
Printing, the Compass, and the Gun,
And that lost Art which Marble runs,

Lacker

Lacker, Mill'd Lead, the Sailing Carr,
 And the New Lights, surprising rare.
 All these have had their just Applause,
 Have made throughout the World a Noise.
 What God, what Man shall we accost?
 Great Patron of the *Peny-Post*?
 Worthy, fam'd *Panciroll*, to stand
 First in that List drawn by thy hand.
Mercury, thou Post of Heaven,
 To thee the weighty Charge is given,
 Thou long ago didst found a Post
 All along the Heavenly coast,
 And daily thence thy journey takes
 O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Floods and Lakes,
 Wings at thy Head and at thy Heels,
 Thou like a Pidgeon-Carrier sails,
 Sometimes charg'd with Love and News,
 Sometimes from *Jove* with *Billet-doux*.
 Sometimes with Baskets, Boxes, Tickets,
 Thy Mail is most stuff'd with Love-pacquets;
 The Clouds give way, as thou dost go,
 And full-charg'd Thunder makes a Bow.
 Ah! thou, who with thy charming Rod
 Canst controul the sleepy God,
 Vouchsafe to thy poor Foot-post Race,
 That when the Day's Fatigue is past,
 Into sweet Sleep they may be cast.
 To give the way let no Man scorn,
 Altho they carry ne'er a Horn:
 Their Task is greater than the Sun's,
 He goes to Bed when he has done,
 They only rest an hour at Noon.
 As in the Soul of Man we find,
 Several fair Chambers are design'd;
 The Heart, the Liver, and the Brain.
 The lovely Guest to Entertain.

Five Port-hole Senses too were made,
By which all Objects are convey'd,
So that whate'er abroad was done
Is within as quickly known;
What e'er is smelt, seen, felt or heard,
As swift as flying Thought it runs,
Through winding Paths, and secret Turns,
And to the Soul's Apartment strait repair'd.
This way great *Dockwra* forth did chalk,
As a Parterre from the Grand Walk
Leads many ways, his nimble Men,
After their Round, return and meet again.
For twenty Miles these nimble *Mercuries*
Carefully convey advice.
Not Letters grav'd on Sculls, or Pidgeon-post,
Of greater Secrecy can boast.
Hail mighty *Dockwra*, Son of Art,
With *Flavio*, *Middleton* or *Swart*.
In the foremost Rank of Fame,
Thou shalt fix thy lasting Name.
Nor new Inventors Fate thee hurt,
To be damn'd or beggar'd for't.

FINIS
